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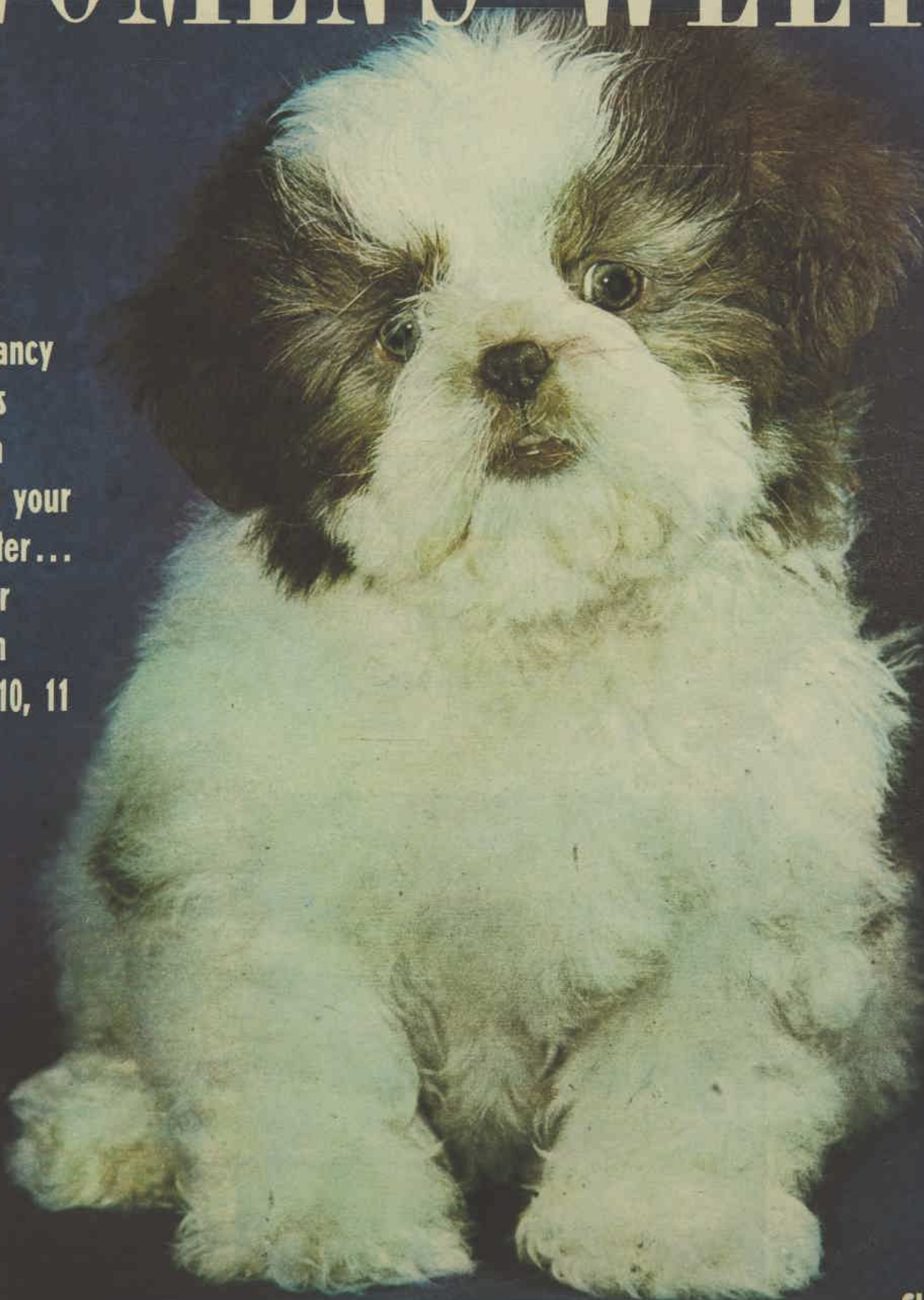
The Australian

October 12, 1966
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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

AUST.
10¢
PRICE

Your fancy
in dogs
gives a
clue to your
character...
See our
quiz on
pages 10, 11



COLOR FEATURES

Beautiful
Australian
beach
scenes

...
Olivier
as
Othello

...
Princess Ira
Furstenberg
makes a film

...
Mary
Quant
patterns

...
Chrysanthemums
to plant now

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OCTOBER 12, 1966

Vol. 34, No. 20

OUR COVER

● Daijon Tsoi Chen (called "Candy") was nine weeks old when she posed for this picture by staff photographer Keith Barlow. Candy, who belongs to Mr. P. Bales, of Mt. Druitt, N.S.W., is a Shih Tzu — a breed also known as Tibetan temple dogs. Shih Tzu are good watchdogs, and were used to guard temple doors in Tibet.

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Centre lift-out

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● On Coogee Beach, N.S.W.

Picture by Alan Boyd

BEAUTIFUL AUSTRALIA

WHERE LAND AND OCEAN MEET



Picture by Mrs. R. D. Thom

● Near Anglesea, Vic.



● King George Sound, near Albany, W.A.

Picture by F. Davies

● The hot sand, the surge and suck of wave against rock, the long beckoning coastline, the lure of far-off places . . . Australians' thoughts as summer approaches are turning again to the sea

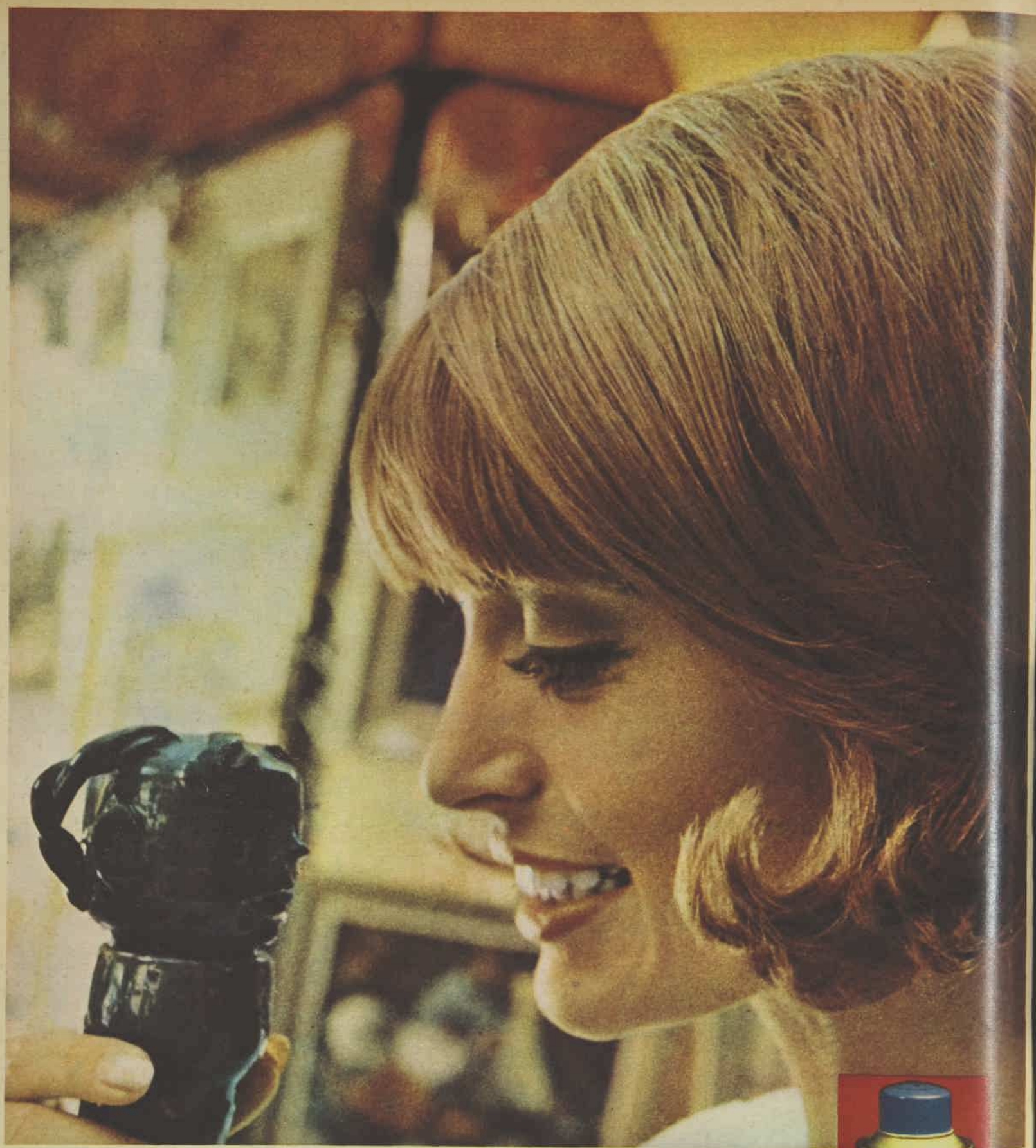
5 OCT 1966



● Near Noosa Heads, 100 miles north of Brisbane.

Picture by T. H. Lott

Continued overleaf



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the natural beauty of your hair with lustrous highlights. Gossamer brushes right out leaving your hair with a just-washed feeling. Everything you want a hairspray to do, Gossamer does best.



● Holloways Beach,
about 10 miles north of
Cairns, N. Queensland.



Picture by Adelle Hurley

WHERE LAND AND OCEAN MEET

From page 3



Picture by Tony Read

● Near Bermagui,
N.S.W.

● Great Australian
Bight, near Streaky
Bay, S.A.



Picture by Douglass Baglin

● Garden-lover Mrs. Bessie Starkie, 94 (pictured), who wrote the story below, says flowers remind her of people.

She still spends much of her day in her garden in Ascot (Brisbane), but also does the housework, shops, and has a meal ready for her widowed daughter, Mrs. Ivy Sanney, when she returns from work in the evening. She lives with Mrs. Sanney. Her husband, Robert Starkie, a building contractor, died 30 years ago, and her son died when in his thirties. Mrs. Starkie said her mother also loved flowers, and her mother used to say, "When I'm worried I go and plant my worries in the garden."



SUNFLOWERS typify people who get to the top, no matter who suffers.

ZINNIAS are the thick-skinned, ignorant, pretentious folk.



WHITE LILIES — the clergy.



DAHLIAS in rich reds denote regality.



THE PEOPLE OF THE

MANY tell me they are lonely and long for congenial companionship. If they only knew the companions they wish for are in their garden awaiting acquaintanceship.

In my childhood (on the Darling Downs) field-flowers were my companions, and with the passing years the friendship between us has deepened. Every flower is, to me, some type of human nature.

I stand by a white rosebud and see a life opening with purity. Another bud, all white

the evening before, now blushes faintly and I feel the angels have kissed it during the night.

Sunflowers typify those who get to the top, no matter who suffers in consequence.

Snapdragons greet us as saucy friends. The majestic dahlia in its robes of rich red is king indeed.

The penelope rose has moods: Softly colored, it is a gentle person, but with more color it denotes a person of stronger character.

The dark red flowers are the races of southern Europe. Asters are untidy people with uncombed hair but of a generous nature.

Candytuft, daisies, forget-me-nots, violets, and other tiny flowers are groups of children.

Bachelors' buttons are

sturdy school boys. Zinnias, thick-skinned, ignorant, pretentious folk.

White gladioli represent church choirs and white lilies are the clergy.

Roses, daffodils, and jonquils are symbolical of refined natures. Verbenas take the world as it comes and are the cheery people.

The wind-mill cactus, thought beautiful by some, and in truth rather fascinating, has something evil in its little speckled face, giving one a feeling that a wicked spirit is hiding there.

Geraniums are the homely, everyday folk. Balsams are friends of a day.

Cannas, red-haired and freckled, are like people with hot tempers, who are often good-natured. Poppies, hollyhocks, and hibiscus are the theatrical class.

Sweet contented natures are represented by mignon-



DAFFODILS call to mind people with refined natures.

COBWEBS among
the garden flowers
make elfland.

GARDEN



ASTERS —
untidy, generous
people with
uncombed hair.



VERBENAS —
cheerful folk
who take life
as it comes.

ette; begonias speak of shel-
tered lives.

Canterbury bells ring in
the new and better things.
Salvias are the gay, irrespon-
sible folk.

Carnations appear proud,
but when known intimately
give more and more sweet-
ness. Larkspurs are the
gossips. Pansies are the
watchful folk, and double

petunias the too much be-
frilled people.

Sweet-williams are self-
important and too stand-
offish. Quaking grasses are
my nervous friends, and stag-
horns are the spongers. Four
o'clocks are the society
callers.

Ferns are the natures
capable of blending with any
others. Creepers are those
who by their companionship
make unlovely natures
sweeter.

At twilight, the buds
among the leaves are the
children in the nursery.

Autumn leaves are the
aged whose souls are touched
with glory.

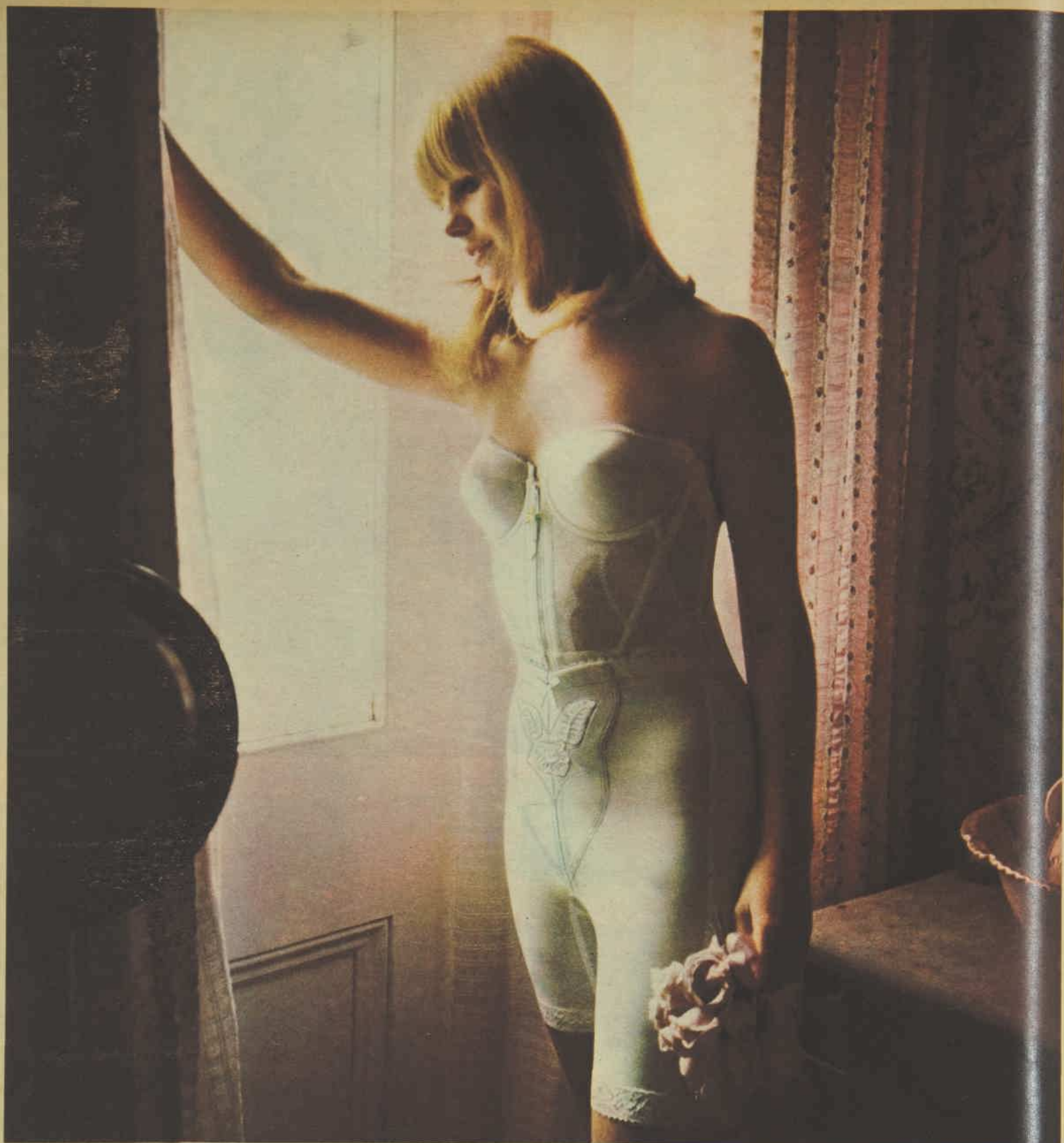
My garden friends are
brightest and sweetest in the
early morning. The tiny dew-
spangled cobwebs from
flower to flower make elf-
land. I see the print of fairy
feet and know high festival
was held in the moonlight.



AUTUMN LEAVES
are like old people
who are touched
with glory.

BEGONIAS speak
of sheltered lives.

Picture of cobwebs and magnolia was taken by Mrs. H. Mander-Jones, of Greenwich, N.S.W.; the autumn leaves (a weeping Japanese maple) by Mr. P. Purcell, North Sydney, N.S.W.; the picture of the sunflower was taken by Mr. Arthur McNeil, Miranda, New South Wales.



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New Flair foundations treat you as gently
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—because Gossard creates Flair as soft as your skin!

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Princess Ira in first film role

"TIGER EYES" AMONG THE ROBOTS

THE director called "Action," and Princess Ira Furstenberg walked gracefully into the grand dining-room of the castle of Rutland while the cameras rolled.

It was the sort of occasion and setting she had known since childhood.

Except that those butlers carrying trays of champagne and canapes were large plastic robots slithering from guest to guest as lights flashed from their foreheads.

Unperturbed by the surrealistic mixture of real life and fantasy, the Princess mingled with the crowd as if she were the guest of honor.

At 26, twice married, twice divorced, the daughter of Prince Furstenberg was earning her first salary, as an actress in "Matchless," an adventure - spoof film which has just been completed.

Some of the scenes were shot in Belvoir Castle in England. Princess Ira has the role of a double agent, working for U.S. Army Intelligence.

She has an intrigue with a handsome foreign correspondent, Perry ("Matchless") Liston, played by Patrick O'Neal.

About his leading lady, Mr. O'Neal said, "She is very sweet. She came up to me the first day of shooting and said, 'Forgive me. I am not an actress.'"

"So I said, 'Forgive me. I am not a prince.'"

The wealthy Princess (her mother is Clara Agnelli, whose family owns the Fiat motor empire) explained why she went to work. "I want to be a career woman, to do something worthwhile with my life.

"Acting is creative. I want to express myself."

In the past, Princess Ira has not had much chance to speak for herself. Newspaper headlines round the world have drowned her own voice.

Since her middle-teens she has been in the public eye, beginning with her lavish wedding at 15 in Venice to Prince Alfonso von Hohenlohe-Langenburg.

Friends were sceptical about this marriage to a man twice her age. She told them defiantly, "Our marriage is a success. And the secret of this success is that Alfonso and I love each other."

But four years and two sons later they divorced.

Her second marriage, to Francisco Pignatari—the Brazilian millionaire, better

known in playboy circles as "Baby" — followed the same luxurious pattern.

They lived and loved around the world until the ultimate divorce in 1964.

While still an international jet-setter, the Princess admits to being disenchanted with sophisticated circles.

"I don't like nightclubs, I don't drink, and I don't smoke," she said, correcting her *dolce vita* reputation.

"And I only eat yoghurt for lunch," she added with a grin, "because I put on weight when I am in love."

Ira is tall and well-proportioned, and likely to be remembered most of all for her huge black eyes, which earned her the nickname of Tiger Eyes.

Her speaking voice is cosmopolitan, with distinct Italian tones — she speaks Italian, French, English, Spanish, German, and Portuguese (her education included a convent in England and finishing schools in Switzerland and England).

Only last year she was voted "Lady Europe" by leading fashion editors in a beauty contest judged on elegance, deportment, and social background as well as beauty.

"And this year I want to be among the world's top ten best-dressed women," she said.

Her present escort is the handsome 34-year-old Marquis Francois d'Aulan, a member of the French champagne family which owns Piper-Heidsieck. They have been constant companions for the past two years, since they went together to the Tokyo Olympics. And he visited her on the film set.

"Matchless" is an Italian international film, produced by Dino de Laurentiis. Director Alberto Lattuada was pleased with Ira's approach to her job.

"Some people who are continually in the public eye become nervous when facing film cameras," he said.

"But not Ira. She is open and she doesn't care. I am confident about her. She has a lot of potential."

Lattuada should know — he was entrusted with the honor of directing de Laurentiis's wife, Silvana Mangano, and Fellini's wife, Giulietta Massina.

He was also one of the directors of Princess Soraya's screen debut in "Three Faces of a Woman." But that film died a rather sudden death and has not been shown outside Italy.

Whereas the former Queen was billed as Princess Soraya, de Laurentiis asked Princess Ira to drop her title.

"He is right," she said unexpectedly. "In this modern world princesses, kings, and queens are just a thing of the past and not really living in reality, are they?"



PRINCESS IRA FURSTENBERG, descendant of the Austrian branch of a European royal family, in her role as a beautiful spy in a spoof-thriller, "Matchless," produced by Dino de Laurentiis. Below: A scene with Patrick O'Neal playing the globe-trotting journalist Perry ("Matchless") Liston, who gets mixed up in an international plot.





Here's an amusing psychology test to try on yourself and your friends. You'll be surprised what it reveals!

DOGS TELL ALL ABOUT YOU and OTHER PEOPLE

● Look carefully at the ten dogs on these pages. Try to put out of your mind what you know about their breeds. Forget your preference for this or that type of dog. Retain only the impression you get from the pictures shown. Then, from the dogs' facial expressions, choose:

- (1) The one which immediately appeals to you most.
- (2) The one which has the second most appeal.
- (3) The one you immediately dislike most.
- (4) The one you dislike second most.

When you have noted the numbers corresponding to your choices in these four categories, turn to pages 60, 61, 63 for the four corresponding replies. You will learn some surprising psychological characteristics about yourself and those on whom you try the test.

If the answers corresponding to your choices don't agree with what you know about yourself, it is because you have not been honest in your choice, or because some factors in the actual photographs have influenced your decision. So begin again, with an open mind.

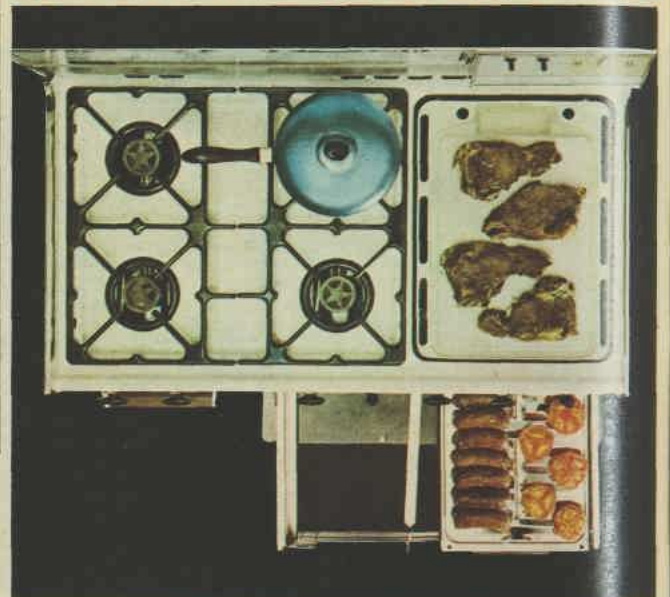




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3937.—One-piece dress in white spotted sheer (right) is front-buttoned, has lightly fitted belt, double collar, and long sleeves. Pattern also includes sleeveless design minus collar. Sizes 10, 12, 14, and 16. Butterick pattern 3937, price 70c includes postage.



3942.—Dress (above), overblouse and pants (right) are designed to mix and match. Short-sleeved one-piece dress has contrasting dicky and patch-pocket trim. Overblouse features same details. Hipster pants are straight-cut. Sizes 10, 12, 14, and 16. Butterick pattern 3942, 70c includes postage.



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OTHELLO: a despot,
arrogant, pompous,
and word - spinning

LAURENCE OLIVIER'S OTHELLO

● The film version of Shakespeare's "Othello," with Sir Laurence Olivier in the role of the Moor, will be released in Australia this year by British Empire Films.

When Olivier was first asked to portray Othello for the National Theatre of Great Britain, he was reluctant. The strength of the play, he said, belonged to Othello's Venetian ensign Iago — a role he had played previously opposite Sir Ralph Richardson as Othello.

Finally he consented, and so powerful was his version of Othello that, according to Kenneth Tynan, film critic for the London "Observer," Olivier's Othello turns the scheming Iago into a kind of court jester.

Laurence Olivier is not the traditionally "noble" Moor but a despot, arrogant, pompous, word-spinning.

The film is based on the stage production, with the same cast. In addition to Olivier, there is Maggie Smith as Desdemona; Joyce Redman as Emilia; and Frank Finlay as Iago.

"Othello" was one of the films shown at the University of New South Wales' recent Film Festival.



ABOVE: Sir Laurence Olivier, as the black Moor in the title role of the three-hour film "Othello," soon to be released in Australia.

FAR LEFT: Maggie Smith as Othello's wife, Desdemona, and Joyce Redman as Iago's wife, Emilia. Both actresses played the roles on stage.

LEFT: A court scene: Frank Finlay as the scheming Venetian ensign, Iago, is at the far left of the picture.



HOUSE of the WEEK



CLUSTERS of colored tiles, designed by artist Robin Welch, soften severity of wall in courtyard of Dr. and Mrs. N. Wettenhall's house in Toorak, Vic. Bedroom doors open on to covered walk (left).



GALLERY (above) occupies most of northern wing of house, opens on to courtyard. Rear door leads to dining-room (below), which is linked to kitchen by an almost-wall-long servery with enclosed food-warmer. Paintings above antique mahogany ladderback chairs are by Australian artists.



Planned round inner court

ALTHOUGH it has an area of 45 squares with 12 rooms, including seven bedrooms and a staff flat, Dr. and Mrs. Wettenhall's house is not unwieldy. Careful planning, interesting architecture, and elegant furnishing have made it not only delightful to look at but most comfortable to live in.

Semi-Georgian in style, constructed of guava-pink blended cement which needs no painting, and with its windows flanked by grey painted shutters, the house is built round a central rectangular courtyard paved with Castlemaine stone. Interesting, decorative touches in the courtyard include a large Chinese jar and two sculptured figures. One, the work of Guy Boyd, is placed in a covered walk; the other, a stone figure of an angel brought from Italy, is centred in a lily pool.

The four wings of the house enclose the courtyard. The entrance hall leads directly from a small, covered front porch to a spacious gallery which has one wall of windows and glass doors facing the courtyard. Opposite, in the southern wing, are most of the family

● A house with space for each member of the family to pursue his or her own interests is often a homemaker's dream. Doctor and Mrs. N. Wettenhall, of Toorak, Victoria, have such a house.



bedrooms, sheltered by a covered walk. A comfortable family room forms the smaller eastern wing, and is a favorite place for the four Wettenhall children to enjoy games, music, and TV. The western wing, containing kitchen and staff flat, is the only section of the house which does not open directly on to the courtyard.

Much of the furniture in the house is antique and includes a hand-carved four-poster bed in the main bedroom. Many of the rooms have Persian rugs on their polished floors, the one in the gallery, in deep shades of blue against sand color, being particularly lovely. And there is plenty of space to display Dr. and Mrs. Wettenhall's fine collection of paintings by Australian artists. Some are even hung on the walls of the all-white kitchen.

The Wettenhalls said they tried to maintain an Australian atmosphere in their home which cost about \$70,000. Mrs. Wettenhall pointed out that many early Australian houses were built round courtyards which are very suitable for local conditions.

Moir Ward



MUTED GOLD is dominating color in Mrs. Wettenhall's sitting-room above. French windows open to terrace. High gloss of ceiling produced the reflections.

Pictures by
Les Gorrie

COMFORTABLE study (left) opens from gallery and overlooks the front garden. Books, pictures, cushions are gay contrast to dark carpet and furniture.

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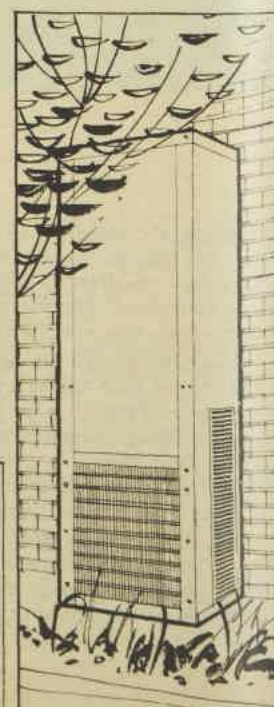
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PERMANENT MEMBERS of "Crackerjack," in the finale of a naughty 'nineties scene, sing "By the Sea." From left, Sue Walker, Reg Livermore, Judith Roberts, and king-size Michael Boddy, a young Yorkshireman who weighs 22 stone.

Television

A FUN SHOW FOR ALL THE FAMILY

● "Crackerjack" is the gayest of the new ABC-TV shows specially produced for their new late-afternoon family programming. It is a fun show for teenagers, their parents, and young brothers and sisters.

Any show that can satisfy such a diverse audience does a remarkable job. I was impressed when I saw "Crackerjack" being made. It had polish, smooth production, beautiful sets, an impressive cast.

Reg Livermore, well known for his role in "A Cup of Tea, a Bex and a Good Lie Down," who heads the permanent cast of four, is an accomplished actor, dancer, and revue artist.

As well as the four permanents (see top picture), "Crackerjack" has guest stars — and what guest stars! I was sitting next to one young girl when the guest appeared one day.

"I'll die," she moaned ecstatically. "It's Normie."

Besides guests like Normie Rowe, "Crackerjack" has songs, comedy sketches, topical skits, competitions, and prizes. It may well do what it was designed for — provide fun for the whole family.

— NAN MUSGROVE

BLONDE Judy Roberts, wearing a pyjama culotte made in a vivid Mexican print, poses in an "igloo" chair before she sings one of the famous Beatle numbers, "I Wanna Hold Your Hand." "Crackerjack" may be seen on ABC-TV on Fridays at 5.30 p.m.





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INN P186



PRINCESS MUNA of Jordan seen through the reception line after the wedding of Anita Riches and Richard Tolley in England.



Melbourne girl's London wedding

A PRINCESS ON THE GUEST LIST

AFTER the wedding (above) the bridal group posed outside the Holy Trinity Church, Brompton. Shown are the bride and bridegroom and the bride's attendants, Dr. Julia Wilkinson (left) and Violette Crozier. Junior bridesmaids are, from left, Clair, Fiona, and Helen Goodwin. At right, best man Mr. R. Cleland.

● The recent wedding in London of Anita Riches and Richard Tolley — both of Melbourne — was a right royal affair. It was attended by Princess Muna and her two sons, Prince Abdullah and Prince Feisal of the Hashemite Kingdom of Jordan, who stayed over in London specially for the wedding. King Hussein could not be there because of official engagements.

Anita was nursery governess to Princess Alia, daughter of King Hussein by his first marriage to his cousin Queen Dina. Her last job before her marriage was to help place Alia in boarding school in England.

Her beautiful white lace wedding dress, with encrustations of ruffled chiffon, was a wedding present from King Hussein and his wife.

Anita is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Riches, and Richard is the son of Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Tolley, all of Melbourne. Mrs. Riches was unable to attend the wedding because of family commitments, but a long-distance telephone call helped bridge the gap.

The bride's attendants were Dr. Julia Wilkinson (formerly Julia Morgan, of Cremorne, N.S.W.) as matron-of-honor, and Mademoiselle Violette Crozier, Swiss nurse to Prince Feisal. Another of Anita's friends, Jane Clayton, who travels the world as hairdresser for Princess Margaret and Princess Alexandra, was a guest — and on hand to do the bride's pretty upswept style. The three young daughters of English family friends were junior bridesmaids.

KING HUSSEIN'S two sons, Prince Abdullah and Prince Feisal, photographed with Anita, attended the reception.





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World Travel Headquarters offers exciting new ways to go, and a choice of sailing dates for tours taking in the places you most wish to see. For example some tours include an overland luxury escorted coach tour of America on your way to Europe. Or you can tour both Canada and the United States on the homeward voyage. Some include travel via South Africa or Japan. Let us know approximately when you can go and the places you prefer to see—we'll send you full details of world tours to suit you.

Here are some examples of Lisind and Trans World Tours departing early next year.

| Depart | Return | Min. Cost |
|------------------|------------------|-----------|
| ORONSAY March 2 | ORSOVA Sept. 14 | \$2,314 |
| ORIANA March 6 | IBERIA Aug. 28 | \$2,560 |
| IBERIA March 9 | ORSOVA Sept. 14 | \$2,314 |
| CANBERRA April 4 | ORONSAY Sept. 29 | \$2,490 |
| ORCADES April 12 | ORIANA Sept. 21 | \$2,366 |
| HIMALAYA May 4 | CANBERRA Oct. 16 | \$2,388 |
| ORONSAY May 25 | ORIANA Nov. 23 | \$2,680 |
| ARCADIA May 28 | HIMALAYA Nov. 16 | \$2,382 |

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WT310

PLAIN JANE



Plain Jane had always longed for fame, And vowed that she would make her name By singing, but each hard-pressed note Would scarcely venture past her throat. A talent scout who heard her bleat Cried, "Here's a voice that none could beat. A dose of WOODS' will make it right, And she'll reach stardom overnight."

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GREAT PEPPERMINT COMPOUND

Quickly relieves sore throats and winter ills.

MAY WE SUGGEST . . .

The ideal gift for everyone is a subscription to The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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AT LUNCHEON. Mrs. Tan Hoo Tong, wife of the First Secretary of the Indonesian Embassy (left), with Mrs. B. Markovitch at the VIEW Clubs of N.S.W. Annual Combined Luncheon, which was held at the Mensies Hotel.



FASHION PARADE. Mrs. George Repin, Mr. John Simpson, and Miss Jane Creighton (left to right) at the Spring Race Luncheon which the RPAH King George V Appeals Committee held at the Doncaster Theatre Restaurant. During the luncheon a collection of overseas and Australian clothes was shown.

SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT

by
Mollie Lyons

I HEAR that since they arrived back from their trip to the United States the Peter Baillieus have had a busy time working in the lovely garden at "Milton Park," at Bowral, so it will be ready for the public inspection on October 15, 16, 22, and 23, to aid the Berrima District Hospital. Mrs. Baillieu says the garden is beautiful at this time of the year with blossom, lilacs, roses, and rhododendrons at their best. Afternoon and morning tea will be served in the grounds.

TWO other garden inspections to which I am looking forward are those arranged for October 13 at the Bill Adams home at Wahroonga and at the home of Mrs. A. Burton Taylor at Warrawee on November 10. Both of them will aid the Children's Medical Research Foundation—the first is a luncheon and the second a bring-and-buy morning tea party. I'm so glad Lady Berryman's original idea of calling the fund-raising efforts Spring is for the Children has been carried on again this year. In these two instances it seems so appropriate.

AFTER a four-week tour of the country Mrs. Fred Bell told me she has itchy feet and is already planning where she will go for her next trip. She visited Moree, Talwood, Goondiwindi, Toolburra, Cunningham, and Alexander Heads.

TOP marks to American Mrs. Emerson Day for the way she tackled her first day in Sydney when she found nothing arranged for her. Armed with a map and "lots of confidence" Mrs. Day (who's here with her husband, who is lecturing in Australia) set off by bus and then ferry for the Zoo, where she spent what she termed a "fabulous" day. They both love Sydney, particularly the Opera House, and are looking forward to the four-day trip Dr. and Mrs. Robert Melville have planned for them. They all leave on October 6 for Bathurst, Cooma, the Snowy Mountains Scheme, and finally Canberra.

DATES for your diary . . . the Arts and Crafts Exhibition at the Carlingford Village Centre on October 6, 7, and 8 to aid "Warrah," the Rudolf Steiner School for Curative Education.

I BELIEVE ski enthusiast Virginia Ward arrived home from a 12-month holiday overseas just in time to dash off to Perisher Valley for the Munjarra Ski Club races. With her she took some of the beautiful ski clothes—jumpers, slacks suits, and parkas—which she bought in Austria during her five-week stay there.

DOWN for the Spring Racing Carnival from their property, "Collie Plains," at Quirindi, are Mr. and Mrs. George Hill, who are staying with their daughter and son-in-law, Adrian and Bill Saunders, at Rose Bay. Mrs. Hill, who flew down, and Mr. Hill, who followed by car two days later, were so pleased to see their eight-month-old grandson, Hamish.

SMARTEST outfit I saw in town this week was worn by slim, attractive Mrs. John Minter, who was busy shopping in Market Street. I glimpsed a white blouse under her loose-fitting navy suit, and with it she wore the newest low-heel black patent shoes trimmed with a huge silver buckle and the most exciting "mod" hat made of alternate red, white, and navy sections.

NOVEL idea behind the party the Harold Brunets are giving at their home on October 22. It has been arranged so that the ninety guests who've been invited to the wedding of their daughter, Michele, and Gordon Watson on November 5 can meet each other before that date. Michele's aunt is entertaining for her at a shower tea on October 15 when her bridesmaids, Suzanne Brunet and Karen Rinner, and flowergirl Kerry Hogg will be among the guests.

WEDDINGS seem to be in the air just now. Pretty bride-to-be Maryanne Firth weds Paul Eastaway on October 19 and is right in the middle of a round of pre-wedding parties. Carol and Bob Lane are having a dinner party for them on October 15, and the Danish smorgasbord menu Carol has planned sounds delicious. It's to be served out on the terrace of their home, and among those who'll be there are Jenni Magney, Judy Allan, Ian Keenan, Neil and Janet Harris, Robyn Bray, and Brian McGill.

See the exciting supplement in the centre of this issue.

SUN FUN FASHION PARADES

● Don't miss the parades of the wonderful summer cottons illustrated in the Sun Fun Fashions supplement in this issue. They will be modelled at Grace Bros. department stores:

ROSELANDS: Wednesday, October 5, Thursday 6, Friday 7, and Friday, October 14, at 11 a.m., 12 noon, and 1 p.m.

BONDI JUNCTION: Monday, October 10, Tuesday 11, and Wednesday, October 12, at 11 a.m., 2 and 3.30 p.m.

CHATSWOOD: Wednesday, October 5, Thursday 6, and Thursday, October 13, at 11 a.m., 12 noon, and 1 p.m.

BROADWAY: Thursday, October 13, and Friday, October 14, at 12 noon, 12.45 and 1.30 p.m.

PARRAMATTA: Monday, October 10, Tuesday 11, and Wednesday, October 12, at 11 a.m., 12 noon, and 1 p.m.

TOP RYDE: Friday, October 7, at 11.30 a.m., 12.30 and 1.30 p.m.



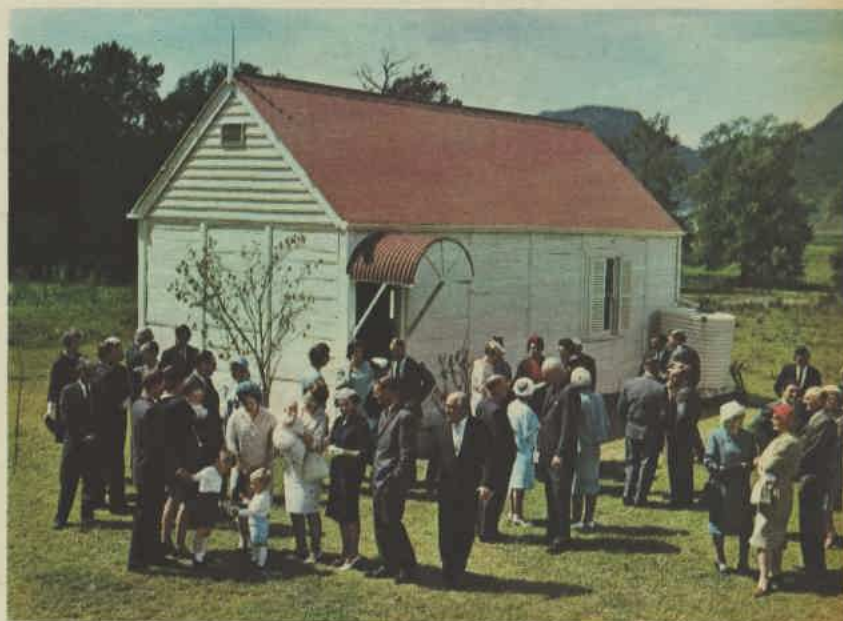
PROUD PARENTS. Mr. and Mrs. "Bim" Thompson, of "Widden," Kerrabee (at left), with their daughter, Anita, and Mr. and Mrs. Brian Carter, of "Linton North," Barraba, with Sarah. Mrs. Carter was Miss Patricia Thompson before her marriage.

AT RIGHT: Grandparents Mr. and Mrs. Frank Thompson, of "Widden," Kerrabee, were greeted when they arrived at the church by the Rev. R. G. Winder, who came from Denman for the ceremony.



COUNTRY CHRISTENINGS

The tiny family chapel on "Widden" at Kerrabee, made of hand-hewn timber slabs, was the setting for the christenings of cousins Anita Thompson, of "Widden," Kerrabee, and Sarah Carter, of "Linton North," Barraba.



FAMILY CHAPEL. Guests at the double christening chatted outside the church after the ceremony before driving over to the homestead at "Widden" for the luncheon party which was held indoors and on the lawns surrounding the house.



AFTER CEREMONY. Mrs. R. Ridley, of Coleroy (at left), Anita's great-grandmother, Mrs. John Thompson, of "Ballantyne," Cassilis (centre), and Mrs. Henschall Bettington, of "Coolie," Merrissa, with the babies on the lawns at "Widden" during the luncheon party. Mrs. Ridley was one of the guests who was flown up by private aircraft for the day.

AT RIGHT: Brothers of Sarah Carter, Angus and James (left to right), and "Mac," who came with the Bruce MacPhersons, of "Wilzil," Baerani Creek, with some of the decorations from the church.



NEXT WEEK

★ Spring bestows dazzling beauty on the garden, but summer can be beautiful, too — if you plan for it. And there is help and advice aplenty in . . .



. . . so you can make the most of your garden after spring has faded.

AND . . .

In **COLOR**, you'll see . . .



NEW YORK'S NEW FACE

. . . vibrant, intense, alive, it has already launched a thousand shifts and mini-skirts (and it's on our cover).



● Australian country towns' dwindling inheritance of cast-iron is cherished by some, neglected by others, coveted by dealers . . . we show its charm in



PATTERN OFFER:

★ They're wonderful characters (and perfect gifts) for children and teenagers: a collection of go-go Jet-setter and "international" dolls that are really pyjama- and - nightdress bags!



(This is a Rocking Horse Cake — it is specially for people when they are four)

● Six-page cookery section
**CUT-OUT
BIRTHDAY
CAKES**

● Shoplifting costs Australian stores between \$10 million and \$40 million a year. Recent figures show an alarmingly high rate of schoolchildren and teenagers involved. In fact, in the Sydney metropolitan area, some 1000 schoolchildren have been caught shoplifting in the past eight months. The majority of them are girls.

Could your daughter be a shoplifter?

● The carefully wrapped brown paper parcel delivered to a Sydney boutique contained two brooches. There was also a handwritten note scrawled on paper torn from a school exercise book. Not signed, it read:

I am returning these two brooches to you. I took them you see. I had enough money to buy them, if I wanted to but I didn't like them. I took them because it looked so easy and I wanted to see if I could do it. I am sorry

Yours sincerely

The note (reproduced below) summed up the startling wave of shoplifting by children and teenagers who seem to steal for stealing's sake.

"Many just do it for a lark," said Mr. J. B. Griffin, secretary of the Retail Traders' Association of N.S.W. "They often have the money in their purses to pay for the goods, but have been dared or cheered on by their schoolfriends."

While it is impossible for store executives, criminologists, and other experts to calculate accurately the general rise in shoplifting over the past few years, Sydney stores now have a check on the number of children under 18 caught in the act.

More than 1000 youngsters have been reported to police since February, and the rate is increasing by 150 a month.

These figures are the fruits

of a system introduced last February in an all-out effort to stop the increase in teenage shoplifting.

In the past, teenagers caught shoplifting were usually reported to their parents and then let off with a warning. Now, leading stores are working with police in compiling a dossier on all those under 18.

When a youngster is caught taking something from a store, an immediate check with the Police Central Records Office can confirm if it is a first offence or not.

"As most of those under 18 escaped the courts, there was formerly no record kept on those caught," said Mr. Griffin. "The kids had a field day. If they were caught in one store, they'd just move on to others, knowing there was no way of checking previous offences."

"Names are starting to be duplicated on our lists, but

this is not our aim. We just hope that as more youngsters learn about it, the system will prove a good deterrent."

Police hope it will solve one of the biggest problems — the impulsive shoplifter who gets away with the first offence undetected (or just with a warning) and later becomes a compulsive one.

"It should also take our most recent headache — the 'Let's do it for a joke' juveniles — out of shoplifting," Mr. Griffin said.

"While some offenders are true kleptomaniacs (please don't ask me how many) and others have emotional problems, many of the children caught come from good, and often wealthy, homes."

It may — or may not be

By **KERRY YATES**

— just a rumor that one of Sydney's most exclusive girls' schools has a startling initiation ceremony:

New girls, it is said, have to steal \$50 worth of clothes from a leading store before they are "in."

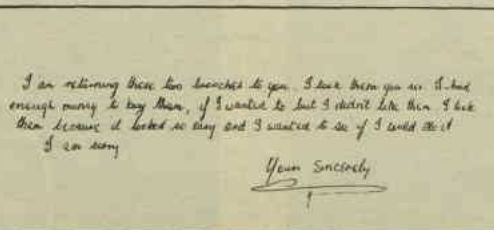
"We've definite evidence of 'steal clubs' at some schools," Mr. Griffin said. "Presenting a label from an item stolen from a well-known store gave the child a right to membership."

Many teenagers think it's really smart to shoplift.

At a 5 o'clock session at a cinema recently, I overheard three girls in school



● Neat trick for thieves — putting lipsticks, jewellery, and other small items down the top of a roomy boot. This is an "amateur" trick.



● Photograph of a letter sent to a Sydney shop apologising for a senseless theft.

**They steal for kicks,
a lark, a dare. But
mostly it's to get
something for nothing.**

uniform openly discussing the things they'd managed to shoplift that afternoon.

While after-school sprees are popular and school holidays are known to the retail trade as "shoplifting seasons," Saturday is usually the day.

As it's easy to slip out to a girlfriend's place for the morning, lots of schoolchildren have time to roam the local shops and department stores.

A single suburban branch of one big city store recently caught 11 shoplifters, aged from eight to 15, one Saturday morning.

The first weekend the new Bankstown Square was open eight more schoolgirls were caught after they had each chosen—and stolen—a new swimsuit.

In both cases the girls' parents were called to the store, and although the girls were let off with a warning their names have been recorded by police.

In efforts to combat their huge annual loss, stores have tightened security—more storewalkers, mirrors, peephole cords or bells tied to display goods.

But it still goes on.

Since retailers introduced the attractive, open-display methods, shoplifting has shown a marked increase.

"But, then, so have sales," Mr. Griffin said. "In making

boxes and suitcases, umbrellas, and coats with false linings.

The amateurs go more for slipping articles down their blouses, into pockets, and up sleeves.

Some hide things under their babies in prams and strollers. Many leave a dressing-room wearing a new swimsuit under their dress.

Teenagers and schoolchildren seldom go to so much trouble.

Shop assistants can often pick them at a glance—although catching them is more difficult. They take advantage of a crowded store.

With baskets

More often girls than boys (one recent store report stated that nine out of ten shoplifters caught are women!), the young thieves come in twos and threes, mostly carrying a large bag or open straw basket.

Sometimes a girl brings her boyfriend to act as decoy. He chats to a friendly shop assistant while the girl takes a dress.

They don't hide in corners or behind shop fittings (that's TOO suspicious!). They are so open that some shop assistants really believe they're "seeing things" when such an innocent-



of "getting what you want for nothing."

Some children even make money at it. They steal, and sell their loot at school or office, usually much cheaper than cost price.

A girl will take a dress or swimsuit and return it (or get a friend to) the next day, and ask for a cash refund.

This backfired when a girl returned a dress to a Sydney boutique. The dress happened to be a one-only London model.

When the manageress approached the girl, she

The police believe some parents must know—or at least suspect—that their children are shoplifting. But out of shame, helplessness, or fear, they do nothing.

And of course there are hundreds of others who have no idea that their children are involved.

Here are a few points which could save your daughter from being a statistic in the rising figures of juvenile theft:

• Never say, "My daughter could never do that." That's what most parents believe.

• Modern shopping means open and attractive displays of merchandise. But some stores have found that making shopping easier for the customer also makes it easier for thieves.



• They come in ones and twos—the school and teenage shoplifters. Most carry large bags or straw baskets and brazenly, with innocent faces, put whatever they fancy into them.

Some girls take along the teenage boyfriend to distract the saleswoman's attention

shopping easier for customers, some stores are wide-open for shoplifting. You can't win."

A Sydney police officer, who keeps a close watch on shoplifting cases, admits there's more temptation than ever. But he adds:

"That's no excuse for the crime—it doesn't take away the seriousness of it. There's no way out of it. Shoplifting is a polite name for stealing, and the offenders are thieves."

There are professional and amateur shoplifters.

The professionals often work in pairs, one acting as a decoy while the other steals the goods.

They use false-bottomed

looking girl pops something into her bag.

The first-timers will make a quick grab—often at something they don't even want—and leave quickly. The more experienced will look through the racks and often try on a few garments, returning later to steal the dress they liked.

One 17-year-old with a figure problem was caught leaving a Sydney mod shop with a \$30 slacks suit in her bag. She took an SSW-size slacks and an XSSW top, which would have ruined two suits for the shopkeeper.

Why do people become shoplifters? Many explanations are made, but the usual motive is the chance

sobbed that she didn't know her friend had stolen it, and fled from the shop.

It can be quite a game—until the police step in.

For now, even the most lenient stores are reporting the thieves they catch.

If it is a second offence, teenagers can be turned over to the police, who decide if they should go before a children's court. They can be fined or even sent to a reform school if the case warrants it.

In any event they go to a police station, and are often taken home in a police car to face their parents.

"This seems to frighten even the toughest ones," a police officer said.

• Try to keep a check on the company she keeps and invite her friends home as often as possible.

• Make sure you know where she goes after school and what she does.

• If your children confide in you, you should know whether they want something desperately. If it is not possible to buy this, try to explain why.

• Check any clothes or goods she brings home that couldn't possibly have been bought out of her allowance.

• Try to teach her that often it's just as brave not to go along with the crowd—if she thinks they're up to something dishonest.



Vonnel arrives. Beautiful. And beautifully behaved.

An angel is born. A miracle?

A miracle acrylic knitwear fibre, christened Vonnel.

Every Vonnel knit deserves a halo. Never ruffled.

Never wrinkled. Never creased.

You can fall in love with Vonnel,
but you can't get a crush on it.

Stroke Vonnel. Soft as baby's curls. Wash Vonnel —
even by machine! It never loses its heavenly shape.
Unshrinkable. Moths or mildew unthinkable.

Colours? A special virtue.

Whites and brights stay vivid.

Pastels stay delicate as dawn.

Look for the Vonnel label on the newest knitwear
at your favourite shop . . . and be an angel.

Sole Australian distributors
DRIVER, HARTLEY & CO. (OVERSEAS) PTY. LTD.,
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Above: Real red singlet top
edged in blue by:

Scotch Moot

Style No.: V109. \$3.50 at Myer's,
David Jones, Farmer's,
Swain Lingerie & Katie's in all states.

Yachting Blue Bermuda culottes
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Vonnel yarn by Wangaratta Woollen Mills Ltd.



Registered trademark of
Mitsubishi Rayon's acrylic fibre.

\$500 CASH PRIZES

Try your skill at drawing Mad Charlies

HAVE you been chuckling at the Mad Charlie drawings being flashed on to your TV screen lately?

Watch them, and start sharpening your pencils and your wits, because this week we are announcing a competition with prizes totalling \$500 for Mad Charlies submitted by our readers.

The TV series is the work of Mick Armstrong, a Melbourne artist.

Mad Charlies are picture stories suggested by a number of lines or shapes, and even words. They are so simple to draw that anyone who has never drawn a line before can join in the fun inventing them.

Many readers will have already seen examples of these many cartoons on TCN9 Sydney, GTV9 Melbourne, QTQ9 Brisbane, NWS9 Adelaide, and a number of country stations.

The point of a Mad Charlie is rarely clear at first sight to anyone but the author, but it becomes obvious once you see the title words beneath each drawing.

If you have never seen a Mad Charlie cartoon, the examples shown below will give you all the clues you need to make up your own entries.

Part pictures form the majority of Mad Charlies. First experiment with a

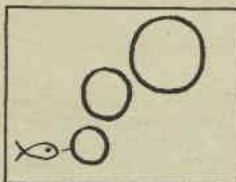
whole picture, then cut out as much of it as possible, so that enough is still left to justify the title you put beneath it.

For instance, here is an example of a drawing in three stages.



Early bird catching worm.

Or you may prefer a straightout gag with complete drawing and caption, as illustrated here:



Little fish using big words.

Well, there it is. Get out your pencils, draw a frame

about 3in. by 2in., and let your imagination flow with a sketch, and some descriptive words for the caption.

Remember, one clever Mad Charlie out of 20 tries is good going, so don't be discouraged. After a while they will come more easily.

Get the whole family to join in because it is a competition where two, three, four, or even five heads are better than one. Send in as many entries as you like.

The competition closes on October 31.

CONTEST CONDITIONS

- All entries for the Mad Charlie competition must be received by October 31, and should be addressed to "Mad Charlies," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney.

- Draw your Mad Charlies with pen, pencil, or brush.

- You may send in as many entries as you like.

- All competitors taking part agree as a condition of entry to accept the results as final. No correspondence will be entered into.

- Employees of Australian Consolidated Press and allied companies and members of their families are not eligible to enter. Nor are employees of other newspapers or television stations or members of their families.

- We cannot return entries, so do not send postage.

WHAT YOU COULD WIN

Prizemoney totalling \$500 will be allotted as follows:

FIRST PRIZE:

For the entry judged best \$200

SECOND PRIZE:

For the entry judged second best \$100

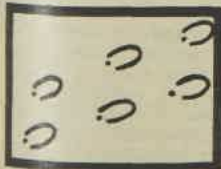
THIRD PRIZE:

For the entry judged third best \$50

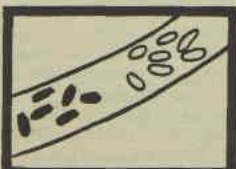
CONSOLATION PRIZES:

There will be ten consolation prizes of \$10, and ten consolation prizes of \$5.

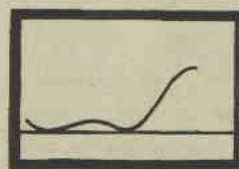
Six examples of Mad Charlies



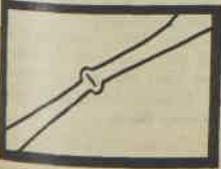
• Tracks left by horse wearing stiletto heels.



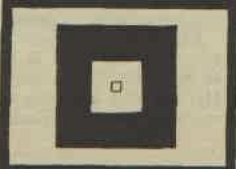
• Red corpuscles and white corpuscles arguing in vein.



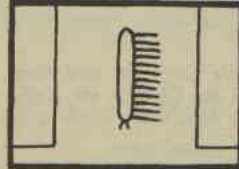
• A snake doing press-ups.



• Picture of elephant giving trunk-to-trunk resuscitation.



• Long-playing disc for squares.



• Aerial view of centipede signalling a right-hand turn.

meet the
*Potter
and
Moores*



From the House of Potter & Moore — perfumes to make you sing with the joy of spring (even in mid summer). Dab them on . . . splash them on . . . surround yourself with their delicate fragrance. You've never felt this fresh, this feminine before.

perfumes



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Potter & Moore perfume from 85c . . . GiGi, Brigitte and Carmen fragrances

POTTER & MOORE PEOPLE KNOW VALUE WHEN THEY SEE IT!

PM 4035 HPVWW

Page 27



"GRANNY EMIE" COLE and her pretty granddaughter, Jane, on the deck of the family trimaran in Townsville, Qld.

KNITTING HER WAY ACROSS THE SEA

—at 92, in a sailing-boat

● Last January a family of five, including a "knitting grandmother," left East Africa in a trimaran bound for Australia and New Zealand to find a new home. Now, two cardigans and a jumper later, they're off the Barrier Reef heading for Brisbane.

On board are London-born Mrs. Emily Cole, who'll be 93 on October 16, her son George (61), his wife, Jean (49), their daughter, Jane (24), and son, Charles (21).

By Jean Cole

THE three generations of us have been through storms and calms in our trimaran, the 40ft. Galinule, and, in spite of moments of frustration, we've been a wonderfully happy ship.

My daughter and I take equal watches at the wheel with George and Charles. The men do most of the sail work, though we are always ready to help when necessary.

Jane and I also share the cooking, doing alternate meals and taking turn about with bread-making.

Granny Emie sits in her chair on deck and urges us on with encouraging talk and a wide stock of sayings which pop out most aptly from time to time. One of us complained about an increase of sail on a rough day, and was admonished, "A nod is as good as a wink to a blind donkey" when the skipper rejected the advice.

Another time her comment on a visitor was, "He opens his mouth and lets the wind blow his tongue about."

Her knowledge of sailing was nil and remains pretty much so. Her previous seafaring has been in liners.

To start with she was fully under the impression that the sails worked similarly to an engine and that you just put them up and steered wherever you liked. She could not understand the difficulty of beating into the wind. She is likely to look up and say, "Oh, I see you have got all your masts up today" — meaning sails.

For a long time she was convinced that wind was conjured up by simply putting up the sails. She is disillusioned about that now, having been through a number of calms. Another good remark she used to make when inquiring about the state of the sea: "And how are the swellings this morning?"

Kenya had been our home for many years. Our children were born in East Africa.

We made the decision to leave because our farm was bought for African settlement and we felt that we were no longer welcome in the country and that for Jane and Charles there was absolutely no future. Our elder son, Jeremy, had hoped to get leave from the Southern Rhodesian Police to join us for part of the way at least, but the independence crisis prevented this.

One unusual aspect of the voyage across the Indian Ocean is that we have done it "the wrong way round." No yachtsman in his senses sails eastward round the world. They all go west with the trade winds and currents and the spin of the earth to help them, and very sensible, too.

When we were planning the project we were, of course, fully aware of this. However, looking at the globe it seemed an awful long way to go westwards and much shorter east-about. So we pored over wind, current, and weather charts and all other sources of information and decided that if we picked our time we might manage to

be contrary without too much difficulty, and into the bargain it would be different.

We called at a series of islands across the Indian Ocean—Seychelles, Chagos, Cocos (where we stayed two months, experiencing the kindness and friendliness of the people), and Christmas Island.

Out of Cocos we broke a couple of bits of vital gear when battling against heavy seas and a due-east wind at midnight on my watch, and we had to lie-to for three days while we made repairs and waited for the weather to moderate. Meanwhile we had drifted 150 miles out of our way and were in two minds at one time as to whether we would turn back to Cocos, still only 100 miles and a few hours (the right way round) away after 10 days.

However, we decided to persevere, and at last, in the glow of a most beautiful sunrise with the full moon still well up the sky, we sighted the plum-pudding shape of Christmas Island. By that time it was flat calm and we motored the last forty miles in order to get Charles to port for at least part of his birthday.



FAMILY GROUP. Mrs. Emily Cole, Mr. and Mrs. George Cole, daughter Jane, son Charles. Mr. Cole, ex-RN commander, built the boat with friends' aid.

After a wonderful week on this island we headed for Darwin—and Thursday Island, Townsville, and Brisbane.

George is the only one of us who has been to Australia before. In his cadet days he saw quite a bit of it. He will see a change or two.

Jane and I do a good deal of reading and writing. Granny Emie's eyesight does not allow her this pleasure. We sew a lot and have been dressmaking.

There is no room to have the sewing-machine out at sea but we used it during our stay at Cocos. To my lasting sorrow, at Christmas Island I had to dump over the side my beloved faithful machine which I was given as a twenty-first birthday present a terribly long time ago.

The forehatch in one of the side hulls in which it had been stowed had let some water in during rough weather, and the poor thing was disintegrating.

Granny Emie's chair is lashed to the most sheltered part of the deck, near the cockpit. When the weather is suitable she is there all the morning, eating her lunch there, too; then she goes down for her siesta, and is up again after tea until sunset.

There have been very few days when she has been prevented by the weather from being out for at least a part of the day, though often having to wear a hat and raincoat to keep off the spray.

She started with a comparatively new deckchair, but by the time the Seychelles were reached it was beginning to creak and groan in a rheumatically way as a result of the constant roll. Shortly after leaving there it gave up altogether and deposited her gently on the deck amid the wreckage.

It was unmendable and so was dumped over the side with our habitual cry, "Lighten ship!" which follows every box, tin, or bottle dispensed with. We are always too heavy.

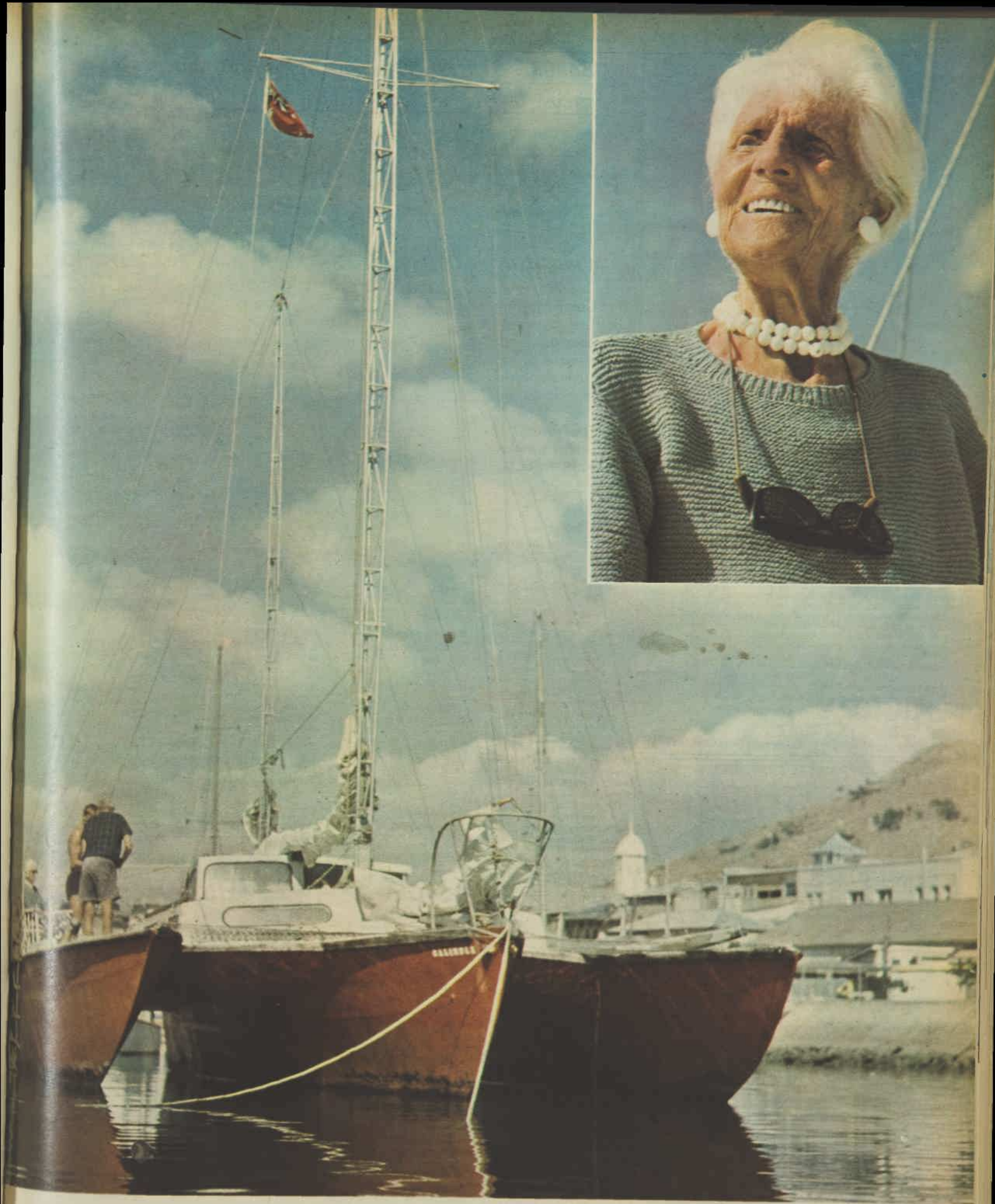
We then brought into service another chair we had on board, lower in the chassis, wider, and more stable, which blew over the side one windy night at Thursday Island, never to be seen again. Number three is still in action.

Our stores have lasted pretty well, nor have we been short of water (touch wood). This, of course, is like gold and only used for cooking and drinking.

In the galley we use seawater for potatoes, vegetables, rice, and so on—sometimes undiluted, sometimes half-and-half. Our clothes and ourselves have to be content with salt until we are so close to port that the skipper relents.

Quite a good hairwash can be done in salt water with a rinse in fresh—shampoo works quite well.

Clothing we keep to a minimum. Jane manages with least. She has lived in bikinis all the way from Mombasa to Australia, mostly pretty cotton ones she makes herself. Her laundry problems are few. I wear brief shorts and shirts, and Granny Emie blouses and skirts.



TRIMARAN GALINULE at anchor in Townsville, Qld., on the way to New Zealand, and (inset) Mrs. Emily Cole, 92. She accompanied her son and his family on their 10,000-mile voyage from Africa in the 40ft. craft. They sailed the Indian Ocean against trade winds all the way.



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BARBRA STREISAND singing in an art museum, at a circus, and on a stage without props adds up to . . .

A TREAT TOO GOOD TO MISS

By
NAN MUSGROVE

● "Color Me Barbra," the second TV special made by the rave of the showbusiness world, Barbra Streisand, will be telecast from TCN9 at 7.30 p.m. on Thursday, October 6.

DON'T miss it. It is breathtaking in production and presentation, streets ahead of the earlier Streisand special, "My Name is Barbra."

"Color Me Barbra" is simpler than "My Name is Barbra," with Streisand more starkly presented, not surrounded by such complex backgrounds.

I don't think Streisand needs an elaborate frame. She is so good that she would get top ratings if she stood up and sang in front of a corrugated iron fence.

The frame of this special is more stark. It has three segments, one in the Philadelphia Museum of Art, one with a circus setting, and one on stage, singing to an audience.

Streisand is first seen in the Museum, a building of beautiful proportions with wide, uncluttered spaces in which she wanders alone, looking at the paintings.

Her recorded voice soars around her as she looks at the art treasures and assumes the characters she admires.

A woman as plain as Barbra Streisand could live happily only in 1966 when standards of beauty don't



● Barbra Streisand sits in the Egyptian room at the Philadelphia Museum of Art, where she sings among the Museum's treasures in "Color Me Barbra."

depend on symmetry of feature.

Her grooming, dressing, and deportment make her elegant, good to look at despite her crooked nose, her closely set eyes, her bad skin, and kooky hair.

"Color Me Barbra" is said to have been made before she became pregnant (she is expecting her first baby in December), but I think she may have been pregnant.

ment wonderful. Quite apart from Streisand, you see the Museum and some of the things in it in all their beauty.

The circus segment follows with a circus fantasy with performing animals. Fantasy it is, but it is far more down to earth and credible than the childhood fantasy in "My Name is Barbra."

"Sadie," the French poodle presented to Streisand by the cast of "Funny Girl," is introduced, and Barbra talks about how she feels about animals. She never liked them until Sadie, whom she refuses to have clipped, entered her life.

There are lions and a baby elephant, kittens and penguins, and prancing ponies in plumes to go with the songs. Best of all in this part I liked Streisand singing "We Have so Much in Common" to a long-nosed ant-eater that looked very like her.

After all the go-on with the animals comes the big treat — Streisand singing straight without a prop. It's a real performance done from a concert stage with a live audience.

Sings 27 songs

In "Color Me Barbra" Streisand sings 27 songs. I don't know which were my favorites in this segment. Perhaps they were "Minute Waltz," "Funny Face," "The Grown Accustomed To Her Face," "Sam You Made the Pants Too Long," and "Cosi si Bon." It's hard to choose.

One of the things that is so interesting about Streisand, and, of course, is part of being an actress as well as a singer, is that when she sings a love song she seems to mean every word.

There is no need for me to labor the fact that I was carried away by "Color Me Barbra"—I think it's a TV classic.

Television

She has put on weight, the sharply angled planes of her face are rounded out, and she has a softer, more tender look.

When she first appears in the Museum she looks definitely pregnant, but it is her dressing that does it. She is straight out of an old Dutch painting in a long, very high-waisted dress covered with a traditionally styled long apron. She looks enchanting.

Later she appears as Marie Antoinette (with just a minute to spare for a song before she is dragged to the guillotine), as Modigliani's "Polish Woman," as beautiful Nefertiti, as Thomas Eakin's "Concert Singer."

What make-up and wigs do for her is amazing. She becomes the characters, momentarily assumes their beauty.

I found the Museum seg-

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Look lovely at any age...



Today we live in an age of beauty — mothers get younger every minute and daughters admix a delightful air of sophisticated charm with a natural youthful loveliness. Here Ann Butt and her nineteen-year-old daughter, Veronica, reveal to you how mother and daughter grow more beautiful with each passing day.

THEY FEED BEAUTY INTO THEIR COMPLEXIONS

Mother and daughter stay young and beautiful together because they both feed moist oil into their skins. Like all modern women, Mrs. Butt and Veronica know that the ideal method to keep any complexion soft, supple and unlined is to provide it with essential, life-giving beauty components. Before applying make-up each day, they stroke on a delicate, dew-like film of oil of Ulan to feed youth and beauty to the skin,

overcoming any tendency to wrinkle-dryness so that the complexion retains its exquisite loveliness and petal-like texture all day long. This unique beauty fluid has an isotonic ability that ensures that it penetrates to the sub-surface cells, and its hygroscopic action attracts moisture from the atmosphere to maintain the youthful, milky bloom on the skin and give the complexion a perfect matt surface.

into the delicate tissues surrounding the eyes, working from the outer to the inner corners and over the lids.

Perfect Cleansing Toning

By patting their faces and throats liberally with lemon Delph freshener they revive, and stimulate the blood circulation of the surface cells and remove the final traces of cleanser. In seconds they feel their skin tingle, and this is the signal that their complexions are refined and smooth enough to hold a carefully applied make-up.

Ann and her daughter use a light, creamy milk with a dissolving action to lift make-up, dirt and other impurities off their complexions. As the Delph cleansing milk is smoothed over face and neck, the skin gets extra deep-cleansing and refining beauty benefits, and when tissue off, the delicate milk reveals the natural radiance and splendor of an ideally cleansed complexion.

Nourishment at Night

is all-important to Mrs. Butt and she finds that a bedtime quota of vitalizing cream on "dry" areas, such as across the forehead, round the eyes, and over the neck, proves of immense value in erasing tiny lines and any tendency to wrinkle-dryness.

Ann massages the rich cream from the base of her throat to the forehead with upward and outward moulding strokes. Extra care is taken to tap the Ulan cream lightly



Veronica's Make-up Plan

Veronica finds that a film of tropical moist oil is the ideal beauty base for any girl who uses a modern make-up. It brings out the beauty potential of a young, dewy complexion and is a natural protector against cosmetic pigments and weather conditions. Even in her earlier teens, Veronica found oil of Ulan particularly valuable because of its beneficial properties which guard a temperamental skin.

She uses a tan shade of foundation because it has a very close affinity with her own sun-tanned skin-tone. Her powder matches her foundation and is fluffed generously over her complexion.

Her eyebrows need very little grooming and shaping, so eye make-up consists solely of a muted blue eye shadow with black mascara. Lipstick is chosen from the range of light orange shades.

Ann's Make-up Plan

Ann smooths tropical moist oil of Ulan over her complexion to feed her skin all day with lasting beauty benefits and to guard against the drying effects of sun and wind.

She blends a tinted fluid make-up over her face and neck, choosing a tan shade to enhance her complexion. Face powder, of course, exactly matches her foundation.

Ann uses brown pencil and black mascara to lend definition to eyebrows and lashes. Her eyes are made to sparkle youthfully under a veil of light blue shadow, and she finds that a bright red lipstick is most complementary to her make-up.

* * * * *

* * *

NO WONDER THE
ENGINES WHISTLED!

Train-driver with the mostest!

Ask Mademoiselle Monique Fichere if she has a hobby and she'll reel off anything from pipe-smoking to yoga.

Inquire what she did before becoming a top beauty consultant with a Parisian cosmetic firm, and you will find included in the long list of driving locomotives and being a part-time model for Dior and Balmain.



● Monique.

Recently visiting Australia as part of an 18-month business tour of here and the Far East, Mlle Fichere has a warm, vivacious personality plus what seems to be an endless supply of energy.

Few women would relish the idea of living out of suitcases (six of them) for so many months, but Mlle Fichere, though she admits she seldom has a moment to herself, is loving every minute of it.

Born in Paris, the daughter of a plastic surgeon, Mlle Fichere studied in Germany for 18 months to become a viagist—a person who deals with make-up and personality problems.

"A person comes to us and says she is unhappy, and we find out why and try to help her," she said.

Fluent in English and German, Mlle Fichere also understands Italian, and is at present learning Cantonese.

"I am very interested in Eastern culture," she said. The pipe-smoking began

about the time when she drove locomotives as part of her job as saleswoman for a French firm connected with the construction and renewal of railways.

"My brother smoked a pipe and used such a nice tobacco—like caramel—that I followed him around just so I could smell it.

"Then I bought a pipe—one like Sherlock Holmes's—and I still smoke it at night. It helps me to relax, like yoga.

"I smoke cigars, too," she added.

Mlle Fichere, who, with her waist-length black hair and expressive features, has all the striking glamor of a top-line model, describes her days at Dior and Balmain as boring.

"It doesn't take a lot of brains. Luckily I always had another job to keep me occupied."

Mlle Fichere dislikes the mini-skirt. "It is horrible. Are we women or little girls of 14?"

"Our charm is our femininity and this ugly look takes every charm away," she said, with a look of distaste.

THE EGG AND SPY

Recently the Gas Council, in England, put on a cookery demonstration of James Bond's favorite menus, titled "Food For Love."

Coyly, the Council warned housewives that the dishes couldn't guarantee romance.

Among such "love potions" as Asparagus with Bearnaise Sauce and Coeur d'Artichaut (artichoke heart) were scrambled eggs and bacon.

Who'd have thought that breakfast could have such potential?



Star's return, at 52 years young

★ From around the world, gifts of flowers have been flowing into Merle Oberon's Hollywood studio, bearing messages of congratulations from fans and other well-wishers. Still very much a beauty at 52, the Tasmanian-born actress is making her first film appearance in several years, in "Hotel."

COMPACT

HE REALLY PUTS PLACES ON MAP

● Migrant Herbert Bauer, 45, of North Ryde, N.S.W., has an unusual project in hand.

Mr. Bauer, a former Austrian schoolteacher (now a builder), is making a map of his new country to send back to his old school.

It's a map with quite a difference. For when it is finished it will be covered with sample soils, rocks, and mineral deposits from the areas they represent.

For example, a piece of Kalgoorlie gold will mark the famous goldmining area, and brown coal from Yallourn will be placed appropriately on the map.

Coral from the Barrier Reef will mark that tourist attraction.

The map will be about 11ft. square.

"I'm determined to put Tasmania in the right place," said Mr. Bauer.

"I've only just started," he added, "but already many people from all over the country have sent me local samples.

"Actually, without wanting to appear ungrateful, I don't want contributions. I have a mailing list already operating."

Mr. Bauer already has Sydney's marker arranged. "Naturally, some grains from Bondi Beach!"

GIRLS, KEEP YOUR LIPS(TICK) SEALED

A NEW "science" designed to help baffled males understand women is called Heiliology. It is the ability to deduce all sorts of things about a girl just by studying the end of her lipstick.

Applying lipstick to the lips is a reflex action, according to psychologists.

Consequently, it tends to reveal the temperament and characteristics of the user.

All a man has to do is take a close look at the lipstick's end and note the angles, curves, smoothness, or unevenness.

He may discover things about his favorite girl she never even suspected.



● "Bulldozer" . . .

demonstrating a very complicated character, playful on the outside but basically serious inside.

"Groovy" lipstick—users are artistically inclined and get great enjoyment from dressing up, making-up, and wearing jewels.

Sincere and warm, they are generous friends.

Often they are adventurous—a characteristic which shows up in their choice of hats and dresses, which is "way out." Their wearer enjoys the attention they attract, especially men's.

A flat-ended lipstick, but with rounded edges, points to a woman who is amiable and adaptable, a good listener, and one who finds it easy to keep a secret.

She is "all woman," distinctly rounded herself physically, and holds herself with grace. Men admire the way she walks.

They turn to watch her in silence as she enters a room. She radiates a mysterious aura of complete femininity which is irresistible to the opposite sex.

If the point of the lipstick is bevelled on both sides like a sculptor's chisel, its user is loved more by her own sex than by men. She dislikes abrupt changes, is careful with money, and takes pride in her work.

She makes a good "Girl Friday" for a busy man.



● Tolerant . . .

If a lipstick is worn flat across and at right-angles, for instance, it means she is determined as a bulldozer and used to getting her way.

Any man seeking to take advantage of her will be put firmly in his place. She tends to dominate both men and women.

If the lipstick is pointed, watch out! Its owner may be secretly sadistic and enjoy pulling men apart—verbally if not physically. She loves gossiping.

Lots of girls hollow out their lipsticks and use them down to the very last fraction of an inch. These are thrifty, and their chief need is reassurance and love.

They are energetic, eager to please men, and good judges of money matters.

If the end of the lipstick is at an acute angle, the woman using it will be tolerant, willing to compromise on almost any important issue. Her concern for others is most noticeable.

She makes an excellent wife and mother because there is no limit to her genuine affection.

Some lipsticks are grooved,



● Sadistic . . .



● Miss Barbara White

Club for 'women at the top'

WHEN Miss Barbara White, of Beecroft, N.S.W., left school she took a job as junior typist with a leading swim-suit and sportswear manufacturer.

Now, 29 years later, she's Director for Style Development—a position which makes her responsible for the designs of two collections every year.

"I suppose you could say I entered the designing field through the back door."

Working through every department up to a position as secretary then, later, as personal assistant to the managing director, Miss White said she owes her success to "sheer concentration."

Recently, together with 33 other

"women at the top," Miss White was asked to join the Sydney Zonta Club, a newly formed service club aimed at helping the community, as well as promoting the status of women in industry and business.

The word "zonta"—a Sioux Indian word—means "banding together," said Miss White.

The Club is affiliated with the American-based Zonta International, which has 26 clubs in various countries and a total membership of about 18,000 women.

The Club's membership list reads like a "Who's Who," and its members include

doctors, lawyers, fashion designers, nurses, administrators, and business executives.

"We make a point of inviting only one woman in each classified position to join," said club president, Miss Margaret de Tracy, who is the Flight Hostess Superintendent for Qantas.

Some members, like Mrs. Frank Mullins, of N.S.W., are married with families.

A practising barrister, with two university student daughters, Mrs. Mullins graduated with honors in Law from Sydney University in 1937, and for some years produced and edited various law reference journals used widely by Australian lawyers.

She also is the sole Australian Law Journal reporter, and compiles advanced reports of the decisions of the High Court and Privy Council.



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Manners and children

WHAT sort of manners are expected of children today, asked Mrs. Scarlett. I don't think she should be over-worried. If her children are well behaved it means they do as they're asked, when they're asked, and I think that is about all that is expected of children.

\$2 to Mrs. B. Wilkinson, Ipswich, Qld.

OUR three are by no means angels, but we have been told they are well-mannered. From the time they understood anything they were taught to say please. They must ask permission to leave the table after meals, and placing of cutlery on plates when they had finished eating was another thing we insisted on. When my wife really excels herself with a meal, I tell her so, and so do the three "devils." Friends are called Mister or Mrs., and single women friends are Aunt. One thing we insist on is no interruptions to adult conversation.

\$2 to Mr. J. P. Mahoney, Nonda, Qld.

IF children's manners need correction, as at times they surely must if they are normal, healthy, and high-spirited, then this should not be done ostentatiously in public but quietly in private. For, depending on the child's make-up, a public correction of his faults will either turn him resentful and stubborn or have him believe that bad behaviour makes him the centre of attention.

\$2 to J. Wilson, Oberon, N.S.W.

THERE should not be two sets of rules, one for home and one to be used only when out. Some rules of correct behaviour have become obsolete, and today kindness and courtesy are the essence of good manners.

\$2 to Mrs. Edith McMaster, Montmorency, Vic.

PLEASE and thank you, silence when others hold the floor, and respect for other people's furniture are surely all that society demands of small children in this casual age.

\$2 to Mrs. C. M. Little, Swan Reach, Vic.

A MODERATELY toned voice saying please and thank you will earn any child the right to be considered well-mannered. The best way to achieve this is by good example in the home to your husband and to the children. If you forget this, the children soon pick up the bad habit.

\$2 to Mrs. J. McGrade, Scarborough, W.A.

The unwanted men

I DON'T believe that all our middle-aged bachelors are so from choice, but because no woman wanted them, because they're unattractive, have been taught that it's sissy to be well-dressed, well-mannered, and know how to please a woman. The younger generation is better, but we still have far too many men over 30 who could be rescued from the clutches of their dreary drinking mates. The vast number of women who are raising families alone, whether widows, divorcees, or deserted wives, is proof that there are enough women. The shortage exists only in the minds of the men who don't have the self-confidence to make themselves attractive. So they retreat into the nearest bar with their inadequate "mates." I think they secretly envy the married friend, with all his financial problems!

\$2 to Mrs. J. Cameron, Bondi, N.S.W.

Study helps the nerves

HAS anyone ever tried a study of one or more subjects as a hobby. I have found it a very effective all-round tonic for many of the complaints from which housewives suffer. Correspondence courses can be done in one's own time, and courses in most subjects are available from correspondence schools and universities. Even if no examination is taken at the completion of the course, there is the pride of achievement. If the examination is passed, however long it has taken, it shows character and ability, and one can be very proud. Study takes one's mind off immediate worries for a period each day, and nervous tension is eased.

\$2 to S.M. (name supplied), Springsure, Qld.

"Who am I, Officer?"

MY small daughters, Kathryn (seven years) and Elizabeth (four years), were discussing what they would do if they were lost in a busy town. Elizabeth's solution: "Find a policeman and ask him my name."

\$2 to Mrs. Patricia Bennett, Deloraine, Tas.

Tact in giving presents

RECENTLY I attended a party in honor of a Chinese friend. I was advised before the occasion to wrap my present in red paper bearing no identification. On arrival, everyone placed his red parcel in a basket which had place of honor during the festivities. However, the gifts were not opened in front of the guests, the idea being that no one would feel embarrassed if his present was less elaborate than his neighbor's. Although daughters may not approve of this idea for weddings, I feel it would be ideal for youngsters' parties.

\$2 to Mrs. J. P. Hamilton, Cronulla, N.S.W.

Ross Campbell writes...

TOUGH CUSTOMER

SET a woman to catch a woman. The Customs people have hit on this excellent idea.

One of their problems is detecting female smugglers. Nice, respectable-looking ladies have a way of slipping into Australia with duty-free watches and rings.

Male inspectors are usually chivalrous chaps, reluctant to think the worst of the fair sex.

So the thought struck the top Customers: Why not put some crafty women on the job?

Most women tend to be observant and suspicious. Dealing with men makes them that way.

One of average alertness can detect a strange hair on her husband's collar at a distance of ten feet.

Confronted with another woman,

she will notice a dozen things which a man would overlook.

That is why Trixie Spottiswoode had her meteoric rise in the Customs service. But I must begin the story at the beginning.

A beautiful divorcee named Mrs. Desiree Jones used to make regular trips from Hong Kong.

The Customs men were on good terms with her.

"Anything to declare, Desiree?" one of them would say.

"Only a bottle of perfume and my undying affection for you, Les," she would reply softly.



"Oh, get along with you," he would laugh as he chalked her pigskin luggage.

That was before they gave Trixie Spottiswoode a try-out as inspector. She was a little woman with steely blue eyes.

When Mrs. Desiree Jones came along, Trixie gave her a cold stare.



AND ONE FOR THE POT

• "Men marry girls who can make a good cup of tea," states a tea advertisement.

She plied him with martinis, having donned a stunning dress,
She dropped some rather blatant hints about togetherness,
Said, "Why not stay to dinner?" and cooked him Steak Bearnaise,
(Accompanied by some splendid wine he didn't even praise.)

He seemed so unresponsive she nearly set him free —

Then suddenly he said to her "I'd LOVE a cup of tea,"

Her grandma, so it happened, had taught her lots of things

Including that the kettle isn't boiling when it sings.

He drank the tea with relish and told her all about His hobby of collecting stamps and how he fished for trout,

And then he had another cup before he said good night.

So later on they married. Some say it serves her right.

— Dorothy Drain

Dinner in the garage

OTHER mothers might have success with this idea. I was having dinner with a friend who has a two-year-old baby boy who refused to eat his food. His mother took a spoonful, held it in front of him, and said, "Open up, Steve, here comes Daddy home in the car, so let him in the garage." The baby opened up, took the food, and in this manner his whole meal was finished.

\$2 to D. Hawken, Tweed Heads, N.S.W.

Best kicks in life

SOME folk get a kick out of champagne, but my kicks out of life come from occasions such as these: Once my husband was asked if I was his daughter. Often my daughter, who is now 21, is thought to be my sister. Now and then I am mistaken for her, and she for me. My best kick was when my 18-year-old son was asked if I was his girlfriend. I hope these kicks will continue awhile. I am near the 50 mark, but am still hopeful.

\$2 to "Kicking Mama" (name supplied), Ayr, Qld.

This one buttonholes, darts, triple stitches, overlocks, overcasts, zig-zags, fancy stitches all automatically



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A U S T R A L I A N M U T U A L P R O V I D E N T S O C I E T Y

THE EVIL THAT MEN DO

IT was shortly after five o'clock in the morning when a young woman got out of a taxi in front of New York's top luxury hotel, the Beaumont, paid the driver, and walked through the revolving door into the hotel's lobby.

She headed straight for the reception desk. She had no luggage. Mr. Karl Nevers, night reservation clerk, gave her his pleasant, professional smile as she approached. Her belted trench coat didn't completely hide a lush and graceful figure. She had come in out of the grey darkness of dawn, but she wore dark glasses that made her face, with its high cheekbones and wide scarlet mouth, expressionless.

Karl Nevers' professional smile broke into a relaxed grin.

"Miss Standing!" he said cordially.

"Dorothy Smith," the girl said.

"Whatever you say," Nevers said.

"As you see, I have no luggage," Dorothy Smith said, "and I have no reservation."

Nevers spun a circular card-holder, took out a card, and looked pleased. "We can give you your usual suite, Miss — er — Smith. It's open for another week."

"I — I don't know how long I'll be here," the girl said. She was looking past Nevers at a calendar on the far wall. "This is the fourteenth?"

"Yes, Miss Smith."

A nerve twitched high on the girl's cheek. She looked quickly away from Nevers.

Nevers pressed a button under the desk. There were no clanging bells in the Beaumont.

Mike Maggio, the night-bell captain, appeared, and his smile, too, was more than professional.

"Nice to see you back, Miss Standing," he said.

"Miss Smith," Nevers said.

"Oh — sure," Maggio said, and looked around for non-existent luggage.

The girl wrote "Dorothy Smith" quickly.

"Nine F," Nevers said, as he held out a key to Maggio.

In the elevator Maggio tried conversation. "Weather must be great out your way, Miss — er — Smith."

"You're sure this is the 14th of March?" the girl asked.

"That's right," Maggio said.

The elevator door slid open noiselessly at the ninth floor. Maggio led the way to 9F, opened the door, and went in. He went through the routine check of the bathroom, bedroom, and sitting-room. The girl stood motionless in the centre of the sitting-room, almost as if she were unaware of Maggio's presence. He stood opposite her, smiling, waiting for what should come next.

"Anything else I can do, Miss Smith?" he asked.

She turned her head to look at him, startled. Then she opened her bag and looked in it as if she wasn't certain what she'd find. She brought out a crumpled collection of bills and handed one to Maggio. It was a five.

She walked straight past Maggio into the bedroom. She stood looking around her and then took off the trench coat and dropped

it on a chair along with the soft-brimmed felt hat she'd been wearing. Her hair was a bright natural red.

Then she turned and threw herself, face down, on the bed. Terrible, agonising sobs shook her . . .

In addition to a regular credit file on guests of the Beaumont, there is a special file filled out on the orders of Pierre Chambrun, the hotel's resident manager, which tells a great deal more than the name, address, and banking references of a customer. Pierre Chambrun and his staff know a great deal more about their guests than those guests would like them to know.

The card on Miss Doris Standing was unique. On the subject of credit the notation read: "Unlimited. The second-richest girl in the world." There was a special note in Chambrun's handwriting, which read as follows: "When she registers as Doris Standing, batten down the hatches. You can expect her to be quickly followed by what someone has called Doris' Standing Army — a collection of irresponsible lunatics. When she registers as Dorothy Smith you can draw a grateful breath of relief."

It is possible that Chambrun would have found some way to discourage Miss Doris Standing's patronage, except for the fact that when she and her maniacal crew were setting Europe on its collective ear, her base of operations was the luxurious chateau owned and lived in by Mr. George Battle, the Beaumont's absentee owner.

Mr. Battle, rarely amused by anyone or anything, found Doris Standing to be an "original." Escapades which Mr. Battle would have considered unthinkable involving anyone else were a source of amusement when invented by Doris Standing.

Miss Standing, in Chambrun's book, was dynamite.

In Suite 9F, Doris Standing wept like a helpless child.

At precisely a quarter to nine each morning Miss Betsy Ruysdale crosses the Beaumont's lobby to the reception desk and waits to be handed a packet of letters by the clerk. Miss Ruysdale is Pierre Chambrun's secretary and the letters are for her boss. Miss Ruysdale is difficult to describe. Chambrun has many requirements in a personal secretary. She must be efficient. She must be prepared to forget the eight-hour day or any regularity of

To page 38

Opening instalment of our new murder mystery two-part serial

By HUGH PENTECOST

"Have you a lawyer in New York?" Mark heard Chambrun ask Doris Standing.



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New Way to Reduce Weight

A tablet specially designed for sweet tooths that aids in weight reduction is now available. You can now slim and stay slim by taking one or two tablets after the main meal each day to dispel and neutralize the fatty unsaturated content of the food eaten and lessen body weight until normal.

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working hours. She must be chic but not disturbing. Chambrun doesn't want to be distracted during his working hours—which are roughly twenty hours a day—nor does he want to be offended by anything unattractive.

Miss Ruysdale, by some miracle, met all these specifications. Her clothes were quiet but smart and expensive. Her manner toward the staff was friendly, touched by a nice humor. She was clearly all woman, yet if she belonged to some man his identity was a secret no one had penetrated.

The first thing Miss Ruysdale looked at when she reached her office was a copy of the check-ins and -outs which Karl Nevers had already left here and in the PR office. On this occasion she picked up a red pencil from her desk, circled the name Dorothy Smith, and carried the list into Chambrun's private office.

Miss Ruysdale checked the lacquered box on the desk to make sure there was a supply of the Egyptian cigarettes Chambrun smoked all day. Then she went to the sideboard and prepared a pot of Turkish coffee.

Upstairs in Suite 9F sunlight streamed through the bedroom windows on to the figure of a girl who slept, fully clothed, on the bed. Her pale face looked exhausted in sleep.

PIERRE CHAMBRUN

BRUN, resident manager of the Beaumont, is a small, dark man, stocky in build, with heavy pouches under dark eyes that could turn hard as a hanging judge's or unexpectedly twinkle with humor. Chambrun had been in the hotel business for thirty-five years and had risen to the top of the field.

French by birth, Chambrun had come to this country as a small boy, and now he thought like an American. His training in the hotel business had often taken him back to Europe; he spoke several languages fluently; he could adopt a Continental manner to suit an occasion, but the Beaumont was an American institution and Chambrun kept its atmosphere strictly American.

Chambrun never ate lunch. As resident manager his busiest time was between the hours of eleven and three—people with complaints, people with special problems, members of the staff confronted by one difficulty or another, outside interests using the hotel for parties, fashion shows, special conferences. The arrivals and departures of celebrities, notables, and the just plain rich required his personal attention.

Chambrun's breakfast each morning, served at precisely nine thirty, consisted of juice or fresh fruit in season, lamb chops or a small steak, toast in large quantities with sweet butter and strawberry preserves. And coffee—coffee which he went on drinking all day; American coffee for breakfast, followed by Turkish coffee, sipped in a demitasse until bedtime.

Chambrun never looked at the mail or memoranda left on his desk by Ruysdale until he came to his second cup of coffee and his first Egyptian cigarette of the day. Despite its reputation as the top luxury hotel in America, the Beaumont was confronted with many of the same problems as lesser establishments.

There were always the drunks, the deadbeats, the endless cantankerous guests, the suicides, the heart attacks suffered by elderly gentlemen in the rooms of young ladies not their wives, the whims of elderly dowagers with far more money than they could count.

THE EVIL THAT MEN DO

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37

On the particular morning after the luggageless arrival of Doris Standing at the Beaumont, Chambrun sipped his second cup of coffee, inhaled deeply and contentedly on his first cigarette, and glanced at the list of check-ins. His eye caught the red circle surrounding the name of Dorothy Smith. He touched the button on his desk and Miss Ruysdale appeared, carrying a shorthand pad and a thin manila folder.

"I wonder if you'd bring me the file on Miss Doris Standing?" he asked.

"I have it here," Ruysdale said, and handed him the folder.

"Miraculous woman. Thank you."

And in Suite 9F Doris Standing opened her grey-green eyes and looked up at the ceiling. She felt, automatically, for the black glasses on the bedside table. After a moment she sat up and reached for the telephone.

"Mr. Atterbury, please."

Atterbury, the day receptionist, sounded delighted to hear from her. "Good morning, Miss—Smith," he said. "Happy to have you with us. How can I help you?"

"I want copies of the last three weeks of the Los Angeles 'Examiner' and the New York 'Times'," Doris Standing said.

On that morning of March 14th, I had been in charge of public relations at the Beaumont for a little more than a year. Very shortly after I got the job I found that Chambrun, by some personal magic, had changed my way of life without asking me to do any such thing. I gave up my apartment in town and moved into the hotel.

After five, when my office closed, I'd have a drink or two in one of the bars, then go to my room to change into a dinner jacket, and spend the evening moving about the hotel.

The Beaumont had become my town, with its own mayor, its own police force, its own public services, its co-operatively owned apartments, its facilities for transients, its nightclubs, its cafes, its restaurants, its quality shops opening off the lobby, its telephone switchboards, its complex relationships.

It was my town, and I felt possessive about it and jealous of its reputation. I guess that was exactly the way Chambrun felt, which is why it runs with the smoothness of a fine Swiss watch.

I'd been in my office for about a half hour that morning when the phone on my desk rang. It was Atterbury, the day receptionist.

"I take it you know Doris Standing checked in last night," he said. "She's just called in asking for back issues of the Los Angeles 'Examiner' and the New York 'Times' for the last three weeks. Can do?"

"Can do," I said. I had only just put down the phone when it rang again. It was Miss Ruysdale. "Will you drop by at your convenience?" she said. There was the faintest note of amusement in her voice. She was quoting Chambrun. What he meant was, "Now!"

One of the only problems in my job at the Beaumont was my secretary. She was disconcerting because she was so damned beautiful. She belonged on a magazine cover and not shut away in a fourth-floor office. She had kept me at a distance for a long time, obviously uncertain whether she approved of me or not. I felt I should be dating her and not giving

orders. Then, unexpectedly, she had made up her mind about me. Her decision was favorable. It was making it very hard for me to keep my mind on the Beaumont.

Shelda was at her desk in my reception room as I started out in reply to Chambrun's summons.

"You know, don't you, that mine is natural?" she asked.

"Your what is natural?" I asked.

"My hair!" she said. "Hers isn't."

"Who her?"

"Doris Standing, dope. She dyes her hair. International beauty, my foot," Shelda said. "I suppose you'll be dancing attendance and telling me it's part of your job!"

"You'll do the first dancing, my sweet," I said. I conveyed the information about the need for back issues of the newspapers. "Your job," I said. "With all your built-in charm when you deliver. See you!"

Miss Ruysdale gave me her cool smile and gestured, without speaking, toward Chambrun's office.

"Morning, Mark," he said, as I joined him.

"What's up, sir?" I asked.

"The last visitation of 'Doris Standing's Army' took place before your association with us, Mark," he said.

"But aren't we safe?" I asked. "She's here as Dorothy Smith."

"Had any extensive dealings with chameleons?" Chambrun asked. He reached out and lighted one of his thin, flat cigarettes. "Sit down while I give you a history lesson." The Great Man's pouchy eyes had a far-away look in them. "I think most of us rather enjoy the spectacle of a really Grade A stuffed shirt coming a good solid tumble in public. Doris Standing and her army make a crusade of staging public practical jokes on the over-stuffed."

Chambrun glanced at me. "I can see you have a tendency to applaud rather than hiss," he said. "But there is an extra element to this that you must understand. Doris' army are like cats after tuna fish. If there isn't a genuine Grade A stuffed shirt handy they'll take the next best thing. They must have their sardonic laughter. They are unconcerned with who else besides the stuffed shirt gets hurt. These people dig up unpleasant truths and expose them. They aren't blackmailers. They are so rich that money is meaningless. They do what they do simply for the pleasure of inflicting pain."

"They play games like children, Mark, vicious games. They laugh at honest sentiment. But it goes a lot deeper than this. They destroy genuine human relationships. They drive people out of important jobs, out of government posts. The people have to be consequential so that the audience will be large and wide. They travel the whole world looking for important victims."

Chambrun's face was bleak. "Their one venture here had to do with the late Julie Frazer. You remember her?"

"Of course," I said.

"Singer, movie star. The original Cinderella girl."

Chambrun nodded. "Millions of people loved her from the days of that Cinderella movie. She had her problems—liquor and eventually drugs. She went to pieces. But she made a heroic effort to get herself in hand. I was approached to give her a chance of a comeback, here in the Blue Lagoon Room. That," Chambrun said, and

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his face went stony, "was when I first met Emlyn Teague."

"Who is Emlyn Teague?" I asked.

"Doris Standing's alter ego—her game twin, you might call him. But I didn't know then. He posed as Julie Fraser's friend. He wanted the comeback chance for her. I was magnanimous. I'd take a chance on Julie, I told him."

"It was decided there'd be no hullabaloo about Julie. The regular floor show was to go on, and in the middle of it the MC was to spot Julie at a corner table. He would introduce her, beg her to sing. We had a full house and some top columnists. Julie Fraser sat at her table with Emlyn Teague and Doris Standing, and a young man named Jeremy Slade, and another girl named Barbara Towers."

The big moment came and the MC went into his spiel which would lead into the introduction of Julie. Suddenly Jeremy Slade projected himself into the middle of the floor. He had a gun in his hand. Women screamed.

"He shouted a jumble of words to the effect that we live in a crazy world, threatened by the atom bomb, our lives in danger in the city's subways and parks, the air we breathe polluted, our water supply dwindling. Every moment of every day we risked death. Well, he wasn't going to let other people threaten him. He'd create his own risks. Cardoza and I were fighting our way toward him when he put the gun to his forehead and pulled the trigger. Of course nothing happened but a dull click. We got to him and dragged him away."

"That wasn't the moment for Julie to appear with her nostalgic, sentimental ballads. When she did appear at the second show she was dead drunk. Teague professed himself to be heartbroken. She had been so shaken by Slade's performance that she'd needed a drink. She'd been close to fainting, he said. He hadn't dreamed that a drink or two would have the effect it did have."

"The columnists were as decent about it as you could expect, but it very effectively ended any chance of a comeback for Julie. She wound up in an institution for alcoholics where her heart stopped beating one cold, rainy day."

CHAMBRUN seemed to need a moment to control a long-smouldering anger. "I have a list of names here, Mark." He shoved a slip of paper across the desk top. I picked it up and read:

Emlyn Teague
Jeremy Slade
Barbara "Bobby" Towers
Oscar Maxwell
Van Delaney
Ivor Jeringham
"You might call them the high command of Doris Standing's Army," Chambrun said. "I want them watched for. The reception desk has been alerted. Jerry Dodd in security knows them by sight. I want you and your staff alert around the clock."

"Right," I said. The house phone on Chambrun's desk rang. He answered and listened. Then he said "Thank you, Jerry," and hung up.

"Jerry Dodd reports that Doris Standing has just ordered about three thousand dollars' worth of clothes from Marinelli's."

Marinelli's was the very chic women's shop in the lobby.

"It would seem she plans to stay," I said. At a quarter to one I went up to the Trapeze Bar to have lunch. I was ordering when I heard a woman scream.

A young man with dark

THE EVIL THAT MEN DO

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38

hair, cut long, was standing at the bar. He was holding a dry martini in his left hand and a revolver in his right. He was shouting something I couldn't distinguish over the sudden crowd noise. He waved the gun threateningly at Mr. Del Greco and a small army of waiters who had started to close in on him. Then he held the revolver to his head.

I could see the man's finger squeeze the trigger.

And nothing happened. The young man threw back his head and began to laugh. Del Greco and his men moved in. Instantly the young man sprang on to the bar. He ran along it, kicking glasses right and left, sprang past a stunned drinker at the far end, and raced out the door.

"We had Jeremy Slade with us," I told myself.

Slade vanished into thin air. He could have gone up into any one of more than



a thousand rooms, or down into the labyrinth of kitchens, laundries, utility spaces, storage areas.

There was one specific place to look, and Chambrun went there, accompanied by Jerry Dodd and me.

The door to Suite 9F was opened to us by Madame Marinelli from the dress shop.

"Miss Standing is trying on clothes," Mme Marinelli answered. "I don't believe—"

"It's an emergency," Chambrun said, and walked into the sitting-room.

Madame Marinelli, a black-gowned duenna, disappeared into the bedroom and a few moments later Doris Standing appeared, wearing a housecoat she'd evidently been modelling. I could see the price tag on its gold, quilted sleeve.

"Miss Standing," Chambrun gave her a stiff little bow. "Are you and Madame Marinelli the only people in this suite?"

"Would that be any of your business, Mr. Chambrun?" Doris asked.

"Twenty minutes ago a friend of yours played his familiar game of Russian roulette in the Trapeze Bar," Chambrun said. "I want him, because I want him placed under arrest for creating a disturbance."

"Really, Mr. Chambrun, I'm not Jeremy's keeper," the girl said. She looked at me. "I know Dodd," she said, "but this one—?"

"Mr. Haskell, my public relations man."

"Ah, so you're going to make a field day out of Jerry," Doris Standing said. "I do wish you'd tell me what the reaction was. In the Trapeze Bar at the height of the lunch hour? Did any of the ladies scream?"

"I won't describe it to you, Miss Standing, because I

wasn't there," Chambrun said. "But I will describe something I did witness, if you like. I was with Julie Fraser when she died."

The smile on that lovely face seemed to freeze. "What is it you really want, Mr. Chambrun?" she asked. "Permission to search my suite?"

"I want your word that Slade isn't here and that you don't know where he is," Chambrun said.

"He is not. I do not," Doris said.

"Thank you," Chambrun said. He turned and walked briskly out of 9F.

About four o'clock of what seemed a long afternoon, Johnny Thacker, the day bell captain, brought me a message.

"Boss wants you on the run," he said. "Suite 9F."

"What's up?" I asked.

"A suicide," Johnny said.

One of Jerry Dodd's men was standing outside the door of 9F. I didn't want to go in, but I went in.

Jerry Dodd was there, and on the floor was a body covered with a sheet. Jerry was a thin, wiry little man in his late forties with a professional smile which does nothing to hide the fact that his pale eyes are sharp, penetrating, and able to see and read a great deal in a moment's glance. He looked over at me.

"Where's the boss?" I asked.

He nodded toward the bedroom. "In there with Doris Standing," Jerry said.

"But—?" I pointed at the sheet. "I thought—"

Jerry bent down and pulled aside one end of the sheet.

The top of Jeremy Slade's head was blown away.

"What happened?" I asked.

"According to our Doris he tried his roulette game once too often. The cops may not buy it."

"How do you mean?" I said.

"No powder burns," Jerry said. "The gun wasn't held close to his head."

In the next room Doris Standing was sitting in a chintz-covered armchair, still wearing the gold housecoat. Chambrun, his eyes hooded, was standing a few feet from the chair.

"I would like to make my position quite clear to you, Miss Standing. This is a police matter. You're a special friend of Mr. Battle's, the Beaumont's owner. He'd want me to help you in any way I can. Do you have a lawyer here in New York?"

"I have lawyers everywhere," she said in a flat voice. "Poor little rich girls have lawyers everywhere, Chambrun—Why should I need a lawyer?"

"It wasn't suicide, Miss Standing," Chambrun said.

"You're playing a game with me!" she said, her voice not quite steady.

"Games are your forte, Miss Standing," he said.

The little nerve twitched high up on her cheek. "Marinelli had just left me," she said. "Having arrived without any luggage I needed a full wardrobe of things."

"Why did you come without luggage?"

She turned her head to look at the bed. For the first time I saw that it was strewn with newspapers.

"I have a reputation for acting on impulse."

"Have it your way," Chambrun said. "Marinelli had just left you—?"

"She'd only been gone a moment or two when someone knocked. I supposed it was Marinelli, who'd forgotten something. I opened

To page 40

A "New World" sponge almost floats out of the oven



HOW do you make a sponge like that? Light and fluffy as a cloud—every time you make it. Sure, it needs a good cook. But even a good cook's efforts can be spoiled by a so-so stove. You know yourself that no two stoves are alike. You know there are stoves that seem to be natural good cookers, that never make a mistake, never let you down. They're a joy to use. You'll find this joy in a New World Electric Range. And it's no accident. New World have been making stoves for 27 years. They know by experience, almost by instinct, how to make a stove that cooks beautifully. They know the importance of care. Precision in every join, every dimension, every detail. Result—a stove that makes cooking a triumph. Your skill and a New World Electric Range will achieve wonderful things together. Team up now with New World—it's a stove you'll never want to part with.

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the door and—there was Jeremy. He didn't ask to come in. He just came in. I wasn't glad to see him—I was sick of Jeremy and his act. I knew from you what he'd done earlier in the day—in the Trapeze. I didn't want to be involved with him."

Doris shook her head. "He said he had to talk to me about something important. 'The time has come, the Walrus said,' he said. I didn't know what he was talking about. 'Just to get in the mood,' he said, and pulled out that gun. I told him I hoped it would work this time. 'It won't,' he said, 'until we've had a chance to talk things out.' I turned my back on him and came in

THE EVIL THAT MEN DO

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39

here, closing the door behind me. I was angry. I didn't have anything I wanted to talk to him about. I—I couldn't think of anything.

"Well—the things I'd bought from Marinelli were all over the place in boxes—those boxes over there. I unpacked them and hung the dresses in the closet and put the other things away in the bureau.

"I'd just finished and was stacking the boxes when I heard a shot. I wasn't startled. It just made me angry. I was supposed to go running out to see what had hap-

pened and Jeremy would be there laughing at me. But—but I heard a heavy thud, like someone falling." Her lips began to tremble. "I went to the door—and looked. Then I called you."

"If you hold a gun close to your head and fire it there will be powder burns around the wound," Chambrun said. "There weren't any. I've been playing around with this, Miss Standing, without using the word that goes with it. Murder. Someone shot and killed Jeremy Slade. Since you were the only person in the suite with him the police are

going to be justifiably interested in you. I think you should let me call your attorney."

"His name is T. J. Madison," she said. "You'll find him in the phone book."

T. J. Madison. It rang some kind of a bell, but I couldn't place it.

"Did you find what you were looking for in the back issues of the 'Times' and the 'Examiner'? I'm only guessing," Chambrun said, almost gently. "Am I right in thinking you've drawn some kind of blank covering the last three weeks?"

Tears welled up into her eyes. "Oh, dear heaven!" she whispered.

"Care to tell me about it?"

Chambrun asked. "That's why you walked out on Slade, isn't it? You were afraid he'd bring up something that for the moment was blanked out for you."

"Since you've guessed," she said. "This morning—I was asleep. Someone was shaking me awake. It was the conductor on a railroad train. 'End of the line, Miss,' he said. 'Grand Central.' There I was, sitting in a stopped train. Everyone else had left or was leaving. New York. I had no memory of any train trip, or why I was there. I knew who I was, I knew where I was. But I had no idea why I was there or where I'd come from.

"I remembered I'd started out from my home in Beverly Hills to have dinner with a friend. The next thing was the conductor — shaking me—in New York! I wasn't wearing the clothes I'd started out for dinner in. I had an explanation, but I don't think you'd understand it."

"One of Emlyn Teague's elaborate games?" Chambrun suggested.

"It was Emlyn I'd set out to have dinner with. I told myself he must have fed me some kind of knockout drops. Then he'd have flown me east in his own plane, unconscious, and put me on a train somewhere outside of New York. The conductor would have been bribed to play along. I—I looked around the station, expecting to see Emlyn and Jeremy and Bobby and Oscar and some

of the others come out from somewhere, screaming with laughter. But they didn't.

"So I did the only thing I could think of doing. I took a taxi to the Beaumont and registered. Then—I saw the calendar behind the desk. March 14th, it said. The night I'd started out to have dinner with Emlyn was February 20th—three weeks ago!

"I put in a long-distance call for Emlyn in Beverly Hills. He was out. I tried some of the others and finally got Bobby Towers—Barbara Towers. 'Where on earth have you been?' she wanted to know. 'We've been frantic with anxiety for you. I wanted Emlyn to call the police, but he was against it.'

"That's about it, Chambrun. I remember starting out for dinner in my car and waking up, three weeks later, in Grand Central Station." She hesitated a moment.

"There's something else I didn't tell you about. When Jeremy came in here a little while ago he said, 'The time has come, the Walrus said, to talk of many things. Of shoes and ships and sealing wax and cabbages and kings, and the night of February 25th.' That's when I walked in here and left him. Because I don't know anything about the night of February 25th.

"The newspapers?" Chambrun asked.

"Nothing. Nothing that tells me anything."

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What is AN AUSTRALIAN COMPANY?

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***** AS I READ ***** THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY: Week starting Oct. 5.

| | |
|---|--|
| <p>ARIES MAR. 21-APR. 20 * Lucky number this week, 5. * Gambling colors, red, gold. * Lucky days, Sat., Tuesday.</p> | <p>* Love and romance get a face-lift. Although prospects are bright for some time, the 7th-8th could lead to splits involving a friend. The 9th-10th especially good, but there's a muddle early p.m. 10th.</p> |
| <p>TAURUS APR. 21-MAY 20 * Lucky number this week, 8. * Gambling colors, tricolors. * Lucky days, Wed., Friday.</p> | <p>* For some months, all to do with matrimony. Comes under smiling stars. It's a splendid time for orange-blossoms. However, 7th-8th are taboo romance-wise, and adverse for status.</p> |
| <p>GEMINI MAY 21-JUNE 21 * Lucky number this week, 6. * Gambling colors, black, grey. * Lucky days, Thurs., Sunday.</p> | <p>* Although there may be minor marital troubles, romance should burgeon with spring—like luxuriant. The 5th is interrupted, however, by jittery stars, 7th-8th.</p> |
| <p>CANCER JUNE 22-JULY 22 * Lucky number this week, 4. * Gambling colors, rose, navy. * Lucky days, Sunday, Monday.</p> | <p>* Many married couples should enjoy harmonious times—2nd are being assisted by no less a star than the love goddess herself. All Cancerians should await financial spurges on the 7th.</p> |
| <p>LEO JULY 23-AUG. 22 * Lucky number this week, 1. * Gambling colors, orange, tan. * Lucky days, Wed., Thursday.</p> | <p>* You'll be under happy influences for a while. It all adds up to progress galore—but depends on you. You can enhance personal affairs. However, 7th-8th mean trouble.</p> |
| <p>VIRGO AUG. 23-SEPT. 23 * Lucky number this week, 3. * Gambling colors, blue, grey. * Lucky days, Friday, Sunday.</p> | <p>* A reasonably tranquil week when finances are favored—you could get bargains in clothes and cosmetics. The 7th presents a problem. Don't write important letters.</p> |
| <p>LIBRA SEPT. 24-OCT. 23 * Lucky number this week, 9. * Gambling colors, green, blue. * Lucky days, Sat., Tuesday.</p> | <p>* It's still your get-with-it and go-go cycle, and you've a clear road with no very big obstacles ahead. How much progress you make will depend on how you master a tendency to vacillation.</p> |
| <p>SCORPIO OCT. 24-NOV. 22 * Lucky number this week, 5. * Gambling colors, red, yellow. * Lucky days, Friday, Saturday.</p> | <p>* If you intend to project a new venture, take personal stock of yourself, make efforts to get out of a rut, then for a while you will be given a big hand. However, 7th is adverse.</p> |
| <p>SAGITTARIUS NOV. 23-DEC. 31 * Lucky number this week, 7. * Gambling colors, black, white. * Lucky days, Wed., Monday.</p> | <p>* Many of you might have felt you've been out of the picture of late, but for a few months you come back well into the running. However, your falling star tangles on the 7th.</p> |
| <p>CAPRICORN DEC. 22-JAN. 20 * Lucky number this week, 5. * Gambling colors, brown, green. * Lucky days, Thurs., Saturday.</p> | <p>* The prospect of a long-cherished wish materializing beyond your expectations looks very gladdening. Friends will rally to your support and you could make new ties. But not on 7th.</p> |
| <p>AQUARIUS JAN. 21-FEB. 19 * Lucky number this week, 2. * Gambling colors, black, gold. * Lucky days, Sunday, Tuesday.</p> | <p>* One of the best results of the current influences could be a boost in status, career, and prestige—except on the 7th, which is unlucky. Go all out to push up your stocks.</p> |
| <p>PISCES FEB. 20-MAR. 20 * Lucky number this week, 6. * Gambling colors, green, grey. * Lucky days, Wed., Friday.</p> | <p>* Many of you—particularly the 19th-23rd bracket—could enjoy more TAB and lottery luck than usual. Knotty legal affairs have a much better chance at unangling. But beware the 7th.</p> |

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]



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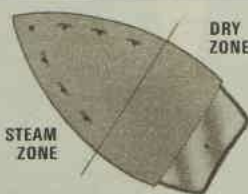


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HOTPOINT

HOTPOINT HOMES LEAD THE WORLD IN BETTER LIVING

"There's one difficulty with your way of life, Miss Standing," Chambrun said. "It's made up of elaborate games, of fancy falsehoods, of traps for the unwary, of cruel jokes. Because of that I can't be sure you've told us one word of truth."

"Chambrun, I promise you I—"

She was interrupted by Jerry Dodd opening the bedroom door. "Lieutenant Hardy from Homicide," he said.

Chambrun turned to me. "Games or no games, Miss Standing needs her lawyer, Mark. Have Ruysdale get in touch with Mr. T. J. Madison."

Hardy and I passed in the doorway. We weren't strangers. He'd been involved on a case with me about a year ago.

I took an elevator down to the second floor. Betsy Ruysdale was at her desk, cool and unruffled. I gave her a quick rundown on what was cooking and Chambrun's instructions to get in touch with Doris Standing's lawyer, one T. J. Madison. When I said the name out loud it hit me between the eyes.

"All American fullback," I said. "Big star in the National Professional Football League for nearly ten years. T. J. Madison! He's—"

"Yes, he's a Negro," Ruysdale said.

The death of Jeremy Slade was murder; no ifs, ands, or buts. And there was no other gun to be found in Suite 9F. These were facts Lieutenant Hardy passed on to Chambrun a very short time after his arrival.

THERE were two possibilities. Doris Standing had shot and killed Slade and disposed of the gun in some fashion before she called Chambrun's office to report the death. Or someone else had let himself into the sitting-room, or been admitted by Slade, done the shooting and walked calmly out into space.

Chambrun was sitting at his desk, demitasse of Turkish coffee balanced in his left hand, cigarette in his right.

"Games, games, games," he said. "I can't get away from the thoughts of games. This girl is a member of a group which exists and thrives on playing games. The games are always basically dishonest, basically cruel, and designed to have a dramatic outcome. The most dramatic of all outcomes is death. They've been involved with death before, but indirectly. The outcome of the game leads to dishonor, shame, and then to suicide or to self-destruction. Killing one of their own number would be unexpected, but—"

He hesitated, inhaling deeply on his cigarette. "Like dope addicts, the dose has to be stronger and stronger."

"Then you don't believe the Standing girl's story? This amnesia bit? The 'what happened on the night of February 25th' bit?"

"If what you call 'the amnesia bit' is a part of the game, then you are supposed to look into the night of February 25th. If that's how it is, you'll find something that'll lead you somewhere

THE EVIL THAT MEN DO

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40

else—directly into a sea of red herrings. But if she's telling the truth—well, the night of February 25th may have some real significance."

"What happened on the night of February 25th?" Hardy said. "Where? Beverly Hills? New York? Kankakee?"

"If it's a game, then we are supposed to look through those newspapers and we'll come up with something. If the girl is on the level and was looking herself and found nothing, then we probably won't find anything. Finding nothing might lead us to believe her just a little bit."

Chambrun put out his cigarette. "Let's go through those papers with different eyes and different points of view. I suggest your secretary, Mark, and Ruysdale, and you and I, and Hardy." He stood up. "Meanwhile the hotel has to run . . ."

My girl Shelda was up to her ears in routines I should have been attending to, and nearly dead of excited curiosity.

"I've got everyone working four-handed," Shelda said. "So what's the story on Doris Standing?"

"She did or she didn't," I said, scowling at a list of messages. Mr. Cardoza, headwaiter in the Blue Lagoon Room, wanted words with me; a representative of the Conservative Party wanted to engage one of the private dining-rooms for a committee meeting two nights away. And on and on.

"Will you pay attention to me and tell me what's cooking!" Shelda demanded. "Did she kill him?"

"She's a prime suspect, baby," I said. "In the area of real facts, Hardy is un-nourished."

I told her she had been elected by the boss to be one of the group to go over the back issues of the newspapers, looking particularly for something significant about February 25th.

"I've got to circulate to see if the boat's leaking anywhere," I kissed her on the tip of her turned-up nose. "I'll buy you dinner in the Grille Room about eight after you've gone through the back issues of the 'Times' and 'Examiner'."

Mr. Cardoza, the Blue Lagoon Room headwaiter, is tall, and dark, and sleek, and very elegant—and very human when you get to know him. He has a little office just back of the cloak room at the entrance to the Blue Lagoon. It was about 6 p.m. when I got to him.

"I tried to reach the boss," he said. "But I guess he's suffering from ninth-flooritis. Hell of a mess, Ruysdale suggested I talk to you."

He picked up a clipboard on his desk and turned it around so I could read what was on the top sheet. It was a list of table reservations for that evening in the Blue Lagoon. There was a large checkmark after one name. The name was Emlyn Teague. The number 5 was circled just after the name with the time notation, 11 p.m.

"He's supposed to be in California," I said.

"He could be," Cardoza said. "I checked through our travel bureau. American Airlines has a Boeing jet that leaves Los Angeles at six, our time—right about now—and gets into Kennedy Airport at 10:37 p.m. He could just about make it here by 11. Modern travel. Ordinarily we have 'nothing available' when Mr. Emlyn Teague inquires," Cardoza said, "but with things the way they are I thought possibly Chambrun might decide it would be advisable to see what he's up to."

A table for five. There were five names left on the list Chambrun had shown me. As usual, he was right when he'd ordered us to be on the alert for Doris' friends.

I managed to get through to him about ten minutes after I left Cardoza. He'd been closeted with Hardy and another old friend in the city's legal machinery, Assistant District Attorney John Naylor. Naylor, bald as an egg, was a very tough cookie.

Chambrun indicated he was pleased with Cardoza's decision to reserve a table for Teague. I learned later that Hardy had ordered a man to Kennedy to check on the arrival of the American Airlines jet at 10:37—just to make sure that Emlyn Teague actually arrived on it. Hardy wasn't missing the most remote chance of a lead, because the truth was that, after two hours, he had nothing to go on except his own strong conviction that Doris Standing was a murderer, or at the least an accessory.

I was ready for a martini when I hit the Trapeze Bar about 6:30. At 6:30 many of the customers are dressed for the evening. Eddie, the head bartender, must have seen me at the door, for my dry martini was waiting for me when I stepped up to the bar.

"Gent wants to talk to you," Eddie said. He nodded toward a table directly across from us.

The "gent" sitting there was a little out of place in the dressy Trapeze at this time of day. His dark grey flannels were rumpled, his tweed jacket looked slept in. He was smoking a pipe, which isn't against the rules, but isn't generally "done" in the Trapeze. He had blond curly hair, worn shaggy, and he was looking at me steadily from under bushy eyebrows.

"Who is he?" I asked Eddie.

"New one on me," Eddie said.

I was aware of the blond man pausing beside me at the bar.

"Mr. Haskell?" he asked.

"Yes," I said.

"My name is Gary Craig," he said, as though it ought to mean something to me. It didn't.

"How can I be of service to you?" I asked.

"You can let me buy you

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FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff



your second martini, at my table," he said.

"Look, Mr. Craig, if you're a reporter—"

"I'm not," he said. "I like to think of myself, among other things, as being a friend of Doris Standing's."

Warning signals went up. Was this a member of the "army" no one had told me about? "I can't tell you anything about what's happened this afternoon, Mr. Craig. I'm not at liberty to talk about it."

"I'd like to talk about it," he said, quietly.

"I'll buy my own drink," I said. I grinned at him. "You can't bribe the employees around here. House rule."

IN my business you learn to react to people quickly, to make snap judgments about them. I found I was attracted to Gary Craig. A waiter brought my second martini to his table.

"My feelings used to be hurt when people didn't recognise my name," he said. "Twenty years ago I was a boy wonder. Ten years ago I was 'promising.' Now I'm just a guy who produces a novel once every two years, gets a polite hello from the critics, and is almost totally ignored by the reading public." The crooked little smile vanished. "How is Doris?"

"Things are rough," I said. "Is she under arrest?"

"She's been questioned." He sipped his drink without tasting it. "I can guess the question that must be on the top of your list," he said slowly. "Am I a member of Doris' crowd—the ones who make the headlines along with her, from Hollywood to Istanbul? The answer is I'm not."

"A plus mark for you," I said. "I'm going to marry Doris," he said. "She doesn't know it, but I am. I'm going to marry the real Doris if she can be rescued from the public Doris. I've wondered whether I'll be stuffy about her money, or allow myself to sink down into it like quicksand."

He straightened his shoulders. "What I want is to make quite clear to you what my position is. I'm not a relative, or a fiancé—yet. I have no way to get to Doris, to help her, at a time when she needs help desperately."

"She can buy the best help there is," I said. "No." He shook his head. "She can't buy love or sympathy or tenderness. That's the kind of help she needs."

"How do you know about what's happened this afternoon? It hasn't been released to the Press."

"Geography first," he said. "Doris' base of operations is Beverly Hills. She has a magnificent house there—infested with rats!"

"Rats?" "Emlyn Teague," he said, his voice harsh. "And Teague's friends. They pop up in Paris, or London, or Rome, or New York, but Beverly Hills is the base. I live here in New York; a small studio apartment on the East Side. But that's only a base, too. I travel. I light where the typewriter feels loose. I was spending last summer in a little cottage on the Mexican coast. That's how I met Doris. A story in itself."

"I'm listening," I said. "But I want to answer your question," he said. "Roughly, two weeks ago—it was the twenty-eighth of February to be exact—I had a long-distance call from Doris—here, in New York, in my studio."

I felt a tingling along my spine. That was eight days after Doris professed to have drawn a complete blank.

"I don't know where the call came from," he said. "It wasn't person to person. She sounded desperate. I'm in very bad trouble," she told me. "I need your help, Gary. So I asked her where she was and said of course I'd come at once. 'I'm on my way to New York,' she said. 'I'll be there tomorrow morning. Come to the Beaumont for breakfast.'"

"That was all. I came here, looking for her, the next morning. That was March 1st. She hadn't appeared. I asked for her. I asked for 'Dorothy Smith,' a name she uses. No dice. About noon I called her home in Beverly Hills. She wasn't there. I've been waiting for fourteen days! About three-thirty this afternoon my phone rang. It was Jeremy Slade."

"You knew him?" "Sure. I know the whole crowd. I was shown off to them last summer when I went to visit Doris in Beverly Hills." He sounded bitter. "Slade told me Doris was at the Beaumont as Dorothy Smith and she needed me."

He shook his head. "You have to know these people to know that you can't believe anything they say. I came up here, on guard. He'd told me Suite 9F. But since the call came from Slade I was prepared for some kind of burlesque joke."

"Then there's nothing I can tell you," I said. The lines at the corners of his mouth deepened. "You're wondering if I could have killed Slade," he said. "Heaven knows I haven't any love for him or the rest of that rotten crew." He looked down at his big strong hands. "I might have strangled him, but I don't own a gun, Haskell."

"If you did hear my conversation with my secretary you must know the next question I'd like to ask you," I said.

"About February 25th? I haven't the foggiest. I hadn't heard from Doris for about a month before her call on the twenty-eighth. The twenty-fifth was—was just Wednesday."

"I'm going to tell you something that perhaps I shouldn't," I said. "Teague has reserved a table for five in the Blue Lagoon room for tonight. Would you care to guess why?"

"To guess about Teague and company is to wish a disaster on yourself," Craig said. "What is Teague like?" I asked.

"He's not like you, or me, or anyone else on this planet," Craig said. "To look at? Medium height, slender, mouse-brown hair which he wears a little too long but not in the Beatle style. You might think him soft, unless you decided to test his physical strength. He's like strung piano wire. His face? A pleasant, smiling mask. It disarms when it should be frightening the hell out of you."

"His taste in clothes is flamboyant, expensive, with a leaning toward bright colors. You can count on not missing him if he invades your hotel, Haskell. He will never come or go without being noticed. He is never alone, and the people with him make sure that they, too, are noticed according to their personal tastes. There is a girl named Bobby Towers who goes with the crowd of them. Let her walk into the Trapeze Bar, and you'll hear a sound from a hundred throats like a wind in a cave."

He paused and his face clouded. "Bobby Towers is the ne plus ultra in evil sophistication. She's a hothouse flower."

"Was Jeremy Slade out of favor?" "He was top favorite two months ago," Craig said.

To page 44

"I got here a little after four, scouted around a bit, and then went up to the ninth floor without announcing myself. I was just getting out of the elevator when the opposite elevator opened up and out came cops, a plainclothesman, a photographer. They went straight to 9F. I pretended to be waiting for another elevator. A few seconds after that you came out of 9F. I followed you, meaning to ask you what was going on. You went to the Public Relations office on the fourth floor. I could hear you talking to your secretary and I got the whole pitch."

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"Was Jeremy Slade out of favor?" "He was top favorite two months ago," Craig said.

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THE EVIL THAT MEN DO

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43

"He was the tough kid with the golden smile, the chopper. In short, the club bodyguard. They needed one, because the wounded fight back with a kind of desperation, and there are always the wounded in the area of Teague and Company."

I looked at my empty martini glass. "What did you really want of me, Craig, when you asked me to join you?"

"I have no way of reaching Doris to say that I'm here and ready to help in any way I can. You can get to her, or get a message to her. And perhaps you can get me a room in this gilded cage? I don't want to be any farther from her than I can help."

"Let's go down to the reception desk," I said.

There wasn't a vacancy in the house, and Karl Nevers didn't give me any high sign. Even the house seats—rooms held out by the management for emergencies—were spoken for. On impulse I asked Craig if he'd like to share my place until something opened up.

"I'd be eternally grateful," he said.

While Craig was signing in, Nevers handed a reservation card to me.

"One for you," he said. The reservation read: "Miss Veronica Trant and secretary; Suite 18B, March 15."

"Red carpet," Nevers said. Veronica Trant! She'd been the star of the first motion picture I'd ever seen—when I was six years old. Veronica Trant! One of the great ones in the days of the silent, greater at the advent of the talkies.

"She retired about twenty years ago," Nevers said. "Veronica Trant!" I said, sounding very juvenile.

"A very great lady," Craig said, at my elbow. "We've forgotten about her kind of glamor in this a-go-go age." The back issues of the "Times" and the "Examiner" had been delivered to my quarters, and I left Craig there going through them, chewing on his pipe.

It was twenty minutes past

seven when I arrived in Chambrun's office. He wasn't alone. Miss Ruysdale was with him, and a startlingly large negro gentleman who had to be T. J. Madison.

The ex-fullback was eye-catching. I'd guess he was about six feet four, with broad, broad shoulders tapering down to a ballet dancer's waist. He was quietly dressed in a charcoal-grey suit, white shirt, and a plain navy-blue tie.

"Mr. Madison has a problem," Chambrun said. "Hardy and Naylor haven't brought any formal charge against Miss Standing, but they've warned us that if she tries to leave her suite, one will be placed."

"They have no right to hold her without charging her," Madison said. "But in effect they are holding her. They haven't a thing on her except that she was in the next room when Slade was shot."

"She says she was in the next room," I said. "Has the fog lifted any?"

"Fog?"

"The amnesia bit," I said.

"Nothing," Chambrun said. "Ruysdale and I have been through the papers. We draw a blank on February 25, or any other day. Neither Doris nor any of her friends made the papers in that three-week span."

I explained that I hadn't had a chance to go through the papers myself, which brought me to a brief account of my meeting with Gary Craig.

"Is there any reason I can't get his message to Doris Standing?" I asked.

"She has to eat," Chambrun said, glancing at his wristwatch. "We provide deluxe service, even to people under house arrest."

I took Chambrun's cue. I had a shaker of martinis made at the service bar and carried it, with two glasses and a dinner menu, to the door of 9F. One of Hardy's men was

sitting outside reading an evening paper. He knew me from a year ago.

"Might as well make the lady comfortable while we can," I said.

He unlocked the door for me.

I went into the sitting-room. Doris was standing by the centre table, her eyes blazing with anger. "Am I not even allowed the courtesy of a knock or a bell ring?" she demanded.

"Watchdog opened the door," I said. "I didn't want to discuss protocol with him in case he changed his mind about letting me in. I hope martinis are your dish."

She relaxed a little. I put down the tray, poured a drink, and handed her the glass.

"Please join me," she said.

I poured one for myself. "My real reason for coming is that I have a message for you. Gary Craig is in my quarters on the fourth floor. He wants you to know that he's here and ready to do anything on earth he can to help you."

I thought she was going to drop her glass.

"He's been waiting here every day for you to show up," I said. "Ever since you called him two weeks ago."

She stared at me as though I'd said something in Arabic. "I called him?" she asked. It was almost a whisper.

"The twenty-eighth of February," I said.

She turned away from me and took an unsteady step toward a chair. If it was an act it was superb.

"You asked him to be here the next day—March first—for breakfast. You told him you were in trouble. What do you want me to tell Craig?" I asked her.

"Tell him that I don't remember calling him," she said. "That I don't remember what the trouble was I said I was in then. That he can't help me now and that all I

want him to do is go away and forget about me."

"He won't," I said.

"What has he told you about me?" she asked. "That he intends to marry you," I said, making it sound casual.

She looked at me, and despite the lacquer of sophistication she was a wistful little child for a moment. Then her face hardened.

"Tell him for me that he's an idiot," she said.

"By the way, has anyone told you that the Teagues, too, are rallying round?"

"What do you mean?"

"Table for five in the Blue Lagoon tonight at eleven—in the name of Teague," I said.

TWO little feverish spots had appeared beside her high cheekbones. I had the sudden feeling that she was trying to see some way out of a trap.

"You seem like a nice guy," she said, finally. "You want to help."

"Without breaking too many laws," I said.

"Then use your energies to help someone decent," she said. "Get Gary out of here—away—anywhere! And then stay out of it yourself. You're the kind who has a nice girl somewhere. Go to her and thank your lucky stars she isn't someone like me."

"Melodrama," I said.

"I wish it was," she got up from her chair and began to walk restlessly around the room.

"I was an only child," she said, "and I grew up in a world you probably can't imagine. My grandfather ran a modest farm not far from where Hollywood is today. Somehow he managed to save something, and just before World War I he put what he had saved into something called 'moving pictures.' Before you could say Mary Pickford he was suddenly a moderately rich man. He bought some property along the way, and when Hollywood began to grow into a city he owned a handsome

piece of it. He sent my father looking for interesting buys, and Dad wound up purchasing a chunk of Texas. "There turned out to be so much oil on the Texas property that I guess, by the time I was born in 1940, Dad couldn't even guess how rich he was. Just for opera, there was the house in Beverly Hills, and a model ranch in Texas, and a kind of hunting lodge in the Adirondacks, and a beautiful house in Paris, yachts, and planes, and anything you woke up in the morning with a whim to buy."

"When I was eighteen my mother died. My father went a year later. He couldn't buy anything to fill up his loneliness, or cure a lung cancer. So there I was, one of the richest girls in the world, surrounded by bankers and lawyers, and an army of men, young and old, who told me I was beautiful and desirable, and each time one of them looked at me I could see the dollar signs in their eyes."

"Nice guys shied away from me because they saw the money as an obstacle. Only the heels danced attendance. Down deep you know that everyone wants to steal from you; your banker, your lawyer, your estate manager, the people you buy from, the bellboy who holds out his hand for a tip, your friends."

"I suspect I have a great deal more money than Emlyn Teague, but he has so much that you couldn't tell the difference when it comes to being able to acquire anything on earth you want. I met Emlyn at a party somewhere. He's not unattractive, in a weird way. His story isn't unlike mine. The first night we met we had a kind of funny, gay time together. I remember he took me home, very early in the morning, from some nightclub. On my doorstep—my gold-plated doorstep—he said: 'Do you think you could love me?'"

"No, I wish I did," I told him. "It would be nice to love someone who wasn't making a mental appraisal of

To page 46

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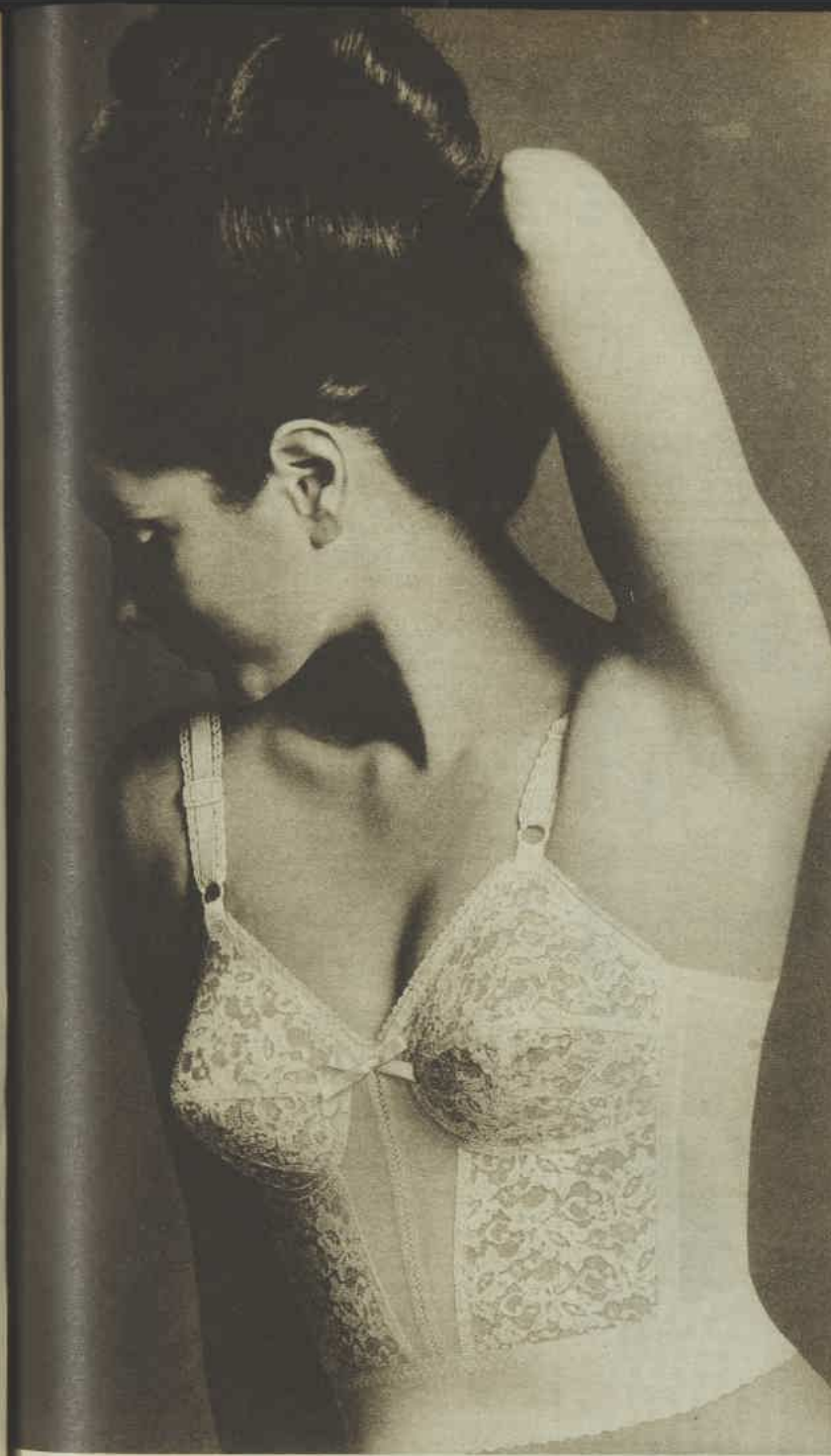
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the value of the silverware. "I wish I did," he said, "for the same reason. But that being settled, my pet, there's no reason we can't join forces in having some fun out of life."

"So we became friends, Haskell, for the curious reason that we knew neither one of us wanted anything from the other. I thought, at first, that he was a joyful madman. He loved practical jokes. He'd go to endless pains and expense to make them come off. He made me laugh and I needed to laugh. I entered into Emlyn's pranks and games with all my energy. I was the mad, mad, mad one of the lot. And pretty soon nothing was quite gay enough or produced quite enough laughs. That's when the quality of the games began

to change. An element of sadism began to be part of them — before I realised it was happening. People were really hurt; not just laughed at, but hurt."

"Like Julie Frazer," I said. "That was when it first began to sour for me," she said, her voice very low. "I wanted to get out. I went to Emlyn one night and told him I had had fun, but I was through."

"You can't quit, my pet," Emlyn told me. "You're one of us. You're in up to your pretty neck." I hadn't stopped to think, but actually we were guilty of crimes — legal crimes. No one in the group

could quit. It wouldn't be safe for the rest.

"I had to go on until I could find a way out. Presently Emlyn came up with a new game. It topped anything we'd done before — in malice. At the last minute I ran out on them. I had a little powerboat at Santa Monica, and on a night I was supposed to be meeting the others, I took off in it."

"I've handled small boats all my life. But that night, in my anxiety to get away, I didn't stop to check on weather conditions. It was a beautiful, moonlit night, but actually small craft warnings were up. I'd only been out about an hour when I was hit by a violent windstorm. It was just daylight when I ran aground on a rock ledge. I passed out cold from exhaustion."

"When I came to I was in a bunk somewhere, warmly wrapped in blankets, and I could smell the delicious aroma of fresh coffee. And when I sat up I saw Gary, that inevitable pipe in his mouth, coming toward me with a cup of coffee and a plate of bacon and eggs."

"It turned out he had rented this little cabin on the beach. He'd gone out for an early morning walk and found me lying unconscious down at the high-tide line. He'd carried me to his cabin, dried me off, and left me to sleep it out. He introduced himself, and I knew who he was. I'd read his books. I told him I was 'Dorothy Smith.'"

"We talked for hours about his work, his philosophy of life, his values. Finally it came around to my turn to talk about 'Dorothy Smith.' There wasn't anything to tell about her unless I made it up on the spot. I needed to talk about my problems. In the end I told him who I really was."

"I think Gary was a little stunned when he heard," she said. "Of course he knew about me. Who doesn't? But for the first time somebody seemed to understand my problem. I had the feeling the money made no difference to him. He didn't like me because of it, nor would he run away from me because of it. I—I can't go into the detail of it with you, Haskell. That's mine — my own to share with no one."

"But I stayed there in the cabin with Gary for three days. I was in love. Suddenly I felt strong, and sure of myself. We agreed to go back to Beverly Hills together, where I'd sign off with Emlyn and embark on a new and wonderful life."

"It didn't happen?" I asked.

"Emlyn, as usual, was one step ahead of me. Gary had gone into town on an errand, and the minute he left my house Emlyn appeared. Coldly and deliberately he told me what he could do to me, and what he could do to destroy Gary, and, in the end, to make any relationship intolerable. If I went into it with you you'd understand why I saw that the dream was impossible."

"Gary came back and I put on the act of a lifetime. I told him I'd changed my mind. That the beach cottage had been one thing, but now that I was back at home I realised that the only thing I really wanted was to go on with my life as it had been."

"They've put the screws on you," he said. "I tell you if you've got the courage we can outfight them."

ALL characters in serials and short stories which appear in *The Australian Women's Weekly* are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

THE EVIL THAT MEN DO

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 44

"I knew better. I knew that in the end his faith in me and love for me would be carefully destroyed—with surgical skill. And so I sent him away. That was two months ago. To the best of my knowledge I haven't been in touch with him since. If I phoned him it's part of what's missing. Tell him to go away, Haskell. Emlyn won't let us win."

"It doesn't make sense," I said. "Teague threatens you with jail, but he was involved in everything you were involved in."

"If I told you the things I've done, Haskell, you'd walk out of here without giving me another thought. If Gary was told I don't think he could bear it, either. If Gary tries to fight Emlyn he'll lose what he's fighting for. Even the memory of three magic days will be hopelessly tarnished, turned into something loathsome. Persuade him to go away, Haskell. Please, please!"

I went to my quarters, where Gary Craig was waiting for me. I telephoned down to the Grille to tell Shelda I'd be there in about ten minutes. I was already late for our date. Then, while I was putting studs into a clean dress shirt, I gave Craig a brief rundown on my meeting with Doris.

"She's sick," he said. "You don't run out on a sick person even if you can't stand the smell of festering wounds. Maybe I couldn't make a life with her if I knew the whole truth. Maybe I'm that weak. But I can pry her loose from Teague, and, by heaven, that's what I'm going to do. She won't see me?"

"No."

"Can I get by the watchdog outside her door?"

"Not without Hardy's permission," I glanced at the stack of newspapers I'd left with him. "Find anything in those back issues?"

"Yes."

"So I can arrange for a head-on collision," he said.

"What good will a public brawl do you?" I asked.

"Teague will have to start the brawl," Craig said. "I'll just supply him with the impulse."

Mr. Quiller, the captain in the Grille, was bending over Shelda, solicitously. I could see she had a martini and a plate of hors-d'oeuvre.

I gave Shelda condensed versions of Gary Craig's story and Doris'.

"You sound as though you believe them both, Mark."

"I'd swear those two are in love," I said. "Each trying to protect the other."

She reached out and touched my hand with cool fingers. "If Teague's people are as monstrous as Doris says, you could get into bad trouble taking part in any of this."

"I'll do what Chambrun asks; no more, no less," I said. "Did you get a chance to go through the newspapers?"

She nodded. "There wasn't anything relating to Doris or Teague or any of them," she said. "But there was something unrelated that was interesting. You got the word that Veronica Trant was arriving tomorrow?"

"Now there's something for you to worry about," I said. "I've been in love with her for twenty-five years."

She ignored the joke. "You remember about two weeks ago Norman Terry committed suicide? There was a big Hollywood funeral with

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"Not a peep out of them thanks to ABC-TV"



"Isn't it marvellous! ABC-TV has a whole new lineup of programmes to keep the youngsters happy for most of the afternoon. Why don't you look in, too? You'll like it!"

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A. No! That's an old wives' tale! It dates back to ancient times—when lack of knowledge led people to believe that some things they touched during their period would be harmed or spoiled. Today, we know better! The menstrual flow is not poisonous nor harmful. It's not a sickness. It is, in fact, a natural, normal part of life!

Q. Is it safe to bathe during my period?

A. Of course it is. Avoiding water is just another of those age-old superstitions! Actually, it's most important to bathe, for you perspire more freely during your period. That's why so many girls prefer Tampax internal sanitary protection—for Tampax lets you bathe, shower, even swim, with complete protection!

Q. Can anyone tell if I'm having my period?

A. Not unless you give it away—by your attitude or poor grooming. Be especially careful about personal cleanliness on those days. As for telltale signs—let Tampax free you of that problem. Tampax does away with helping pads... prevents odour from forming. Because it's worn internally, you hardly know you're wearing it. You feel confident, as on any day of the month!

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—October 12, 1966

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Because of the success of our first world tour, which concluded earlier this year, World Travel have reserved all the Himalaya's 1300 berths.

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The tour represents excellent value for money spent, as the \$1392 covers shipboard accommodation to and from England, 14 days in London, 23 days travelling by motor-coach through eight countries on the Continent, and seven days through the United Kingdom, with accommodation.

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Tour organisers have arranged a special 22-day free period, which will be at the tour members' own expense. During this time some will take the opportunity of making further sightseeing trips to Devon and Cornwall, Spain, Ireland, Holland, or Denmark.

Where London hotel accommodation is required for this period a special rate of \$5 a night (for bed and breakfast) is available if reserved before December 1.

HOW TO BOOK

● Full details of the wonderful day-by-day itinerary are in the special tour brochure, which you may obtain NOW through any of the General Sales Agents listed below, or your travel agent.

NEW SOUTH WALES-A.C.T.: World Travel Headquarters Pty. Ltd., 33-35 Bligh Street, Sydney. Telephone 28-4841.

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QUEENSLAND - NORTHERN TERRITORY-NEW GUINEA: Universal Travel Company, 93 Creek Street, Brisbane. Telephone 2-3008.

SOUTH AUSTRALIA: King's Travel Agency Pty. Ltd., 30 Currie Street, Adelaide. Telephone 51-2146.

WESTERN AUSTRALIA: Wesfarmers Travel Service, 569 Wellington Street and 14 Terrace Arcade, Perth. Telephone 21-0191.

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You will receive shipboard accommodation in excellent P & O liners. London accommodation for 13 nights at well-situated hotels, and a 17-day coach tour of nine European countries.

The Arcadia will be making its inaugural voyage via South Africa, South America, North Africa, Portugal to London.

The ship will call at Melbourne, Adelaide, and Fremantle. It will then visit Durban and Cape Town in South Africa, and cross the Atlantic to Rio de Janeiro, in Brazil, where there's a 34-hour stop-over.

From Rio the ship recrosses the Atlantic to North Africa for stop-overs at Dakar and Casablanca. Then it visits Lisbon, Portugal, and arrives in London on November 28.

As with the World Discovery Tour 1967, there is also a free period. On this tour it's 15 days for visiting relatives and friends or doing individual touring.

Afterward, separate, but similar, coach tours start within a day or two of each other, with a 17-day itinerary on the Continent. One tour gives you the Christmas period in Lucerne, while the other allows for Christmas in Rome and the New Year celebrations in Paris.

If you wish you may delay sailing from Sydney until the liner Canberra leaves on November 18, arriving at Southampton on December 15.

With calls at Melbourne and Fremantle, the Canberra's itinerary includes Singapore, Aden, Suez, Port Said, Naples, and Lisbon.

Members on the Canberra segment of the White Christmas tour will meet Arcadia members and will similarly have the choice of coach tours and spending Christmas in either Lucerne or Rome.

The cost of the 12-week holiday may be as little as \$1170 (or £N.Z.496) and it is comparable with the return-ticket price paid by many independent tourists for shipboard accommodation only. Ours includes extras such as the London accommodation for 13 nights, London sightseeing, and the 17-day European coach tours.

Both coach groups will link up in London on January 13 for the trip home in the Canberra, via Suez.

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RE WILLIAM FARLEY late of Killyvale Station via Winton in the State of Queensland, Station Hand

TO ELLA CONSTANCE FARLEY widow of Albert Frederick Farley formerly of Casella Merriwa in the State of New South Wales and Julia Creek in the State of Queensland, being a daughter of William Munn and Eliza Nutley and all persons claiming by, through or under the said Ella Constance Farley. NOTICE is hereby given that all persons above referred to claiming to be next-of-kin of the above-named WILLIAM FARLEY late of Killyvale Station via Winton in the State of Queensland, who died at Killyvale Station via Winton aforesaid on the fifteenth day of March 1963 or any person claiming by, through or under the said next-of-kin, by derivative title or otherwise are hereby required to forward proof of their relationship to the Local Deputy Public Curator, Box 160, Post Office, Townsville, Queensland, on or before the sixteenth day of March One thousand nine hundred and sixty seven and that after the expiration of the last mentioned date, the Local Deputy Public Curator will proceed to deal with and distribute the assets of the deceased amongst the persons entitled thereto in having regard only to the claims of which he shall have had notice. Dated this sixteenth day of August 1966. H. L. SKELLERN, Local Deputy Public Curator, Townsville.

everyone who is anyone in pictures there. The 'Examiner' made a special note of the fact that Veronica Trant was present. It was the first time she'd made a public appearance in twenty years. She and Terry played in a lot of pictures together."

"Why did Norman Terry kill himself? No more work for him?"

"He was only sixty-five! And he was still very attractive."

"How did he do it?" I asked.

I saw a little shudder move over Shelda. "Put a gun in his mouth and pulled the trigger. It's just a coincidence," she said, when Quiller had gone, "but Terry shot himself on the twenty-eighth of February."

"What's coincidental about it?"

"Wasn't it on the twenty-eighth of February that Gary Craig says Doris called him and said she was in trouble?"

I stared at her for a second, and then I started to laugh. Too farfetched.

THE EVIL THAT MEN DO

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 46

"You get to thinking that if anything had happened on a certain day the Teagues may be responsible," Shelda said.

Quiller had just served us brandy and coffee when the waiter brought a telephone to the table and plugged it into the wall jack.

It was Chambrun.

"Will you convey my apologies to Miss Mason for dragging you away, and then come up to my office?" he asked. He sounded coldly formal.

"I'll meet you in the Blue Lagoon a little before eleven if you can make it," Shelda said. "I wouldn't miss Emlyn Teague's arrival for anything."

Miss Ruysdale was still in Chambrun's outer office.

"If your head comes off," she said, with a tight little smile, "bear in mind that he has troubles."

I had never seen Chambrun as he was at that moment. His eyes were as cold as two newly minted coins.

"I expected you to report back on your conversation with Miss Standing," he said. "I'm sorry," I said. "I was late for a dinner date. It was a long life story without anything new relating to Slade."

"I'd like you not to use your own judgment about what's important or not important."

"I'm sorry," I said, a little sore myself.

"Ask Ruysdale to come in here," he said.

I went to the door and beckoned to Miss Ruysdale. She came in and we stood facing Chambrun like two bad children in the headmaster's office.

Then Chambrun laughed, and the rock-hard contours of his face broke down. "Just

before you came in here, Mark, I told Ruysdale she was incompetent," he said. "That must give you an idea of how far out in space I am at the moment. I apologise to you both. Can we start over again?"

"Will you have some brandy to go in your coffee?" Miss Ruysdale asked, unruffled.

"No thanks, Ruysdale," Chambrun took a cigarette from his silver case and lit it. "I've worked in this hotel for thirty-five years," he said.

"I have been its resident manager for twenty-five. Not once, in all that time, has Mr. Battle chosen to override a decision of mine. Until tonight."

His good humor began to fade again. "Mr. Battle has asked me to make accommodations available to Emlyn Teague and four friends of his who are arriving tonight. He holds Doris Standing and Teague in—his phrase was—'affectionate regard.' Doris needs her friends to be around her, to comfort and help her.

I told him I wouldn't have Teague in the hotel. 'I am conveying an order, Chambrun,' he said. And believe it or not he hung up on me."

To most of us, Chambrun was the Beaumont. Suddenly Ruysdale and I were made aware that there was someone with more power than he himself wielded.

"I've worked this out with Nevers," he said. "Five single rooms, all on different floors." He smiled. "They will complain, and demand that they all be put together somewhere. That's where you come in, Mark. You will be at the reception desk when they arrive about eleven. You will be excessively polite — and immovable."

"Right," I said.

"And one other thing, Mark. Sometime tomorrow morning Miss Veronica Trant and her secretary are arriving from the Coast for a stay with us."

"I know," I said. "I just told Shelda that I've been in love with her for twenty-five years."

Chambrun gave me an odd little smile. "I was in love with her," he said. "If by any chance, because of this other uproar, I'm not able to greet her and Miss Miller, the secretary, myself, I want you on hand, Mark. The treatment should be warm, cordial, and, at the same time, royal."

THE jet from Los Angeles had arrived on the button and Emlyn Teague and his four friends had disembarked in full view of Lieutenant Hardy's watching Detective. None of them could have been in this part of the world when Slade had been shot.

At two minutes past eleven, five people swept into the lobby, followed by the doorman and two bellboys loaded down with hand luggage. There was no possibility of missing Emlyn Teague, as Craig had told me.

He was wearing a fawn-colored camel's hair coat, and an olive-green alpine hat with a bright red feather in it. There was a white carnation in the lapel of the coat.

Beside him was a girl — who had to be Barbara Towers — wearing an unbelievable sable coat.

Behind them were three men, all in dark coats, dark hats, wearing black shirts with white ties.

Teague walked straight to the desk, and he was smiling. There was a kind of malicious delight in it.

"I am Emlyn Teague," he said to Nevers.

"Of course, Mr. Teague," Nevers said. He consulted a slip of paper. "You are in 1204. Miss Towers is in 1612. Mr. Maxwell in 609. Mr. Delaney in 1421. Mr. Jerningham in 1019."

"That, of course, will not do at all," Teague said.

I moved in beside him, wearing my best smile. "We're glad to have you with us, Mr. Teague," I said. "Unfortunately these arrangements are the only ones we can make. Your reservations came in so late."

"Who are you?" he asked. "I'm Mark Haskell, in charge of public relations."

Notice to Contributors

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Short stories should be from 2000 to 4000 words; short stories, 1100 to 1400 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

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"Where is Doris Standing?" Teague demanded. "I want to see her at once."

"You'll have to consult with the police."

He seemed to balance easily on the balls of his feet, like a trained fighter or dancer.

"Let him alone, Emlyn," the girl said. "He's cute."

Barbara Towers might have been very pretty without the almost exaggerated stage make-up — a scarlet gash of a mouth, heavy blue-black eye-shadow, eyelashes that almost certainly had to be false. She was laughing at me, silently.

"I'm all too familiar with the stupidities of the police," Teague said. "I want a message sent to Miss Standing. Tell her I'm here. To stop worrying; that all our resources, financial and legal, are at her disposal."

"I'll try to get it to her," I said.

"You may tell Chambrun that I'm displeased with his arrangements and I know what to do about my displeasure."

Mike Maggio and a crew of bellhops moved toward the elevators with the baggage. Miss Towers gave me a broad wink as she turned away to follow Teague.

It was a good hour before Teague and his friends appeared behind the velvet rope stretched across the entrance to the Blue Lagoon. Cardoza had found a small table in a corner for Shelda and me. To our left I saw Gary Craig seated at the bar, turning a highball slowly around in his strong hands; a pipe gripped between his teeth.

Teague was consulting with an obsequious Cardoza at the rope. He was something to look at. His dinner jacket was a chartreuse-green. His dress shirt had soft, lacy pleats, and the cuffs, billowing out, were period lace. There was a pale yellow flower in his buttonhole the size of a saucer.

Teague was certainly eye-catching, but it was the Towers girl who had brought the soft, gasping sigh from the audience. She had appeared wrapped in a sable cape, little flecks of silver dust in her hair, and dangling earrings studded with diamonds. The eye make-up was almost oriental. Then, while Teague discussed something with Cardoza, she nonchalantly slipped off the sable cape. She had on a strapless black evening gown which fitted like a glove down to her knees and then flared out gracefully.

The three men who brought up the rear were dinner-jacketed in the conventional style except for their cummerbunds. These were of the same chartreuse material as Teague's coat.

The tall one, with the frosting of grey at the temples, the neatly trimmed black moustache, and the elegant manner, was Ivor Jerningham, giving the guests of the Blue Lagoon a supercilious smile. He was English born and had been expelled from several good schools, and just missed being booted out of Cambridge University by enlisting in the Royal Air Force at the beginning of World War II.

After the war he was charged with the attempted rape of a distinguished diplomat's wife in Cairo. He got out of that bind with the help of one Emlyn Teague. From there on they were inseparably linked.

The one who stood directly behind the astonishing Miss Towers was a giant of a man, physically, with a shock of carrot-colored hair. This was Van Delaney, said to be an artist, son of a wild Irish poet and a Dutch mother. His record was a one-way street of brawling and debauchery and simple-minded violence.

The third man was short,

To page 50

Community

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KRAFT for good food and good food ideas

*Reg'd. Trade Mark

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with a hint of deformity in stooped, round shoulders. His hair was black, worn long so that it went down over the back of his collar in an unkempt fringe. He wore black shell-rimmed glasses, and his nose was large and beaked. This was Oscar Maxwell, court jester, the master planner of Teague's mischiefs.

Cardoza led Teague and his friends to the table which had been reserved for them. They were only just seated and giving their order to a waiter, when the lights began to dim. We were about to hear The Frightwigs, a trio in the Beatle tradition, Mac Williams, a stand-up comic with a wicked ad-lib wit, topped by the lovely Diane Davis, for my money the best girl singer of the day.

THE EVIL THAT MEN DO

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 48

"I thought there'd be something funny about them—amusing," Shelda said. "Put me in a cab and send me home, Mark. I don't want them to see me when the lights come up. I don't want them to know I'm alive."

I don't buy The Frightwigs and their a-go-go beat, but Mac Williams is amusing. And Diane Davis bombs me. She's a thin, ethereal looking girl, with a flame inside that burns white hot. She can wrap an audience around her little finger, play on them as though they were an instrument she owned and leave everyone in love with her. When she finally left the

little stage for the last time and the lights came up there was a swell of voices, as if everyone in the room had to talk about her at the same time.

I felt my heart give a little thump against my ribs. Sometime during the dim-out, Gary Craig had left his place at the bar. He was standing by Teague's table and you could see he was talking to Teague.

I stood up, looking around for Cardoza. He was over by the velvet rope. Just before I reached him, I heard a woman scream, and the voices in the room rose in a murmur of excitement. I turned around quickly.

Van Delaney, the wild Irishman, was on his feet and, standing behind Craig, he was twisting the writer's arm behind his back. I saw Craig writhe in pain. At the same moment the elegant Ivor Jerningham stood up, facing Gary. He struck the helpless writer a vicious backhanded blow across the mouth.

Two burly waiters reached the battlefield before Cardoza and I did. Instantly Jerningham stepped back from Craig, and Delaney let go of Craig's arm. Gary's legs buckled like rubber and he went down to his knees.

"He insulted this lady," Jerningham said, coolly.

"I hardly expected to be subjected to a waterfront brawl at the Beaumont," Teague said to Cardoza.

I was kneeling beside Gary, one arm around him.

"I'm all right," he muttered, thickly. "I asked for it."

I helped him to his feet. For a moment he stood looking at the Teagues, and then he staggered around and started for the door. I went with him, steadying him with a hand under his elbow.

"Let me alone, will you, Mark? I've got to get away from here or I'll go back in there and kill him!"

"How did it start?" I asked.

"I told him to lay off Doris," Craig said. "Thanks for standing by."

I watched him cross the lobby and head out on to Fifth Avenue through the revolving door.

Then I went looking for

Chambrun. His office was locked, which probably meant Miss Ruysdale had finally gone home after her usual seventeen-hour day. I went to the house phone in the hallway and tried to reach him in his penthouse. There wasn't any answer. Mrs. Kiley, the night chief operator at the switchboard, usually knows exactly where to reach him. On an impulse I asked her to connect me with Suite 9F.

"Room's empty," Mrs. Kiley said, after a moment's delay. "Check out."

"Doris Standing?"

"Dorothy Smith checked out about a half an hour ago," Mrs. Kiley said.

I hung up the phone and turned down the hall. There was Chambrun, unlocking his office door.

"Come in, Mark," he said. He sounded unusually tired.

"From what Mrs. Kiley tells me I take it they've arrested Doris," I said.

"On the contrary, she's been turned loose," he said. He sat down wearily in the high-backed armchair behind his desk. "Madison is no dummy. He stood up very solidly to Hardy and Naylor and they finally threw in the towel. She's not to leave town, and all that."

"Where did she go? You know what happened downstairs?"

He nodded. "She's checked out, if Teague asks again. But since I don't have any secrets from you, Mark, she's in my penthouse—as my guest, not a guest of the hotel."

HE paused to light a cigarette.

"I'm inclined to believe the blackout story. If I believe that I suppose I should believe the rest of her tale. She's afraid of Teague and Company. So she was afraid of Jeremy Slade. She could have shot him in self-defence and be afraid to admit it. That's one possibility. It's also possible she was really in touch with your friend Craig. Maybe it was Craig who came to 9F and was admitted by Slade. If Craig killed Slade, Doris would cover for him with the last ounce of strength she has. She's in love with him. That's a second possibility."

"So Hardy has to take turns working on Doris and Craig because he has no other lead," I said.

"He has to concentrate on them, Mark. They're all he's got. But our Hardy isn't a fool. He'll keep exploring every other possible avenue."

"So what now?" I said. "I suggest you go to bed and get some rest," Chambrun said. "Somebody's got to be fresh and on the ball in the morning."

When I got back to my quarters there was no sign of Gary Craig. He was, presumably, still out somewhere walking it off. I hadn't realised how tired I was until I hit the sack.

My own internal alarm clock woke me about a quarter to eight in the morning. Craig was in the other bed, sleeping heavily. I must really have been tearing it off to have slept through his arrival.

I had shaved and showered and dressed, making as little noise as possible when there was a knock on my door. I answered it quickly, not wanting Craig to be awakened. I opened the door, and there was Hardy, and Jerry Dodd, our security man, and Chambrun.

"Craig here?" Hardy said. "Asleep," I said. "What's up?"

"Jerningham," Jerry Dodd said. "Looks like your friend went to 1019 in the early hours of the morning and shot him very dead."

To be concluded

(W679/11.51)

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Margaret swops...

HER SWINGDOM FOR A HORSE!

By LEONIE NEWBERRY

A FIVE-YEAR-OLD who won't behave if peppermints are not brought back for him after a shopping expedition is one of the "youngsters" being trained by a 17-year-old Melbourne girl.

The girl is Margaret McDonnell, daughter of Mornington, Vic., racehorse trainer Mr. Noel McDonnell, and the "youngster" is Altruist, one of the family's racehorses.

Margaret, a slim golden blonde, who says she is "horse mad," stepped in to become the unofficial trainer at her father's stables about two years ago, when Mr. McDonnell became a TPI pensioner through war injury.

She is too young to hold a trainer's licence (Victorian trainers have to be 21), but has taken charge of the maintenance of the stables, handles all the business accounts, and chooses the jockeys.

Proud father

She even rides the horses in their track gallops on Mornington Racecourse, which is just down the road from her home.

Margaret has been riding since she was three and did trackwork even while at school. She attended Padua College, Mornington, until she was 14, when she "quit," as she puts it, to help her father train the horses.

"She has been wrapped up in animals all her life, and was always bringing home strays," said Mr. McDonnell, who is obviously very proud of his young daughter.

"We have five racehorses of our own," said Margaret. "There's Altruist and Kayden, who are both in training; Malibu, who is up in Bendigo with another trainer; Phoebe, who is out spelling; and then there's On Guard," she finished, "buzzing round the stables to introduce them."

Margaret also has an eight-year-old pony, Disneyland, affectionately known as "Disey," which she rides in novelty events at gymkhanas.

"He does better in younger classes," Margaret said, adding that her friend Veronica Tusler, of Mornington, who helps at the stables at weekends, will ride him in under-14 events.

"Veronica is 13, and this will give Disey a chance to win something."

Feeding Altruist sweets so he would behave while we

talked, Margaret outlined her work at the stables.

"I get up reasonably early on Saturdays and Sundays, usually about 5.30 a.m., so that I can finish early and go to gymkhanas. Weekdays I get up about 7 a.m. and, after having a piece of toast and a cup of coffee, I start work."

"The first job is to clean

out the boxes. This is done every day, and Saturdays, Tuesdays, and Thursdays the horses are taken to the track to work. Other days they are worked on the roads and taken to the beach for a swim."

At the word "swim," Altruist pricked up his ears and nudged his trainer, nearly pushing her over.

For teenagers



ABOVE: Margaret McDonnell pats Altruist, one of her father's racehorses, which she trains. She says she has no favorite, but he is the family pet. LEFT: While Silver rears and behaves like a naughty child, Margaret retains the calm efficiency with which she runs her father's stables at Mornington, Vic.



Margaret laughed, fed him another peppermint, and explained that Altruist loved the water, but it was hopeless trying to swim with him.

"He's such a nuisance," she said. "He rolls over and tries to play, and I usually end up getting soaked. He's the family pet and is very spoiled. He walks round the house and goes to the back door to say 'hello' to Mum, who gives him a sweet if he asks nicely."

Asking nicely, for Altruist, means throwing back his head and giving a gentle whinny.

After working the horses, Margaret has breakfast, or really brunch, about 11.30 a.m., and spends the afternoon grooming the horses, cutting grass for them, or going riding.

The horses are fed at 4.30 p.m., and after that it's tea for Margaret and to bed early, except when she plays night basketball with the Mornington Tans.

Altruist is the most successful of the McDonnells'

horses, and his biggest win to date was the Mornington Welter, worth \$1400, which, as Margaret said, wasn't bad for a horse her father bought for about \$600 because of his "sway back."

She is now looking out for a suitable horse to train for Ladies' Bracelet races, so she can ride in them herself.

Special licence?

Young Margaret has plenty of confidence in her ability to train horses. "I want to become the youngest trainer in Australia," she said when asked what her ambition was.

She may at that, as her father plans to apply for a special under-age trainer's licence for her when she is 18.

In spite of the long hours involved in running the stables, Margaret finds time to fit in a little social life. However, she says quite candidly, "Training horses is much more exciting than going out with boys."



How to be a special kind of woman

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Wake up, composers!



LETTERS

● Three cheers, Beatles, for bringing out "Yellow Submarine"! It is refreshing to hear a song like this, because it shows imagination and a different attitude to life from the usual lost-love theme. Most composers of teenage songs write about love and its troubles. Why don't they wake up to themselves and think of something more original for a change? I am sure the word "love," used so casually in songs, would have a deeper meaning and be thought of as something precious to us all.

— ANNE GRAHAM, Vermont, Vic.

Make a match

THOSE who try to make a match usually wind up embarrassing the two people they are hoping to bring together. The would-be match-maker might have more success with a "Blind Date" party. Invite an equal number of boys and girls who are not going steady, and who knows? Perhaps a couple will really fall for one another. — "Operation Cupid," Camp Hill, Qld.

It's the limit!

YOU new generation of boys must really like girls a lot. For you appear to be trying very hard to look like them. Don't you realise that the girls, who encourage you, are just using you as dolls they love to dress up? At first the long hair, perfume, and high-heeled boots looked like a passing phase. But FLOWERS on your pants in gaudy reds, pinks, and purples — surely this is the Outer Limit? — Joy Burns, Westbourne Park, S.A.

Important note

A READER wanted to know what adults mean by "decent" music. It has melody, soul, history, fun, rhythm, drama. It can be symphonic or solo, or made by a group like the Trio Los Panchos, or by Nina and Frederik.

It can be thrilling like Sutherland or Van Cliburn, exciting like "Zorba the Greek" and the heel-stamping of Spanish dancers. It can have the fire of the Don Cossacks, the inspiration of the "Messiah," the humor of

ART ABUSED

● Because I always try to keep up with the latest trends in clothes, music, and art, I recently went to a modern art exhibition. Shocked! That is only a mild way to describe my feelings. Surely people can't call this "child's art" good or the artist a near-genius? I always thought that paintings and sculptures were supposed to be beautiful and relaxing — not mixed-up pieces of wire and cardboard, with nails sticking out of them. What would great artists like Leonardo da Vinci or Van Gogh think of this type of art, and how can any collector spend a great deal of money on such things? — R. Cook, Arncliffe, N.S.W.

"Peter and the Wolf," the beauty of a Schumann song cycle.

Decent music comes from every country in the world, in songs of love, of freedom, and of adventure. It's as diverse as Carlos Montoya, the Seekers, Edith Piaf, Noel Coward, and Duke Ellington.

It doesn't necessarily have to be classical, and it doesn't matter if you don't know how many symphonies Beethoven wrote. The important thing is to listen to all kinds of music, so that you get a wider appreciation of what makes music "decent."

Listen to everything from Leonard Bernstein, "Rigoletto," and the Israel Philharmonic Orchestra to Peggy Lee and Satchmo. — R. Collinson, Hawthorn, Vic.

ROUND ROBIN



Adair

BLOW TO A GIRL'S PRIDE!

● I see that an American women's group is blowing up a storm — about the naming of storms.

The group has objected to hurricanes and gales, etc., being labelled by scientists and weathermen as "Hannah," "Rita," and suchlike.

The leader of the group, Florida housewife Eloise Trapp, came to blows with the namers in a letter to her local paper.

"We are sick and tired," she wrote, "of reading headlines such as 'Ada Unroofs 50 Houses.'"

Apparently, Mrs. Trapp is one woman who agrees that a woman's place is in the home, not outside it tearing around.

I must say it would seem strange to have to rename winds after males.

I mean, blowing the man down is OK—but manning the blow-up?

Perhaps the only one you could support is calling a southerly Buster.

Anyway, throughout the history of meteorology, winds have been linked with women.

One of the oldest reports of winds blowing down houses involved girls.

I refer to "The Three Little Pigs."

Then there have been, for time on end, the lazy ladies who gave to sailing the name the doll-drums.

It was even an unsuccessful showgirl who earned the typhoon its title.

Her agent couldn't get her a job, and said: "Don't phoon us, we'll phoon you."

All in all, I'm inclined to think that the Florida group's complaint is just a storm in a teacup.

Probably scientists will ignore them.

And it will still be a Jill wind that blows nobody any good.

Capping it all...

MOST (if not all) of the pop stars with sparkling white teeth do not possess their own bicuspid. They have either had their own teeth removed, or capped. So, no matter how dirty and untidy these pop stars may be, they still have appeal, for bad teeth are regarded as disgusting by all age groups. — "Phoney," Merlynston, Vic.



TO me a square is someone who:

- Calls someone else a square.
- Doesn't go for pop music.
- Doesn't belong to at least three fan clubs.
- Doesn't go to the beach, dances, movies, bowling, skating, parties.
- Hasn't been out with a boy/girl.
- Doesn't own at least three items of way-out gear.
- Can tolerate over-bossy adults.
- Won't stick up for a friend if he/she is being criticised.
- Doesn't stick up for himself/herself when criticised.

—A. Conomy, Greenacre, N.S.W.

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Everybody's

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ANSWER

(from Louise Hunter)

"FOR about 18 months our very best friend has been crazy about a charming, good-looking disc-jockey. She is 16 and he is 22. Many boys have tried to date her, but she says it isn't right to go out with one boy when she is in love with another. She is mentally mature for her age, more than we are, and we're 17 and 18. We have heard that this boy likes her, but then again we have heard just the opposite. She comes out with us occasionally, but prefers to stay home and sew or go for long walks by herself. Instead of falling out of love with him, she is falling more and more in love. She doesn't talk of him much, but writes long letters to him which she never posts. Will you help us to help her, please?"

"Two Friends," Qld.

• What on earth makes you think this girl needs your help? From everything you have told me in your letter, I should say she is perfectly happy living in that special world a romance creates. On those lone walks I expect she's weaving all kinds of wonderful dreams around this disc-jockey of hers, and why shouldn't she fall more and more in love with him? You say he is charming and likes her. For heaven's sake, let her ENJOY this romance. After all, it's too late to stop her being hurt, should it fall to pieces around her.

No reason for guilt

"I AM 19 and, for as long as I have been allowed to go out with boys, I have felt guilty. You see, my father can't be relied on to come home early at night and, as I am an only child, I worry about my mother being left alone. I try to reason with myself that I'll get married sooner or later, so it's better that I go out a lot now than suddenly leave. But being very attached to both my parents I find this very hard to do. Please help me, as it's really getting me down."

"Depressed," N.S.W.

• While I can understand your viewpoint, I can't help feeling that you are carrying your sense of duty too far. By turning away from a life other than at home, you are creating ties which one day you may not be able to sever without hurting your parents. Of course your father makes no effort to get home early—he takes it for granted you'll be there. Once you start leading a life of your own—you don't have to be out every night of the week!—he will take his rightful place as your mother's companion.

She feels such a cheat

"I HAVE been going steady with a wonderful boy for nearly eight months and we hope to be married in about three years. He is nearly 20 and I am 17. A few months after I met him I had a crush on another boy and went out with him twice without telling my boyfriend. Now I wonder how I could have been such a cheat. Recently my steady told me something serious about himself, but I don't hold it against him. Do you think I should tell him about this crush or should I keep quiet?"

"Worried," S.A.

• I think you'll feel happier if you tell him, although at 17 you could not be expected to be certain of your feelings. You forgave his mistake, and if he could not forgive yours the prospects for a happy marriage would be doubtful.

• Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender are given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

BEATNIK



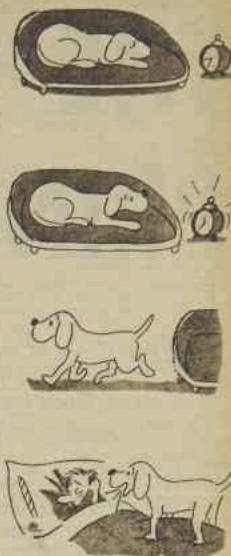
HER HEART IN A SPIN

To teacher with love

"I'M in an awkward position at school. I am deeply in love with my English master. He is fairly young and good-looking. Friends have said that he likes me and considers I am very attractive. He has asked me to go out with him many times, but I have refused. Now he has invited me to a big dance to be held in a few weeks. Many of my classmates will be present. I am supposed to be going steady with a boy for whom I do not care very much. I am sure that if my friends see me with my teacher at this dance they will inform my steady of what is going on. Also, my friends, who are not fully aware of our relationship, would snub me if they saw us together. Should I accept his invitation and, if so, what should I say to my friends, as I do not wish to lose them?"

"Confused," Qld.

• An invitation to a big dance from the man she loves would give most girls that walking-on-air feeling—that's why I'm sure you don't love your English master as deeply as you imagine. Isn't it just a crush on someone older and cleverer and a rosy glow resulting from his admiration? If you search your heart honestly and still believe you are in love, then by all means accept his invitation. As for losing your friends—they wouldn't be such a great loss if they are put out so easily. As for your steady: If you don't care for him, you should have freed him ages ago.



Bronze sculptures—by Gio' Pomodoro—are mounted on rich ceramic backgrounds and inlaid in heavy teak panels... making a service door a dramatic work of art. This is one of nearly 100 original paintings, sculptures and tapestries designed and executed specifically to add to the beauty, charm and luxury of the ANGELINA and ACHILLE LAURO.

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THE EVIL PRINCESS

MORNING at our house are always frantic, but the day of the school concert was worse than usual. Since Laurie was starring in a play, her older sister was in a thoroughly bad mood.

"Mother, you've overcooked this egg!" Penny shoved it aside, grimacing. "I can't eat it."

I said, "I'm sorry, dear. I'll make you another. Here, Laurie, you take Penny's egg." I cut short her wail of protest. "Come on now, finish up. This isn't a French restaurant."

Penny said to me, accusingly, "You said you'd fix my bike basket. It's wobbling."

I tried to sound patient. "Look, dear. You can't ride your bicycle this morning. The streets are still slick after the rain. You know what Daddy says . . ."

"I don't care what Daddy says!" Penny retorted. "Daddy doesn't get detention if he's late for school."

I sighed. What was the use of arguing? "All right, take the bike," I said, "but ride carefully!"

At last they were all out the door. No — there was the door again. That would be Penny . . . forgotten her social-studies book, I'll bet.

It was Penny, but Penny supported on the arm of a neighbor. Her clothes were filthy, her forehead rising in a great lump above the eye. Blood trickled from a cut in her cheek.

On the way to the hospital, my neighbor at the wheel and Penny only half-conscious, I couldn't feel anything. I listened to the doctor in a kind of stupor. . . . Scalp lacerations are minor. Probably a simple fracture. Better keep her here a few days." It was only later, when Chris joined me, that I burst into tears.

"What would Penny say?"

"Darling, there's nothing to cry about! I've spoken to the doctor and he says no complications." He looked at his watch. "You can still make Laurie's concert."

"Leave her to watch Laurie dance? Can't you imagine what Penny would say?"

"What do you care? Surely you're not going to let an eleven-year-old run your life!"

I had two daughters, both normal, healthy, intelligent. Laurie was a mischievous but appealing seven-year-old. Penny was a spoiled brat. My love for Laurie was as natural as breathing. About Penny I felt a kind of anxious, guilty responsibility. What had gone wrong?

Looking back, I could see that my feeling about Penny had been ambiguous from the start. Just married, with a job I desperately needed if Chris was to finish his training, I found I was pregnant.

"Don't worry," I told Chris, "I can go on working another four or five months."

But I couldn't. Mornings, I was nauseated; afternoons, so drowsy I could hardly stay awake. I ended up at home on the couch while Chris switched to night classes and took a job at the petrol station.

I'd looked forward to one of those plump, happy cherubs who smile out of the baby-food ads. But Penny was blotched and scrawny, endlessly unhappy. We never had a peaceful meal or a good night's sleep.

Dishes piled up in the sink and dust collected while I dragged about, looking after the baby. The apartment acquired a faint odor of sour milk and nappies.

One night Chris blew up — "This place is a mess!" — and we had our first real quarrel. Suddenly there were lots of quarrels, most of them bassinet-centred.

"I want that elephant!"

As Penny grew, rashes gave way to asthma, night-time crying to day-long fussiness. I jumped every time I heard a wail. That would be Penny — a door had slammed on her finger, she had fallen over, someone had thrown sand in her eyes.

We struggled over everything — toilet training, schedules, even the simple business of "Please" and "Thank you." But Penny always got her way.

I embarked on the second pregnancy fully expecting the morning sickness, backache, and weariness that preceded Penny's birth. But I felt better than I had in years. And when I came home from the hospital, it was with a round-faced baby who ate and slept on cue.

One day a relative came with gifts — a book for Penny, a stuffed elephant for Laurie. Penny flung down her present. "I hate this book. I want the elephant!"

Penny was a spoiled brat, demanding her own way, being deferred to like a princess by her family. But, said her mother, "like an evil princess, not invited to the feast of love." A near-tragedy made this mother see her daughter as she was — unhappy, feeling rejected, in search of affection.

"Darling, that's Laurie's elephant. Now you be a good girl while Mummy shows Auntie Claire the baby, and then I'll read you a story from your book. All right?"

But when we came tiptoeing out of the bedroom it was to an appalling spectacle. Penny, red-faced and angry, sat on the rug, scissors in hand. Beside her, the elephant — his stuffings spilled over the floor.

I looked at her furious and frightened little face and my heart froze. Is this really my child, I thought, this difficult, nervous, stubborn, exasperating little girl?

Claire gasped. "If she were my child, I'd give her a spanking she'd remember the rest of her life!"

How could I explain what I hardly understood myself? It's easy to spank a child you deeply and freely love. But how do you discipline the child your heart has rejected?

With every year Penny seemed more difficult. The more I gave in to her, the more outrageously demanding and disobedient she became. Laurie, on the other hand, was the cheerful, affectionate daughter I'd dreamed of. She got spankings, but there were no struggles.

"You didn't fix my bike!"

Disciplining one and indulging the other, trying to compensate for my unequal love, I had pushed Penny down the road to the bicycle accident.

Next morning I set off for the hospital with a mixture of dread and determination. Maybe I didn't love my two daughters equally, but at least I could try treating them the same. Penny was waiting for me, bruised and chalk-faced. "It wasn't my fault! You didn't fix my bike!"

"Well, now," I patted her hand. "It wasn't my fault either. Perhaps next time you'll listen when I say 'no.'"

"Well, then, if I have to stay in bed, would you mind reading to me?" Would you mind? — that was progress.

Away from Laurie's competitive charm, relieved of the need to fight for my attention, Penny was a different person, gentler, more lovable. I found out that she was interested in sea shells and dinosaurs and would like to study modern dance.

(Why hadn't I known? I hadn't really talked to her. I'd been absorbed in getting things done around the house — like a gardener who's so busy pulling weeds that he never even notices his flowers.)

Three days later, when Penny returned from the hospital, I was beginning to enjoy my new role. Treating her casually was easier than I'd thought — and brought interesting results.

The morning after she got home she announced, "I'm going to get up and get dressed."

"I like the happy things they do"

"Penny, Dr. Andrews said you're to stay in bed until he gives the word."

"I'm getting up." Her voice rose in the familiar everybody's-mean-to-me whine.

"You get up and you've got a big surprise coming." I had no idea what the surprise would be — she was too big to spank — but evidently the threat sufficed. She lay back on the pillows.

Penny revealed that she thought very little of herself, that she was resigned to being inferior. "I know I'm not good with my hands like Laurie, but do you think I could learn to knit?"

What touched me most was the time she asked me to get from the library a copy of "Little House in the Big Woods." I began reading it aloud, then stopped. "Darling, isn't this story too young for you?"

Penny grinned. "Oh, it's kind of babyish, but I like the happy things they do together — you know, the father playing the fiddle and the children dancing. And the mother sews by the fire. Things like that. It gives me a nice warm familyish feeling."

I suppose that's as close as an eleven-year-old could come to saying what she missed in her life — the sense of belonging. I had treated her like a princess, yes — but an evil princess, not invited to the feast of love.

No wonder she'd fought back so fiercely. The tantrums, the wilfulness, the demands — they were all cries for help. And at long last I heard.

I knew I loved Penny when she gave me the sagging scarf she'd knitted with her first unsteady stitches, and when the first time she faked a headache to get out of school I had the courage to say, "Nothing doing, young lady. You take off those pyjamas and get moving!" I'm not sure — but I think I saw her smile.

CHILD BEHAVIOUR

Learning to make decisions

By MARGUERITE BROWN

- Children must learn to make choices, and stick by the results.

By allowing children to make choices, you help them to manage their own lives, take responsibility for their own actions, and learn to exercise good judgment.

A baby doesn't have opportunities to make choices, but by the time he is in a playpen he can choose which toy he will play with first — the rattle, the squeaky ball, or the rubber frog.

The two-year-old run-about has more opportunity for choice. When he is at play, he should be encouraged to choose what he will do. You might ask him: "Are you going to ride your tricycle or play with your blocks or your dolls?"

A three-year-old is overwhelmed when confronted with a choice of many toys. His mother is likely to complain: "We have bought him everything but he doesn't use any of them."

If she were to select two or three toys and set these out for him he could pick one that appeals to him.

By the time he is four he is so familiar with the contents of his toy shelf he can confidently make his own selection. He has developed a capacity to appreciate differences in toys and materials, some discrimination and judgment, some self-direction.

Must be rules

A good rule is to allow a child to make decisions for himself where there won't be serious results, obviously not on matters of health, safety, and the general running of the home.

They shouldn't imply he has a choice when he hasn't. It is better to say: "It's bedtime. Let's put away your toys" than "Would you like to go to bed now?"

This distinguishes between times when he must accept the rules and times when he has an alternative.

Each time a child is allowed to choose (always assuming that the choice is within his present ability) he is strengthened in his feeling that he is a worthy person. He must have this if he is to develop his capacities.

When the opportunity to make choices is accompanied by parental firmness about family rules, the effect on the child is rewarding. He recognises (dimly at first) that his parents control matters he is too young to manage, that where he is allowed to choose, he is safe

to experiment. In freely experimenting, he is learning.

What does he learn? He learns discrimination. He learns about differences — not only physical differences (shape, color, texture, and weight) but what he can do with different articles. His curiosity grows, and he becomes more interested in the nature of things.

He learns about himself — likes, dislikes, aptitudes.

He also learns that he must make the consequences of his own behaviour.

Poor choice

A young child may spend his pocket-money on a balloon which breaks as soon as he is out of the store. His mother can do one of two things. She can go back and buy him another or she can say: "Well, that's too bad, but balloons break, you know. Of course, you can buy another one next week if you want to."

In the first case, she would be taking the consequences for him — telling him, in effect, that she will always get him out of trouble.

In the second case, she would be helping him to accept the result of his choice, to appreciate the fact that everyone, at times, makes poor choices and has to live with them.

This may occur: Alan, 10, has planned to go to the pictures on Saturday. His friend Jimmy Miller is going with his parents to a farm that day and they ask Alan to go. Alan would like both outings, and may ask his mother to decide for him.

She will be wise if she merely tries to make the choices clear. What are the Miller's likely to do and see? If Alan doesn't go, Donald may be asked instead. What will Alan think of that? How attractive is the film?

Accepting blame

Once his mother has made the choices clear, it is up to Alan to make the decision.

Suppose Alan's mother says: "I think you should go with Jimmy" — and the trip turns out badly, and all the youngsters in the street rave about the film.

In his disappointment, Alan is apt to turn on his mother — "It's all your fault. You made me go with the Miller's" — establishing a pattern for blaming someone else if things go wrong.

It is difficult to work or live with adults who do this, and parents should pause before encouraging children to develop the habit.

Wash your face...tidy the house...change your dress...

SOMEBODY might come!

(But when I do these things, nobody does!)

By Mercia Cook

SINCE the time I could toddle and understand what words meant, the expression "Somebody might come!" was delivered by my mother, at unheralded intervals, with such determination that it threw the family into a frenzy of activity.

In the earliest years it was "Wash your face and hands, put on a clean dress, comb your hair. *Somebody might come!*"

My mother always rose early, dressed, put on a face, and was prepared to meet the world and all its emergencies. I never saw her in a dressing-gown or slippers. The strange donning of these articles meant the mysterious arrival of a new brother or sister, whom the doctor brought in a little black bag after she had taken to bed.

As I grew older, I joined in days of furious spring-cleaning when even the keyholes were explored with a duster.

There were days when a much-thumbed recipe book lay on a huge kitchen table surrounded by flour, eggs, butter, sugar, and spices, and wonderful left-over bits and pieces we mangled in our hands as our contribution to the unseen visitors.

These rubbery, pale-grey lumps of dough we pierced with currants and smothered in sugar, and cooked and devoured before *somebody* got them. Strange to say, we only needed castor oil once in a blue moon.

There was no doubt about it. Mother knew. Every time the house was spotless and decorated with home-grown flowers, the larder bulging with goodies, there was a knocking on the door and an invasion of chattering women who cooed over and kissed us.

After a session of sloppy smooching, my brother would storm to the bathroom and wash his face: the only time he didn't have to be made use soap.

Ours was a large household. We kept a maid, who loved to take us for walks and flirt with the local boys, and a washerwoman, who was always damp and smelled of carbolic.

Now I realise what a strategist my mother was! She forever held the threat of visitors over our heads to keep us organised.

Tablecloths were starched and damp-ironed, and the washing could have been

hung in any main street. Moreover, it was done by huge, gnarled hands, scrubbing up and down a corrugated board, a potstick, and copper.

After the last spotless piece was flapping in the breeze, we were dumped, one by one, into a fresh, sudsy copper, and rinsed clean in a tub. How we gambolled about the laundry! Pink cherubs, exuberant with life, suddenly released as new-shorn sheep leaping into freedom.

As I grew past the gawky stage, *somebody might come* took on other aspects. It became "If you're going out, change that slip. The lace is hanging, you've tied the shoulder straps in knots. You never know, *somebody might see*, you might have an accident!"

I always pictured myself being roughly undressed as I lay, bruised and bleeding, on a main highway, watched by crowds of people contemplating my sorry underwear.

Now I'm married, I find that mother's radar and mine work in reverse.

If ever I'm in a tizzy, *somebody comes!* It's never when I spend a day scrubbing and scouring, dusting and cooking, my sons and husband warned to use the back door, to pick up and put away, not to eat all the cake or drop ash over the floors, because *somebody might come!*

After a few days of futile waiting, we revert to normal habits.

The day my hair's a mess, when a capricious wind deluges everything with industrial grime, when I drop a pan of fat on the kitchen lino, when the leaves spread a carpet over the paths and lawns, when the dog deposits every bone she has been given for months on the front doormat, *somebody comes*.

Of course, there's nothing to eat, and there's always a couple of empty beer cans in full view.

However, today I'm prepared and serene. The house is smiling with polish and perfumed with a pine disinfectant. The washing is folded away. Flowers peep out of vases. There's something resembling a sponge in the cake tin, the breeze is quiet.

Let them come, these *somebodies!* Let them pry and criticise. But wait! Something is wrong.

My clothes are clean, blouse and skirt immaculate, stockings straight, hair neatly set. What is it?

It's a great, gaping hole made by an overheated iron on my nylon underwear. It is as prickly and disturbing as an uneasy conscience.

What if I slip on the polished floor and break my leg? Definitely *some-*

body would have to come, and *somebody* would certainly see. Excuse me, I must hurry!

What is that? Ye gods! A crowd in a car has pulled up outside. Oh, Mother! I might make it, yet!

SCALY SCALP healthy again!

Scalp itchy? Unsightly skin particles floating through your hair? These are the positive signs of scaly scalp.

No woman (or man) can ignore this embarrassing condition. It can earn you the scorn of others—by spoiling your whole appearance.

Don't be ashamed. Scaly scalp happens to many women who lacquer-spray their hair. Some lacquers encase both hair and scalp. They choke off the flow of natural oils. So, hair dries out, scaly skin flakes off.

HERE'S WHAT TO DO

If you have scaly scalp, don't expect ordinary hair-dressing creams or oils to fix it. Don't compromise. Take this one

positive step that gets hair and scalp healthy again.

Once a week, shampoo your hair, rinse thoroughly, and towel-off excess water. Massage a generous quantity of Napro Hair Vitalizer vigorously into hair and scalp with fingertips. Leave on hair 5 to 15 minutes. Rinse off with warm (not hot) water. Instantly, hair is supple again. Scale is whisked away. Scalp shines clear as a new-born babe's. All because Napro Vitalizer gets lacquer-locked scalp glands working again, re-nourishes lacquer-dry hair with life-giving oil.

The 65 cent Napro tube contains four generous treatments.

Don't compromise. Vitalize!

NV1

ELEGANCE... has no place for unwanted hair

What adds up to elegance? Perfect make-up... clever choice of clothes... care for your figure. But there is something more. Something you daren't ignore if you want to be truly elegant, really well-groomed. And that's the regular removal of unwanted hair. It's an absolute 'must'. Today's fashion and good taste insist on it.



The gentlest solution. There are several ways of dealing with unwanted hair. It is important that you choose the kindest because skin is sensitive. Veet Odourless has been created for gentleness — it is the depilatory enriched with Lanolin. The moment you smooth it on you realise that Veet 'O' is more than just an ordinary depilatory.

Not just special occasions. Make good grooming a habit. Never risk spoiling a glamorous evening dress or a pretty summer sleeveless dress. Be sure that your arms, particularly underarms, are satin-smooth and shadow free. Unwanted hair is definitely frowned upon. So don't let a hint of it let you down.

Focus on Legs. It isn't only arms and underarms that need this special care. Shorter skirts and finer stockings are focusing attention on legs. Fine nylons show up rather than conceal unsightly hairs. Another reason for gentle Veet 'O'.

All the year round. Although dresses and beachwear highlight the problem, a smooth shadow-free skin is part of your year-round beauty care. In fact, winter woollies make it even more important to remove unwanted hair. It helps day-long personal freshness. Avoids the possibility of any tell-tale perspiration 'cling'.

The modern way is the kindest way. Today thanks to Veet 'O' you don't have to bother with old-fashioned (often painful) methods. You simply cream away unwanted hair. Veet 'O' is not only the most effective, safest, most fragrant cream, it's kinder to your skin. Lanolin enriched, and made by specialists famous in the care of the skin. Veet 'O' is easily the most popular depilatory not only in Britain but all over Europe.



Takes only minutes. Veet 'O' is the ideal cream depilatory. Easy to use, it melts away unwanted hair in minutes. From Chemists, Veet 'O' costs 45c; large tube 68c.

Veet Odourless

The hair removing cream with Lanolin

SHIP
AHOY!
THEY'RE
HERE!

YOUNG RED WHITE & BLUES



wonderful
'with it'

Junior Bondwear

gear by

BOND'S
Australia's greatest name in cotton

LEFT TO RIGHT:

My Jac-Shirt couldn't be more 1966. The full length zip does it. White velvet terry, red or blue stripe trim. Style 45908. AS2 to AS6. \$2.75
My Swim Shorts have a surfer look. Well, I'm a surfer! Royal, gold, red Helanca. Style 95049. 2 to 6 years. \$2.00
My Beach Jacket is white velvet terry, colour-trimmed to team with my swim-suit. Style 45972. AS1 to AS3. \$1.80. AS4 to AS8. \$2.00

My Swimsuit is stretchy Helanca, simply styled the grown-up way in royal, gold or red with a white flap trim. 2 to 6 years. Style 95064. \$2.50
My Sculling Shirt has the new 'with it' Henley neck. White knit cotton club-striped green, gold, red or regatta. Style 45967. AS2 to AS6. \$1.80
My Boxer Shorts creases are sewn in. Royal, brown, green Honeycomb mesh, fully lined. 45005. AS2 to AS4. \$1.70

My 'No Fishing' Top is a T-shirt with a difference — and naturally in cool cool Fisherman's Net Cotton. White only. Style 45910. AS2 to AS6. \$2.00
My Jamaican Shorts are in stretch Helanca. (Just like every smart beach-girl). Aqua, royal, lemon, red, strawberry. Style 95056. AS2 to AS6. \$2.75
My Knitted Shirt is just like Dad's. White with blue, brown, green or red stripes. Style 45918. AS2 to AS6. \$2.50

My Boxer Shorts never lose their smart sharp creases. They're sewn in! Fully lined in royal, brown, green knit fabric. Style 95020. AS2 to AS6. \$2.00
My Casual Top in white Fisherman's Net Cotton takes a blue or red scallop trim. That's new! So's the no sleeves. Style 45922. AS2 to AS6. \$1.70
My Stretch Shorts are the latest thing in aqua, royal, lemon, red, strawberry Helanca. Style 95057. AS2 to AS6. \$2.25

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 12, 1966

MAKE YOUR OWN GARDENING BOOK

CHRYSANTHEMUMS

By ALLAN SEALE

● Chrysanthemums were cultivated for their beauty as early as 500 B.C. Confucius wrote of them and apparently also grew them. He called the chrysanthemum The Golden Flower.



AT RIGHT: A Large Exhibition chrysanthemum, Hugh Mitchell.



● The first chrysanthemums reached England only about 200 years ago and it was nearly 50 years before they became well known. They then took the country by storm and soon figured prominently in cottage gardens.

AT LEFT: Single chrysanthemum Marjorie Pincott.

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● Development of forms and colors other than the original gold chrysanthemum began in the third century, when the Japanese obtained seeds from Korea. The first chrysanthemum show was held in Japan in the ninth century. Today there is a tremendous choice of chrysanthemum types and colors.

AT RIGHT: Button chrysanthemums. At top, Dresden China; centre, Garnet; far left, White Pearl; lower centre, Susan; lower right, Leucrage.



● At left: Anemone-centred chrysanthemum Helen Castle. All these chrysanthemum pictures were taken at Ayre and Robertson's Nursery, Wahroonga, N.S.W., by staff photographer Ron Berg.

For cultivation notes, turn to next page.

Gardening Book, Vol. 3—page 39

Cut out and paste in an exercise book

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 12, 1966



be sweet



or be swish

Be the mistress of any mood you choose — Lady Pelaco is a wonderful world of blouse magic. Gorgeous fabrics, glorious styles and the year's cleverest colour array.

Above: Cotton crepe \$3.99. Below: Twill cotton \$5.99

Lady Pelaco

LOVELIEST BY DESIGN

CHRYSANTHEMUMS

By ALLAN SEALE

● Growing chrysanthemums for exhibition is an exacting hobby, but you can have beautifully formed flowers and cascades of color without too much effort.

TODAY there is a tremendous choice of chrysanthemum types and colors. The giant Exhibition, tightly packed with pearly, incurved petals; quilled, with long, finely rolled petals and exquisite form; other types with quaint anemone or pin-cushion-like centres; the clean-cut singles; dwarf button types, and cushion mums which hide their squat plants beneath a dense canopy of bloom.

There's no need to endure a forest of garden stakes throughout summer, as clumps of chrysanthemums can mingle in the background of mixed annuals and perennials provided they are not too shaded in the early stages.

Summer annuals such as asters, petunias, phlox, celosia, small zinnias, Unwins dwarf dahlia, and marigolds are effective here, as they finish flowering as the chrysanthemums begin.

Try planting clumps of three plants in triangular formation, with about 2ft. between the two at the back, the third about 18in. to the fore. Each plant is staked separately, but when they reach spreading proportions the triangle can be enclosed with a few strands of twine. This will offer support and allow the flowers to spill out gracefully. The clumps can be lifted to an out-of-the-way place in June.

Propagation: Inducums or coronariums, the small cluster-type, popular for cut-

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ting or massed display, are true perennials, usually from spring-sown seed.

Named varieties are grown from cuttings or from rooted suckers. Clumps are dug in spring, and the outside, sturdy suckers retained and planted 6 to 9in. apart in light soil to make a strong root system before being moved.

If the soil is in reasonable condition, plant the suckers direct into the garden. Shade them with twigs for a day or two during dry or windy conditions.

Stopping: Stopping means nipping back the plants to encourage compact growth. As soon as the rooted suckers have regained rigid growth after transplanting, nip back the tops about 6in. in height. When the resultant side-shoots reach 3 or 4in. in length, pinch out their growing tips. Repeat this until the end of November or early December.

Each new shoot represents an extra flower stem. A well-stopped plant will have 12 to 30 stems, each carrying a truss of buds, an unchecked plant only one stem and bud truss. Exhibition chrysanthemums for show purposes usually carry three stems per plant.

Disbudding: Larger chrysanthemums, such as exhibitions, quills, and some anemone-centred types, are usually kept with one large flower to a stem. Thus, all buds are removed but one, usually the top or second bud. If continuity of blooms is wanted, top buds are removed in favor of those lower down. Buds farthest from the top flower last.

Larger singles may also be disbudded to one or two flowers, but small types are often preferred in a cluster. Remove the cluster's centre bud, which otherwise finish before the lower ones open.

Soil: Good drainage is the main requirement. Chrysanthemums' shallow root system doesn't need a great depth of soil. Avoid over-rich, heavily manured soils, as these often induce leggy plants.

Where the soil is very acid, use a light dressing of garden lime ($\frac{1}{2}$ cup to sq. yd.) and about 1-3rd cup of complete plant food. Avoid high nitrogen concentrates, and don't use liquid plant foods until buds are well formed.

Very heavy soils should be broken up with a liberal dressing of compost or similar organic material. Concentrate on surface rather than depth.

Check for pests

Pests and Diseases: Black aphid is the main pest. Watch for these on young growths, or just below the flower buds. Spray with Malathion or a complete pesticide.

El worm often attacks during wet seasons. The foliage blackens in angular sections, then shrivels. Spray with Meta-Systox.

Rust first shows as a brown blotchiness. Spray with Zineb, Dilan, or complete fungicide such as rose spray.

VARIETIES OF CHRYSANTHEMUM

Exhibition: These large, incurved types include such beautiful varieties as Beryl Newton, vieux rose; Bessie Cook, silvery pink; Charles Shoemith, amber; Crimson Coral, crimson-red; Duke of Kent, white; Dr. Stevens, white; Freda Wilson, crimson with chestnut reverse; Green Goddess (retains green flush if blooms are shaded); Hugh Mitchell, crimson with gold reverse; Joyce Cunco, soft yellow; Lilian Castle, golden amber; Louisa Pickett, large white; Patricia Barnett, primrose; Pickett's Maroon, deep maroon; Rose Bowl, orchid-pink; Ruth Platt, deep apricot; Shirley Perfection, deep pink; William Turner, white; Yellow Louisa Pickett, a yellow sport from the white.

Gardening Book, Vol. 3—page 41

Cut out and paste in an exercise book

AT HOME... with Margaret Sydney

● There surely will be great howls of rage from the grandstands at Lords and Wembley Stadium, in England, over the views of a prominent doctor published in the British Medical Association's magazine.

TRADITIONAL school sports, such as football and cricket, encourage children to become layabouts, the doctor claims. "It is surely psychologically and physically wrong to insist on participation in unsuitable athletic exercises. Games should be fun," he says.

I have a feeling he may be right. The sheer laziness of many schoolchildren these days over sports has always rather shocked me.

I'm not as a rule in favor of compulsion of any sort. All the same, once my own children had reached school age, I began to feel that some sort of compulsory participation in sport was really just as necessary as compulsory arithmetic.

Thousands of children, once they pass the age where compulsory physical jerks are part of the syllabus, are simply allowed to give up any form of exercise except the not very strenuous one of slouching out of the gate and toddling along to the bus. They do, in fact, become complete layabouts.

I always thought this was the fault of the schools. When I was at school some sort of exercise was compulsory for everyone, but since schools have grown so huge and the whole of school life has become so competitive, coaching and encouragement and equipment are too often reserved only for those who show real aptitude for sport.

In other words, those children who aren't really keen and who don't show any signs of turning into star performers and getting into the teams are allowed to become prematurely middle-aged — short in the wind, flabby in the muscles, robbed of the feeling of physical well-being that follows strenuous exercise.

It's the games that are wrong, not the children

BECAUSE of this school set-up, parents whose children are keen about sport, but not natural-born stars at it, are often wheedled and cajoled into extra payments for coaching and practices which should, if the schools were doing their job of giving everyone an equal and fair go, be available to all.

Apparently this British doctor blames the schools as much as I do, but for a different reason. They sponsor the wrong sports, he feels, thereby robbing those who aren't going to break records of their rightful exercise and fun.

"Difficult exercises and dangerous games (gymnastics and soccer and rugby) often turn them against sport when they leave school," he says. "The end results may be obesity and an increasing danger of heart disease in later life. In many cases it is the games that are wrong, not the children."

His plea is for more do-it-yourself sports, such as squash, golf, fives, tennis, climbing, swimming, and badminton. What he wants

to get rid of is what he calls the "anachronistic spectator-orientated sports" such as football, cricket, boxing, lacrosse, and hockey.

He complains that few people walk more than 500 yards a day (I should think most walk far less, unless you count that endless tracking backward and forward between the stove and the sink!) and thousands are chairborne from the moment they wake up until they switch off the television at night.

It's quite true that people hardly walk any more. In fact, any city-dweller who walks long distances is regarded as an eccentric.

Now that family cars are so common (and even more, I think, because roads are so crowded and dangerous), small children are driven to and from school by their mothers, and so, very early in life, lose the idea that it's practicable to get from place to place by walking.

Once upon a time there was at least the necessity of walking the family dog once a day.

Now people live in flats and units and don't have a dog, or settle for one of the toy breeds, with short little legs, that can get sufficient exercise by scratching themselves.

No pleasure walking, loaded down with groceries

IF all this makes me sound like a fanatical walker, it gives a false impression. I'm as chairborne and carborne as the rest, in spite of the fact that I actually do like walking.

What I don't like is carrying things. There's no pleasure in staggering along with 8lb. of vegetables in a basket in one hand and a sliding load of assorted groceries in the other.

So my shopping is done sporadically in large quantities when I can get my hands on the car, punctuated by wild dashes to the shops, on foot, to collect small and essential things I've forgotten.

This is known in the family as "using your legs to save your head," a trick I'm much in favor of.

The three younger members of the family, who love to save their legs, mock me for this, but I argue that it's a wise procedure, since my legs are obviously stronger than my wits.

If you like mustard, try this recipe before the weather warms up. It's a centuries-old English recipe for mustard soup, but you can go modern and use ready-mixed.

Melt 2 tablespoons butter, stir in 2 tablespoons flour, add 2½ cups chicken stock and 1½ cups milk. Stir until smooth, add salt, pepper, and 1 teaspoon onion juice. Simmer for 10 to 15 minutes. Cool slightly.

Mix two egg-yolks with two or three tablespoons of cream, stir a little of the warm broth into them, then combine both lots of ingredients. Finally stir in three tablespoons of prepared mustard.

Artistry . . . Creative lady with a culinary flair . . . chooses distinctive Don furniture, upholstered in "NYLEX" Vinyl. Spills—even oily ones—won't damage this handsome upholstery. Feels soft and warm as a woven fabric—yet you have this wonderful built-in protection—and the most fabulous range of colours ever collected.



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You skin will become fair and beautiful with a new lemon extract cleanser that gives the complexion a clear youthful loveliness. Ask your chemist for the new Delph cleansing beautifier that beauticians the world over have proved is wonderful for the skin. It clears the skin of all impurities that lead to ageing lines, melts out plugged pores, removes every trace of stale make-up and smooths away wrinkle-dryness to give the complexion soft loveliness. Delph cleansing milk will make you more beautiful the first time you use it.

FROM PAGES 10, 11

● THE DOG THAT APPEALS TO YOU MOST

DOG NUMBER 1

You want to give people the image of someone full of goodwill, ready to help his neighbor, and to show friendship and affection. It gives you satisfaction to show that you are sensitive, warm-hearted, patient, earnest, loyal. But you lack aggressiveness, you can't stand up for yourself. You are lacking in gaiety, and you are easily upset. You react sadly to disappointments.

DOG NUMBER 2

To others you always seem dynamic, self-assured, loving beautiful things, good deeds, and noble causes. You like to make an impression, be noticed, esteemed, appreciated, even envied. You are

particular about your appearance, your behaviour, the way you dress. You don't mind being considered haughty, or that people are afraid of your opinion.

DOG NUMBER 3

You like others to think you have a strong, powerful character, someone who doesn't let others walk over him. You are hard to approach, capable of being cutting in your criticisms. You dislike pitiful stories, long confidences, complaints about the misfortunes of life. People exasperate you easily when they tell you their life stories.

DOG NUMBER 4

In the eyes of others you like to seem well-balanced

and reliable. You are very conscientious about your work and like to concentrate on a job. You respect established customs. You can't bear laziness and the "I give up" attitude. You dislike innovations, or to be opposed in a duty you have accepted.

DOG NUMBER 5

Other people think you can't endure dissatisfaction and hardship, that you are greedy for personal pleasures. You pay a lot of attention to the effect you produce around you. You like to extend your social connections and adore having more than enough of worldly goods.

DOG NUMBER 6

You give the impression of being impulsive, mischievous, lighthearted, even playful. Your charm attracts and delights because it retains a kind of childlike freshness. You like to enjoy every moment. You know how to cultivate friendship and affectionate relationships, provided your partners don't take your declarations too seriously.

DOG NUMBER 7

You are often depressed. You show this to others and often, in spite of yourself, your disillusionment and disappointment with life. You seem to find it hard to integrate yourself into society. Your heart, full of unexpressed love, suffers for lack of an echo from someone else's heart.

DOG NUMBER 8

People see you going about your daily round earnestly and diligently, but not joyfully. Work for you has no purpose, gives you no satisfaction. You are patient to the point of resignation. You

don't fight against constraints. You struggle with your weariness.

DOG NUMBER 9

You give the impression of being dynamic. People love your gaiety, your lively understanding of other's problems, your practical sympathy. You seem to have extraordinary physical, mental, and moral qualities. In fact, people think you are more self-confident than you really are. However, you inspire confidence by giving the impression that you know where you are going.

DOG NUMBER 10

You convey the impression of being a non-conformist, scornful, satisfied with yourself and the effect you produce. But you are just plain stupid. You've given up bothering to live according to the principles which govern other people's lives. You want to force your ideas on others, and you always do things in your own way. But you can be pleasant when you wish.

● THE DOG THAT HAS SECOND MOST APPEAL

DOG NUMBER 1

You would like to have more patience, more resignation, and be less aggressive. You would like to be more certain of getting the satisfactions you seek. You want to know how to avoid the effects of your over-impulsiveness and not to be misunderstood, because underneath you are very warm hearted and need to be loved.

DOG NUMBER 2

You reproach yourself for being too easy-going, too submissive to anyone who vaguely shows you goodwill or signs of affection. You would like to be more self-confident, more independent. You would like to astonish others with your self-assurance, boldness, and decisiveness.

DOG NUMBER 3

You would like to know how to defend yourself better and not to be influenced by the moods of those around you. You long to be a stronger person and for others to be more afraid of you.

DOG NUMBER 4

You wish for a more balanced personality and to be less moody. You also long for more determination to help you achieve your personal ambitions. You reproach yourself for giving in to weaknesses, of too often being "soft."

DOG NUMBER 5

You would like a different kind of life. Your present life is filled with rules, duties, and self-sacrifice, all too often useless or unappreciated. You'd like to get out into the world, enjoy yourself, and worry less about your responsibilities — in fact, get more out of life.

DOG NUMBER 6

You want a change. Your present life is monotonous, depressing, stamped by routine and wearying social obligations. You long to discover — or rediscover — happiness and freedom from care.

DOG NUMBER 7

You would like to give free rein to your deeply affectionate romantic nature, to show your need of love and your capacity to return it. You are tired of being misunderstood, of being thought shallow and frivolous. You would like your relationships with others to be more sincere and satisfying.

DOG NUMBER 8

You are searching for peace of mind and tranquillity, the stability that you lack. You want to be free from the devastating emotions of anger, indignation, and being demanding. You want to understand yourself, to stop expending energy uselessly, to learn to be patient.

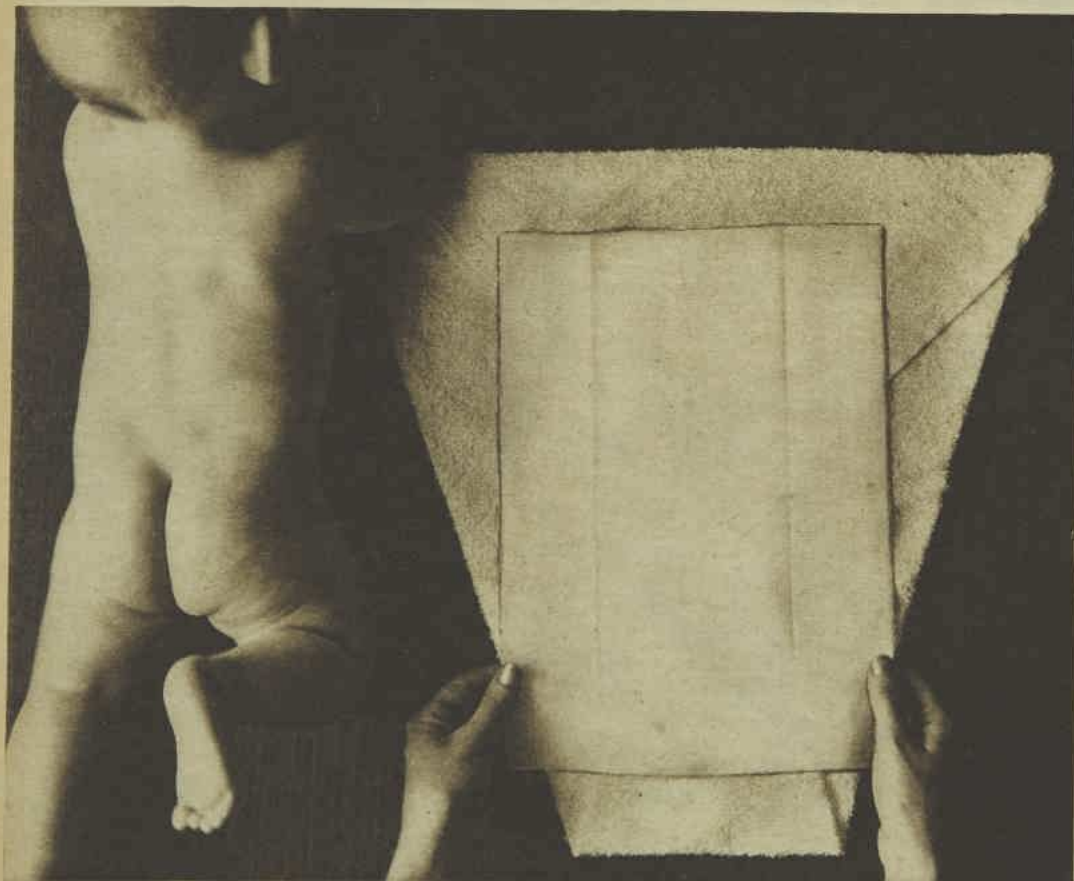
DOG NUMBER 9

You are too hesitant, timid, and pessimistic. You have come to believe that you can't face things simply and squarely. You would like to have a conquering dynamism, a healthy self-confidence, more concentration, determination, and ambition.

DOG NUMBER 10

You worry too much about conventions and other people's opinions. For them you sacrifice your natural tastes and personal pleasures. You would love to set free the non-conformist streak in you, which up until now you haven't dared to show.

For about  (1 cent)
a nappy change,
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See! The liner gets soiled—not the nappy! Changing is quicker, less fuss. Washing is cut by half. No messy rinsing necessary. No stains to remove. Chix* Liners are soft, medicated fabric—not paper—comfortable and non-chafing both dry and wet. Just put a Chix* Nappy Liner inside regular nappy and take the fuss out of change-time!

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YOU AND OTHER PEOPLE

● THE DOG THAT YOU DISLIKE THE MOST

DOG NUMBER 1

You are dynamic, lively, and self-assured, with confidence in your ability to attack and to stand up for yourself. You don't bother to control your impulses, you are quick-tempered and react immediately. Moreover, you try cautiously to make an impression with this side of your character — you even exaggerate it. You detest self-pity in yourself or others.

DOG NUMBER 2

You are simple, modest, unaffected. You do your work earnestly, with a devoted professional attitude, willingly, and with consideration for others. You even exaggerate this solicitude by making the most of a thankless task with the utmost discretion and efficiency. You detest snobbery and conceit.

DOG NUMBER 3

You are a model of gentleness, understanding, and kindness. You like to patch up other people's affairs, find conciliatory solutions so as to avoid disagreements and people being hurt. You know how to make people feel welcome, you like to receive their confidences, help solve their problems. You like your tact to be appreciated.

DOG NUMBER 4

You like fantasy, originality, new ideas. You adore innovations. You like to air your opinions. You have a "devil may care" nature. You detest people who take themselves too seriously and those who consider themselves conscientious because they stick to a routine.

DOG NUMBER 5

You possess the qualities of earnestness, concentration, and constancy in the pursuit of long-range goals that you feel are worth while. You are hard working, honorable. You believe in discipline, organisation, orderliness, and the importance of careful decisions. You detest whims, the behaviour of spoiled children, superficial, unstable, self-centred people who act

according to their mood of the moment.

DOG NUMBER 6

You are a dynamic personality, enterprising, and always on the go. You like responsibilities and independence. You come to grips with life, and triumph over circumstances as well as is humanly possible. You detest people who give up in the face of obstacles, who let themselves be overwhelmed by the blows of fate. You are enthusiastic and would make a successful salesman.

DOG NUMBER 7

You are very serious, persevering, and conscientious. You have a high regard for yourself and your work. You believe human beings should try to surpass themselves, and that complacency is the beginning of immorality. You have no time for practical jokers, for thoughtless people, or parasites.

DOG NUMBER 8

You are comfortably off now and expect to be in the future. You have confidence in the ability of yourself and people connected with you to make money. You like positive action and useful people. You detest sentimentality and whining.

DOG NUMBER 9

You enjoy day-dreaming, idleness, fantasy, surrendering yourself to pleasant feelings. Being an onlooker gives you acute satisfaction. On the whole you lack will-power and a taste for work. Let's say you don't believe in the same values as most other people, and that you have original and non-conformist ideas about most things.

DOG NUMBER 10

You place a high value on achievement and accepted social standards. You are on the side of rational organised life, necessary conventions, and, above all, the promptings of conscience. You dislike people who make a fuss, cheats, lazy people, and pleasure-lovers.

satisfied with an entirely conventional life.

DOG NUMBER 5

You stress the virtue of loyalty, perseverance, orderliness, the meaning of sacrifice. You show your scorn for selfishness and the instability of people who live only for the present. But underneath you are constantly fighting moodiness and a longing to satisfy your own desires.

DOG NUMBER 6

You are inclined to exaggerate the importance of your duties. You consider them admirable and necessary. Nevertheless, you must

admit you secretly rather long to let everything go hang and do what you like.

DOG NUMBER 7

You become angry when you hear people moaning about life, talking about their bitterness, disillusionment, or loneliness. You show by your example that determination and willpower are the main things. You declare that one can and must rely only on oneself. But secretly you have inner struggles because you are in need of love.

DOG NUMBER 8

You proclaim loudly the value of getting things done.

You even make a fuss about it. Nothing seems to daunt you; you are always in strife, always squabbling. But as a matter of fact you conceal from others, and even try to conceal from yourself, your extreme weariness and a tendency to depression which could drive you into giving up everything.

DOG NUMBER 9

You scorn achievement to the point where you scoff at the ordinary ambitions of those around you. Actually you are sceptical only because you feel your energy should be directed to aims

and projects other than those suggested to you. You don't dare, however, impose your own ideas on anyone, and this exasperates you.

DOG NUMBER 10

You are determined to do things seriously, perseveringly, and conscientiously. You are extraordinarily uncompromising, because you have a secret tendency to question the value of everything you do, to regard the doings of others with irony and scepticism. But you guard yourself against showing this tendency, which you consider dangerous.

● Included among the dogs photographed on pages 10 and 11 are Valley Vale Cecil, bulldog, owned by Dr. and Mrs. Ralph Huntley, Clifton Gardens, N.S.W.; Brutus, alsatian, owned by Mr. B. Mossong, Rose Bay, N.S.W.; miniature poodle, Miss D. Fitzgerald, Paddington, N.S.W.; afghan hound, owned by Dr. and Mrs. James Furber, Woollahra, N.S.W.; Sydney, cocker spaniel, owned by Mr. and Mrs. Roger Levy, Sydney, N.S.W.



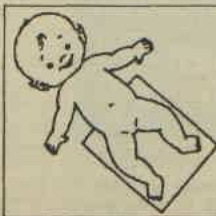
when baby goes on holidays ... take Chix Disposable Nappies

Trade Mark

(no panty needed!)

Washing nappies is no holiday. So take Chix Disposable Nappies. No washing at all. Just throw them away. Change-time is quick, no-fuss time. Downy-soft Chix are medicated to check nappy rash. Waterproof. No panty needed. For holidays. For visiting. Travel. Rainy days — Chix Disposable Nappies. A baby's dozen in every pack.

Also available — work-saving Chix Nappy LINERS.



Easy to use. Lie Chix Disposable Nappy lengthwise. Fold up bottom ends of nappy between baby's legs and pin corners together at sides.

Each nappy has three layers. A soft fabric, medicated to check nappy rash. Then a super-absorbent layer. Next — a polythene water-proof backing.

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● THE DOG THAT YOU DISLIKE SECOND MOST

DOG NUMBER 1

You are not afraid of occasionally being rather free and easy, thoughtless, and even critical. You probably conceal a deep sensitivity and sadness, tendencies you try to fight against because they would make you too vulnerable and have an unfavorable effect on your achievements.

DOG NUMBER 2

You give repeated proofs of your conscientiousness, goodness, and regard for others. Probably, however, you are secretly ashamed of your arrogant and rebellious impulses. You are afraid to show them in case you are ridiculed or repulsed.

DOG NUMBER 3

Outwardly you are composed, always smilingly good-humored, diplomatic, avoiding disagreements and fights. Sometimes, however, you have to stifle cruel and angry reactions to people to whom you are forced to be agreeable. You are very much afraid of the primitive violence of these impulses.

DOG NUMBER 4

You give the impression of being sarcastic, sceptical, unconstrained. You lay stress on your independence, your whims, your changes of moods. However, you are afraid people will find out that you are really romantic, and you would be quite



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Sizzling Pizza Platter

Treat your family to this mouth-watering Pizza made with KRAFT Cheddar Cheese — just one of the cheeses in the KRAFT Treasure Chest.

PIZZA PLATTER

Ingredients: Scone Dough: 4 oz. S.R. flour; $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt; 1 oz. butter; approximately 2 tablespoons milk.

Filling: 2 large onions, sliced; 2 tablespoons oil; 1 cup sliced tomatoes, fresh or canned; 4 oz. KRAFT Cheddar Cheese, sliced; 1 small can anchovies or sardines, drained.

Method: Scone Dough: Sift flour and salt together. Rub in butter. Add sufficient milk to form a soft dough. Knead lightly. Roll out into 10-inch circle and place on an ovenproof plate or baking tray.

Filling: Cook sliced onion until tender in the oil. Spread these over the prepared scone dough, and cover with a layer of tomato. Arrange slices of KRAFT Cheddar Cheese, and anchovies or sardines over the top. Bake in a moderately hot oven (400° F. Gas, 425° F. Electric) for 20 minutes. 5 servings.

All spoon and cup measures are level. An 8 fluid oz. measuring cup is used.



KRAFT Cheddar Cheese is rich in protein, vitamins and calcium because it takes a whole gallon of creamy milk to make every pound of this fine cheese.

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KRAFT for good food and good food ideas

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 12, 1966

Get your skates on, Mum—it's fun!

● Although the world now seems geared solely to the very young, there IS life to be lived in the mature years. At 40-plus, a Queensland reader has become an expert roller-skater. At 50-plus, a grandmother from Victoria finds her married happiness greater than ever.

I PLAY tennis, and no one bats an eyelid. But when I say I go roller-skating with my young son, I get all sorts of looks.

Admittedly, I am over the 40-mark, but what of it. We are only as young as we feel, and on rollers I feel like a young person again.

I learned to skate as a teenager in a country town, but the rink had been going only a short time when the hall, which was also a picture theatre, burned down.

Then I went for a short holiday to the coast, and there was a rink there, complete with instructors. I had just got to the stage where I could do a girl's freestyle glide when it was time to go home.

It was 23 years later, at the age of 40, that the chance came again for me to put on the rollers. A rink opened, and I took my ten-year-old son to teach him. (He later won a cup for skating.)

At first, people of all ages went, although most were teenagers. Some of the teenagers thought it smart to try to knock the older ones over. One lad of about 16 always picked on me, but never quite succeeded.

However, the years have passed, and I have learned to do jumps, turns, spins, and glides, in spite of the fact that many think I am mad to still go.

My husband, who has no real interest in skating, takes no notice now. My son paid me the best compliment of all when I was down with flu and he wouldn't go to practise on his own "because

it wasn't any fun if Mum wasn't there."

If more mothers and fathers took an interest in doing things with their children, life would be better.

Certainly, I'm not as fast at doing things as the younger folk, but I have made a dream come true.

The youngsters accept me

teaching the learners, and I wish more mothers would join me. But when you ask, it's "I'm too old to learn."

They feel the young ones would laugh, and they do, but if you stick at it they admire you for doing it with them. No one is ever too old to learn, if they want to.—Mrs. A. C. Miller, Toowoomba, Qld.

"LOVE NEVER FAILETH"

● It seems a pity that everyone talks of the sad things in their lives, but hardly ever of the cheerful and good things.

I AM over 50 and I have been married for 30-odd years. Looking back, "odd" does seem the appropriate word, as the odd patches outweighed the even ones.

But I reckon it has been just the average marriage. Blessed with children that are now married, we can start to take stock of ourselves and our own marriage.

Financially, we have not been very successful. Quite a few ventures have been tried and failed, but I respect my husband none the less. At least he tried.

I can't say I haven't changed. My husband's slightest criticism can no longer darken my day, and his compliments are not treasured as pearls of truth and wisdom. I value my own opinion of myself as much as his.

Yet I know I love him now more deeply as I learn to understand him, and our married life together is just as exciting as in the early days. Ten years ago I wouldn't have believed this possible. I was nervy, apprehensive, and tired. I dreaded the change in my life. I felt sure it was bound to be for the worst.

How wrong I was to doubt. "Love never faileth." I should have remembered these words. They are true.

Instead of feeling so much older, as I feared I would, I feel younger and more energetic. At least I work as hard, although maybe not quite as quickly. Now there is more time, and I find I am more relaxed and even enjoy work I used to dislike.

I think the next 30 years (why not?) may be even more enjoyable than the last 30, because the foundations of marriage are firmer than ever. I am truly appreciative.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 478—DRESS

This smart double-buttoned dress is available cut out to make in blue and white, aqua and white, and black and white striped cotton. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, \$5.25; 36 and 38in. bust, \$5.45. Postage and dispatch 30 cents extra.

No. 479—APRON

Available cut out to make, this pretty apron is in pink, blue, and green nure Irish linen. Price is \$1.65 plus 10 cents postage and dispatch.

No. 480—GIRL'S SHIFT

A practical little girl's shift, this is available cut out to make in spruce-blue, rose-pink, and ruby-red waffle weave cotton. Sizes 6 to 8 years, \$2.55; 10 to 12 years, \$2.75. Postage and dispatch 20 cents extra.

● Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion House, 344/6 Sussex St., Sydney. Postal address, Fashion Frocks, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. No. C.O.D. orders accepted.



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You've never seen a sandwich wrap like amazing new plastic Glad Wrap... because Glad Wrap actually seals in freshness. Sandwiches retain their just-cut goodness and flavour, hour after hour after hour. Even on the hottest, driest days. Clean, hygienic Glad Wrap keeps sandwiches fresher because it clings to itself with a moisture-tight seal, prevents drying out and staleness.

seals in freshness
because it makes a
moisture-tight seal!



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DINNER BY CANDLELIGHT

● Candlelight adds glamor to a meal and turns dinner at home into a special occasion. Its soft, warm glow seems to encourage conversation and makes good food look even better. Every candlelit meal appears a triumph!

IN this three-page section are menus for candlelit dinner parties, both informal and formal. You can choose candles to suit the occasion, too, from the wide variety now available.

Candlesticks also can be a conversation piece. Those shown at right were made from old chair legs, slightly sawed out, then turned upside down.

Wine is an important ingredient in many of the dishes in these menus; it gives a rich, delicious flavor (Wine Week will be celebrated in N.S.W. from October 9 to 14).

Quantities in the recipes will serve six. Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure are used.

Informal Dinner Party

MENU 1

Coq au Vin

Garlic Bread, Tossed Green Salad
Almond Refrigerator Cheesecake

COQ AU VIN

| | |
|-------------------------|------------------------------|
| 2 medium-sized chickens | 1 or 2 cloves crushed garlic |
| 2oz. butter | 1-3rd cup brandy |
| 1lb. lean salt pork | 1 bottle dry red wine |
| 1/2 cup onions | bouquet garni |
| salt and pepper | 1oz. extra butter |
| 1/2lb. sliced mushrooms | 1oz. flour |

Joint the chickens. Heat butter in heavy saucepan or flameproof casserole, add diced salt pork and peeled, blanched, and drained onions. Cook a few minutes, then add chicken joints; brown well, season. Add mushrooms and garlic; cook 5 minutes. Drain off all excess fat, add brandy, heat and ignite. Then add red wine and bouquet garni. Transfer to casserole if desired, cover; bake in moderate oven 40 minutes or until chicken is tender. Mix extra butter with flour and add gradually to sauce to thicken it. Stir over heat a few minutes. Check seasoning, serve from the casserole. Serve with hot garlic bread and a tossed green salad.

ALMOND REFRIGERATOR CHEESECAKE

CRUMB CRUST

| | |
|-----------------------------------|------------------------------|
| 1/2oz. plain sweet biscuit crumbs | 1/2 teaspoon ground cinnamon |
| 1/2oz. melted butter | 1/2oz. melted butter |
| 1/2oz. ground almonds | 1 1/2 tablespoons brandy |
| 1/2 cup icing sugar | |

FILLING

| | |
|-----------------------|------------------------|
| 1 tablespoon gelatine | 1lb. cream cheese |
| 1 cup cold water | juice 1 lemon |
| 1/2 cup milk | 1 dessertspoon brandy |
| 2 separated eggs | 1/2 pint cream |
| 1 cup sugar | toasted almond slivers |
| pinch salt | ground cinnamon |

Crumb crust: Combine all ingredients, mix together until well blended. Press over base and sides of greased 9in. springform pan. Chill several hours or overnight.

Filling: Soften gelatine in cold water. Warm milk in top

of double saucepan. Beat together egg-yolks, sugar, and salt; pour over warmed milk, return to saucepan and cook, stirring all the time over gentle heat until mixture thickens slightly. Remove from heat, strain, add softened gelatine. Stir until gelatine has dissolved; cool.

Beat cream cheese, lemon juice, and brandy until smooth. Stir in cooled egg-yolk mixture; rub through sieve. Whip cream, fold into stiffly beaten egg-whites; then fold into cheese mixture. Pour into prepared crumb case; chill overnight. Decorate top with toasted almond slivers and ground cinnamon before serving.

MENU 2

Spaghetti Marinara

Hot Chive Bread, Tossed Green Salad
Pineapple with Kirsch

SPAGHETTI MARINARA

| | |
|----------------------|------------------------|
| 1 1/2lb. spaghetti | 1 clove crushed garlic |
| boiling salted water | 1/2 pint cream |
| 2oz. butter | 1/2 cup dry white wine |
| 2 tablespoons oil | salt and pepper |
| 2lb. mixed seafood | chopped parsley |

Note: Shelled prawns, scallops, diced lobster, etc., can be used for this dish.

Cook spaghetti in plenty of boiling, salted water until just tender (about 15 minutes). Drain well, return to rinsed-out saucepan; saute 2 to 3 minutes in the heated butter and oil. Add the seafood and garlic, cook a few minutes; then add the cream and wine. Simmer until sauce reduces slightly. Season to taste, transfer to serving dish, sprinkle over chopped parsley. Serve at once.

HOT CHIVE BREAD

| | |
|----------------------|-------------------------|
| 1/2lb. butter | salt and pepper |
| 1 cup chopped chives | 1 french or crusty loaf |

Cream butter, mix with chopped chives and seasoning to taste. Divide the bread into slices, leaving about 1/2in. uncut at base of loaf. Spread both sides of each slice with the butter mixture; wrap in aluminium foil, bake in moderate oven 15 to 20 minutes or until hot. Serve hot.

Continued overleaf

RECIPES FROM OUR
LEILA HOWARD TEST KITCHEN



COQ AU VIN, richly flavored with red wine, and Almond Cheesecake comprise a delicious menu for informal entertaining when you dine by candlelight.

Formal Dinner Party

MENU 1

Oysters Czarina
Fillet of Beef with Mushrooms
Quick Frozen Lima Beans
Strawberries a la Creme

OYSTERS CZARINA

3 doz. oysters on half shell
1 small jar black caviar
lemon juice
freshly ground black pepper
lemon wedges
brown bread and butter
Have oysters thoroughly chilled.
Arrange on individual serving plates,

top each with teaspoon of caviar and squeeze of lemon juice. Grind over a little pepper. Serve with lemon wedges and brown bread and butter.

FILLET OF BEEF WITH MUSHROOMS

2 pieces fillet of beef
(about 2lb. each)
prepared mustard
melted butter
red wine
2oz. butter
1lb. sliced mushrooms
1/2 cup brandy
1/2 cup cream
salt and pepper

Trim fillet, removing all sinew but leaving fat. Place in baking dish. Spread sparingly with prepared mustard, pour over generous amount of melted butter. Roast in hot oven 10 minutes, then reduce heat to moderate and cook until fillet is done to taste. Allow 15 minutes per lb. cooking time for rare meat, 20 minutes per lb. for medium.

Half an hour before end of cooking time pour slowly over fillet 2oz. red wine — claret or burgundy. This will add a delicious flavor to the meat.

Meanwhile melt butter in frying pan, add mushrooms, saute over fairly low heat about 5 minutes. Pour over warmed brandy, ignite. Allow flames to die down, then stir in cream. Reduce heat, simmer gently until sauce thickens slightly. Season to taste.

Remove cooked fillets from oven, cut into slices. Arrange on heated serving dish. Spoon over mushrooms and cream.

Serve with quick-frozen lima beans, cooked according to directions on packet, then seasoned with salt and freshly ground pepper and mixed with little melted butter and chopped parsley.

STRAWBERRIES A LA CREME

3 punnets strawberries
1/2 cup icing sugar
1 cup whipped cream
1 teaspoon vanilla

Wash and hull strawberries. Put about 10 to 12 strawberries through sieve or puree in electric blender. These can be the slightly blemished ones, with the blemishes removed, or any that are less ripe than others. Stir icing sugar into strawberry puree, fold in whipped cream; add vanilla. Arrange the whole strawberries in glasses, spoon the strawberry cream over top.

INFORMAL DINNER PARTY . . . from previous page

PINEAPPLE WITH KIRSCH

1 large ripe pineapple
sugar to taste
4 tablespoons kirsch or cointreau
1/2 pint cream
grated rind 1 orange

Peel pineapple and cut into chunks, removing core. Place in dish with sugar to taste and 2 tablespoons kirsch or cointreau. Cover, chill several hours. About 1 hour before serving, whip cream, adding a little sugar, the remaining kirsch or cointreau and orange rind. Spoon over pineapple, tossing until every piece is coated with cream. Chill until serving time.

Note: This dessert can also be made with canned pineapple chunks. Drain the chunks well, place in dish and sprinkle over a very little sugar. Then add the 4 tablespoons kirsch or cointreau and proceed as in the recipe above.

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MENU 2

Marinated Artichoke Hearts
Lobster Newburg
Butterscotch Ice-cream

MARINATED ARTICHOKE HEARTS

1 cup olive or salad oil
1 clove crushed garlic
1 cup chopped parsley
1 cup lemon juice
2 tablespoons white wine
salt and pepper
2 medium cans artichoke hearts

Blend oil with garlic, parsley, lemon juice, wine, seasoning. Drain artichoke hearts, place in saucepan with the dressing. Slowly bring to boil, simmer 5 minutes. Transfer to dish, stand at room temperature 1 hour or longer, basting hearts with the marinade from time to time. Serve cold, with a little of the marinade spooned over.

LOBSTER NEWBURG

3 cooked lobsters
2oz. butter
2 tablespoons brandy
1 cup cream
2 beaten egg-yolks
salt and pepper
cayenne
boiled rice

Halve lobsters lengthwise, remove shell, cut into dice. Crack claws, extract meat. Heat butter in pan, sauté lobster a few minutes. Heat brandy, add to lobster, ignite; keep lobster warm. Put cream and egg-yolks in top of double boiler and cook over gentle heat, stirring all the time, until mixture thickens. Add lobster, season with salt and pepper, very little cayenne; warm through. Serve on bed of rice.

BUTTERSCOTCH ICE-CREAM

1 large block vanilla ice-cream

BUTTERSCOTCH NUT SAUCE

2oz. butter
1 cup brown sugar
2-3rd cup cream
1 cup chopped brown almonds

Sauce: Melt butter, add sugar and cream, stir until sugar dissolves. Bring to boil, boil 5 minutes. Cool slightly. Beat 30 seconds, stir in almonds.

To serve: Spoon warm sauce over scoops of ice-cream.

MENU 3

Avocado-Tomatoes
Chicken in Champagne
New Potatoes, Tossed Green Salad
Chestnut Cream

AVOCADO-TOMATOES

6 medium-sized tomatoes
salt and pepper
1 medium avocados
1 tablespoon chopped canned pimento
2 tablespoons mayonnaise
1 teaspoon lemon juice
2 teaspoons grated onion
lettuce leaves

Peel tomatoes, scoop out centres. Sprinkle inside with salt and pepper, turn upside down to drain. Mash avocado flesh, mix with pimento, mayonnaise, lemon juice, salt, pepper, grated onion. Fill tomatoes with mixture, arrange on lettuce leaves. Top each with little extra mayonnaise.

CHICKEN IN CHAMPAGNE

2 medium-sized chickens
seasoned flour
2oz. butter
1lb. mushrooms

1½ cups champagne
1 cup cream
salt and pepper

Cut chickens into joints, dredge with seasoned flour. Heat butter in saucepan or flameproof casserole, add chicken pieces, cook gently 20 minutes, turning occasionally. Then add cleaned and sliced mushrooms, cook further 10 to 15 minutes or until chickens are tender. Transfer chicken pieces and mushrooms to serving dish; keep hot. Drain off most of fat from saucepan, add champagne. Cook a few minutes, then add cream. Simmer sauce until it thickens slightly. Season to taste, pour over chicken. Serve at once,

with baby new potatoes and tossed green salad.

CHESTNUT CREAM

1lb. can unsweetened chestnut puree
2-3rd cup sugar
1 dessertspoon rum
1 teaspoon vanilla
1 cup cream
extra whipped cream
flat chocolate rounds

Sieve puree, place in saucepan with sugar; stir over gentle heat until sugar has dissolved. Remove from heat, stir in rum and vanilla. Allow to cool, then fold in whipped cream. Spoon mixture into 6 glasses, chill overnight. Before serving, decorate with extra whipped cream and chocolate rounds.



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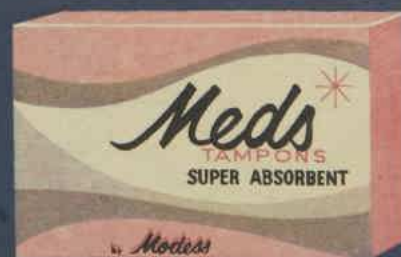
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The Frenchwoman

By ANN CHIDESTER

WE live again, sweetly and safely, in our children. Their words echo our own of long ago. But we are seasoned travellers, while they are innocents who have not yet gone out of sight of home. Then, one day, they gaily disappear around the corner, and we would not stop them, even if we could . . .

One Saturday morning, when the boys were golfing with their father, Patty came into the kitchen and began to talk in a precise, formal way that made her seem older than sixteen. "Men can't see the economy in a fur jacket, but if I earned the money myself, Daddy couldn't object, could he? I mean, otter's very sensible. It will outwear cloth, and it has this soft beaver collar, Mother. Besides, models at The Frenchwoman earn enough to—"

"You want to work for Madame de Burler?"

"It's the best — the only decent store in this town!"

"Go ahead," I said, surprising her with my ready consent. "I did it once. If Madame will take you."

I was careful not to appear too happy that history was repeating itself. I warned her that her father would insist he could still clothe her. But the bond between Patty and me was strong — two women speaking a common language — and I promised to plead her case with Paul.

While her ambitions were like my own at her age, Patty is not me. The time, the climate, even the town as I had known it no longer exist. It has become a small city. The Frenchwoman is famous, with styles from all over the world. People have more money now and move about more easily.

To page 70

It was long ago, but Margaret still remembered glancing into the room and seeing the lovers.

Mrs. H. WIFE



"Need a second?"

Paul said that night, "You might have argued with her a little."

"But she's sure this fur jacket will satisfy her every desire. She wants to earn it herself, and she believes she will be perfectly happy then."

He argued that The Frenchwoman was an expensive place, that Patty might acquire tastes her future husband would not be able to satisfy.

But I said, "Working for Madame is a stiff cram course in real economics—the ratio between hard, sweaty work and money. Patty will learn much, much more, too. After all, Madame taught me economy, not extravagance."

He grinned and said, "OK, then," and went off muttering that a mere man could never solve the riddle of furs and women.

Later I heard him talking to

THE FRENCHWOMAN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45

Patty in the living-room. My heart ached because she was so greedily, so recklessly running toward life and away from us, I began to hope she would have my kind of luck with Madame de Burlet.

Patty came home from the interview looking babyish, bruised, and uncertain, just as I expected. I imagined Madame behind her roll-top desk, the Tiffany lamp throwing a golden-orange light over a clutter of bills and papers, fabric samples and buttons. I recalled the musty smell of that tiny office off the workroom, which, in these times, must be as large as a barn. And I remembered Madame's terrible eyes, her snarls and shrieks after perfection, how she rolled her eyes

in her rages. This might have seemed comical if one did not know she was expressing frustration beyond words.

"Mother, she finds her models. Like wildflowers! The Chinese girl came from a bar in San Francisco. Oh, I feel like—a worm!"

Madame would scorn a soft teenager with grand notions. "A weak, childish young woman is a drag on the economy. Once you are of an age to be greedy for the best things of life, you are also old enough to sweat blood for what you want." She had often hurled this at me like a rain of stones.

I buy from her now only when she has someone phone me that there is something just right for me at a price I cannot ignore; but I always study her beautiful windows and shiver with delight to remember that summer and how it changed my life. I feel pride that she has survived; it is because she is tough and realistic and very wise.

PATTY said, "I think she was a tiny bit interested when I gave my name. She walked around me as if I were—a horse for sale. After simply ages, she said I could work for Minnie Powers in the workroom. As an assistant, not as a model."

"Dear old Minnie." I shrugged, feeling very French. "Well, if you want the jacket—"

"But, Mother, she's terrible, isn't she?"

"Yes—terrible."

"Were you scared of her?"

"Scared out of my wits."

I did not console Patty. She must discover Madame's virtues in her own time. I would not ask the impossible, that she learn from my experiences. I listened as, chin high, she swore nothing would stop her, not even Madame. She would not spend a penny all summer. She would take her lunch in a paper bag and wear old clothes. Her words sang in my brain like a familiar ditty, and I knew every word even before she voiced it. Who could know better?

When Madame leased the tailor's old shop on Elm Hill, our town was small and provincial—a country seat in the heart of ranch and dairy lands. She cleaned and painted, revealing the splendid, forgotten brass and ironwork.

Few businessmen expected her to survive, but my uncle Charlie Durance was impressed right away. "That little French lady's got high spirits. Her ear's to the ground, too. She thinks this town'll grow because we got lakes and hills for sports and we're not too far from Denver. Oh, she's a sharp little one!"

"Where did you meet her?" I asked.

Of my father's four brothers, Uncle Charlie was the favorite—a giant with a smiling, weathered face, angelic blue eyes, and a crown of bright, curly hair. He spoke in a slow drawl, was tender and gallant, and had married a serious, handsome woman who seldom laughed. My mother used to say if he'd married someone with humor he'd have been rich before he was thirty.

In those days, he worked hard on his farm and just managed to keep

To page 71

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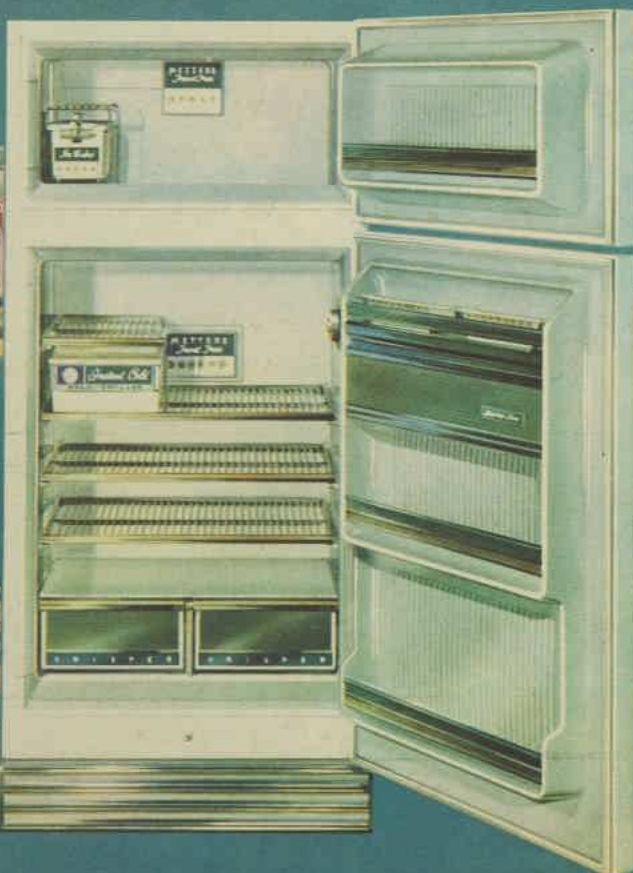
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CLEAN outside windows with liquid car detergent applied with a long-handled mop, then hose down before it dries. The result will be shining windows in a short time. — Mrs. S. Borrack, 119 Boundary Rd., Newcomb, Vic.

My peg basket is an ordinary two-gallon plastic bucket with about 6 holes punched in the base. It is handy in sudden showers; pegs do not get sodden or discolored because the water drains away quickly. — Mrs. J. Miller, Box 159 P.O., Coonabarabran, N.S.W.

A quick and easy way to line a dressing-gown and make it much warmer: Buy a

brushed nylon nightdress, cut it down centre front, turn in cut edges, and sew into the gown. If the gown is loose-fitting, you will need a larger-size nightdress than your usual fitting. — I. L. Underhill, 28 Lynton Ave., Millswood, S.A.

To store a garden hose tidily: Punch two holes in bottom of an old enamel basin, screw on to softwood board, and

plug board on to garage or laundry wall. Then wind hose round outside of basin. — Mrs. E. F. Bevan, c/o 51 Cross St., New Town, Tas.

Keep a strong knitting needle by your sewing machine when dressmaking. Use the pointed end for pointing collars, etc., and the knob for turning belts, ties, and trimmings. — Mrs. G. King, c/o Wallah Pastoral Co., "Redbank," Tia, via Walcha, N.S.W.

When potting plants for fetes, etc., use a colored square cut from a paint chart to indicate the color of the flower. — Mrs. E. J. Mitchell, 3 Faldt St., Bundaberg, Qld.

THE FRENCHWOMAN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 70

going. His rare visits to town were little holidays, because everyone loved him and he was cheerful and funny.

"Met her in the bank one day." "Is she really from Paris?" "Oh, they got all kinds of stories."

People said her husband had deserted her, that she was divorced, that she had run off with a lover and left two small children. I even heard she was a mystery figure in a New York murder case; but no one was sure.

When I was moaning that I needed to earn money for clothes in my senior year, when we had three big high-school dances, Uncle Charlie shyly suggested I see Madame de Burlet. By then, she had been in town over three years, doing so well that people came from as far away as Denver to buy from her. "Try her, Maggie," he urged. "I hear the Lane girls and Mrs. Heney and Doc Maloney's new wife swear by her."

"But she scares me." I had never spoken to her, but I had seen her darting up the hill with a puff of blue-black feathers atop a mass of auburn hair. My father, who had sold her copper pipes when she enlarged her shop the first time, maintained stoutly she had "a man's brain" in her head.

UNCLE Charlie took my hand. His were huge and rough, but startlingly tender. "Now, that's because she's a bit different. But you want to learn about clothes, don't you? So you don't waste your money — or your looks."

Mother said, "I'll not have a clothes-horse in my family!"

"Flo, women should make themselves pretty as possible. We men need it. Trouble is, most ladies don't know how to try; but this French lady knows."

"My, you're sold on her," Mother said wryly.

I thought he blushed. He rose and said, "Never dare, never win," and drove off in his rattly car, back to his bleak farm, where his wife seldom spoke and his two little boys were already hard workers, too.

Mother, knowing she would have no peace otherwise, consented to let me ask Madame for a job. I must promise that if the work became too much I would quit.

So I went to the shop during Easter vacation. It was only one room then — turquoise and black, with touches of brass and a deep-purple carpet. I felt confident until Madame stepped out of her office, immediately aware I was not a customer. She waited, her hands clasped, her three white diamonds glittering.

"Madame? I'm Margaret Dorrance. I—I want to work for you."

"Ah—Dorrance." She had only a slight accent except when angered. She was about thirty-five, my mother's age, but tiny, slim, and erect, with delicate wrists and small, narrow feet. Her hazel eyes seemed to express the scorn of one who finds only perfection satisfying. Her black faille dress artfully

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To page 72



showed off her small waist. "Work for me? Here?"

"Yes," I whispered.

"What can you do for me?"

"I—I think I can sell."

She shook her head. "What can you know about a woman's secret wish or how she sees herself?" She gestured toward Mrs. Bellows, the judge's widow, who was taking a teal-blue velvet hat out of the window. "Mrs. Bellows knows how to sell." Unlike other merchants in town, Madame displayed only one or two of any item. The rest were modelled or brought out of the workroom as though freshly created—only what Madame and Mrs. Bellows decided ought to be shown.

I blushed. I was scared I might cry.

"Please tell me why I should employ you."

THE FRENCHWOMAN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71

No one had ever spoken so bluntly to me, and I was suddenly revealed to myself as a gauche, small-town girl who had gone no farther than Chicago and had known only warm family life and a few silly daydreams. The earth under me seemed to quake and roll.

Her steely fingers bit into my arm as she commanded me not to faint. "Not here. Go home to faint in your mother's house if you must."

She and Mrs. Bellows got me into the office and eased me on to a French-blue leather chair. I protested that I had never fainted and did not intend to, and soon Madame was questioning me as to my ability in sewing, mending and darning, and what I liked in fabrics and

fashions. The magnificent clutter about her seemed to acquire a curious order.

Such a variety of things crammed into a small space! The office contained her small desk, three chairs, and two huge, old-fashioned walnut-and-glass bookcases, packed with remnants, papers, and samples. No rug, no pictures, nothing personal.

She said she required someone strong, young, tireless, fast of foot, and absolutely obedient. "Have you passion?" she asked, tapping her smooth forehead.

I blushed again. I did not know, and I had never heard the word spoken.

"Oh, passion—real passion, dear child." She swept her arms wide, as though to knock down my practical ideas and snobbery. "I am speaking of spirit and heart, not lust. Of why you are here and not at Peterson's Dry Goods or the bakery or the cannery."

I resurrected enough pride to speak out. "I want to learn about clothes and things. I need the money to buy clothes for school. And my uncle, Charlie Dorrance, says you know a lot. I can learn from you, Madame de Burlet."

Her nervous little body became very quiet, as though she had ceased to breathe for that moment. She said in a husky voice, "I am flattered. Yes—flattered, of course."

I followed her into the workroom, which was like a long, wide hall walled from floor to ceiling with cedar cupboards. These contained numbered shelves that served as files for materials and patterns. Seven women worked there under Minnie Dawson, who used to be the town's dressmaker. They rarely talked and they moved about like quiet, busy mice under the white lights hanging from the rafters.

USUALLY they sat around two long tables with dull tin tops. There was a smaller table to one side, and this became my solitary post that hot summer.

"You will be my assistant," Madame said, cleverly using that word to take the sting from the humiliation. The women, though they seemed not to, heard every word. "At the end of a month," she continued, sniffing coldly, "I must believe you have come to understand passion, as we use the word here, and perfection, and what is beautiful and what is not—and why. Otherwise, I shall fire you. Is that understood? Firm in the mind?"

"Yes," I nodded.

"Yes, Madame. No, Madame."

"Yes, Madame," I said meekly.

Her small presence dominated the room. I smelled the musky violet fragrance she wore. The women looked at me, unsnifing, and while I knew them well they seemed very different here—wiser and more important.

I could actually feel myself begin to change. I looked for designs everywhere, for fresh colors and shapes, and I felt I had been partially blind before I went to work for her. But she was terrible! She looked through me or beyond me, as though I did not exist, and I had no time to think.

At home, exhausted, I felt like my old self. After supper, I lay on the porch watching moths and fireflies, finding designs in stars and in patterns of moonlight and leaves. My family's conversation seemed thin and remote. I did not want to go anywhere with my friends. Each evening, I gave an enthusiastic but purposely vague account of my work, trying to feel important in my own eyes.

I drank my grandmother's home-made ginger beer, which she said cooled down all fevers of summer, and I imagined all the ways I might strike back at Madame and humiliate her. I burned to turn my back on her and walk out, tossing a perfect retort over my shoulder. I dreamed of buying the place and firing her. I imagined myself a customer, lordling it over her. It was easy to be brave out of her presence.

And I felt unworthy and ignorant.

NEW CLINICALLY BALANCED NESTLÉ'S FEEDING PROGRAMME



this page tells you two important things all nursing mothers should know.

1. The importance of iron to baby and how to protect against iron deficiency.
2. How the new Nestlé's balanced feeding programme will help your baby

During pregnancy, you were "eating for two." You were also taking extra iron for two. Your doctor gave you iron pills because baby was taking his iron supply from you and your own body was in danger of going short.

Now he is born, baby needs that iron just as much. Among other things, it's vital to his blood supply. If baby doesn't get enough his health can suffer in various ways. Anaemia is just one of them.

How can you make absolutely sure baby does get enough iron, while his diet is mainly milk? This is a very real problem, for three reasons:

Firstly, cow's milk contains very little iron. Baby would have to drink 22 pints a day just to get enough.

Secondly, there is no easy way to add iron to milk at home. (Vitamin supplements do not contain iron.)

Thirdly, not all iron is easily digested. It must be accompanied by the right vitamins and it must be the right kind of iron.

Fortunately, Nestlé's food experts have solved all these problems for you. Lactogen has already been enriched with all the iron baby needs to guard against deficiency. This iron is the special 'organic' kind baby can absorb. In addition, Lactogen contains all the essential vitamins—Lactogen is the complete milk formula.

That's why you should keep baby on Lactogen for at least as long as he is bottle fed. Lactogen guarantees him all the iron, all the other minerals, and all the essential vitamins he needs each day. For exactly the same reason, it is a wise measure to keep giving Lactogen right through his second year as well.

A menu for growing—the clinically balanced feeding programme.

You know that baby's diet is important, and that his requirements change continually during the first year. His diet must be balanced for vitamins, protein and minerals; it must also be balanced for liquids and solids. A good diet will also help

develop baby's digestive system and teach him to enjoy new tastes and textures.

To help you through baby's vital first year Nestlé's offer you a book on baby care including a complete guide to educational feeding—month by month. These "menus" are clinically balanced to provide a safe, sure, easy programme for meeting baby's continually changing diet needs (a sample is reproduced at right).

Lactogen plus baby food

The clinically balanced feeding programme, compiled by Nestlé's food experts is based on Nestlé's Lactogen (the complete milk formula) and Nestlé's Strained and Junior Baby Foods. Because they are designed to work together, a balanced diet becomes quite simple.

Complete Manual, free.

The book is free to all mothers. It deals with every aspect of baby care from pre-natal, to the end of baby's first year in a truly practical and comprehensive manner. Please write or call the Nestlé's Infant Feeding Free Advisory Service, located in all State Capitals or write (Box 423, P.O., Darlinghurst, N.S.W.).

Suggested programme 4-5 months

*NOTE: Your doctor, clinic sister or hospital may recommend special varieties for individual infants and that vitamin C intake and iron be further supplemented.

5 a.m. Breast or Lactogen feed.*

10 a.m. Breast or Lactogen Feed* followed by 3-4 teaspoons cereal with Lactogen and an equal amount of Nestlé's Strained Food such as a fruit or custard variety, or broth.

2 p.m. Breast or Lactogen Feed* followed by 3-4 teaspoons Strained, broth, mixed vegetables, meat or liver variety. Increase quantity as required.

4 p.m. A drink of orange juice.

6 p.m. Breast or Lactogen Feed* followed by 3-4 teaspoons cereal with Lactogen and an equal amount of Nestlé's Strained Food such as a fruit or custard variety, or broth.

10 p.m. Breast or Lactogen Feed* if still demanded by Baby.

*Details of Lactogen Feed on each Lactogen label.

NESTLÉ'S
LACTOGEN

Nestlé's are specialists in infant feeding



NLS/2972/66

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COLLECTORS' CORNER

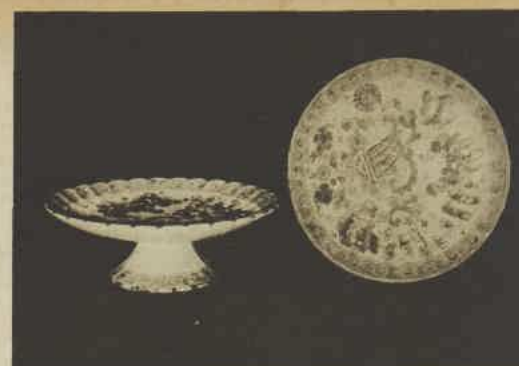
● Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, answers readers' queries about their antiques.

I HAVE some attractively designed china and enclose a picture of two of the pieces—a cake stand and a plate. I would be interested to learn anything you can tell me about the china.—Mrs. E. A. Proud, Brisbane.

Your china is English Staffordshire and was made about 1890. The design appears to be transfer printed.

COULD you please give me some information about a stone-colored pottery bowl, decorated with two shades of blue, white, and brown raised trimming. — Mrs. J. Copland, Bayswater, Vic.

Your bowl, which was made by the Doulton pottery, bears a mark which was introduced in 1881 and consistently used up to 1912. If the word "England" is not added, your example was made before 1891.



● Staffordshire china.

● Heirloom clock.

A GRANDFATHER clock (above), a family heirloom, has been sent to me from Scotland. On the brass face of the clock is engraved the maker's name—John Sanderson—with the following motto: "Remember man that dye thou must, And after that to Judgement just." The clock is in working order.—Mrs. M. B. Leask, Wangaratta, Vic.

Your eighteenth-century grandfather clock, I presume, is made of oak. However, judging from the photograph, the darker section on the case, under the door, is an inset panel of mahogany veneer. This being the case it indicates that your clock was not made until 1740-50. John Sanderson, originally of Wigton, England, seems to have established his clock business during the last decade of the seventeenth century. He removed his business to Carlisle about 1730. Written, in his copious work published on old clocks and watches and their makers, records a grandfather clock dating from 1715 made by Sanderson.

He states "on the dial of another clock, dating from 1715, was engraved the following couplet—"Remember men that die thou must, And after the judgment just." It is coincidental that your clock bears the same inscription. The words "dye" and "judgement" are spelt differently.



● China clock.

COULD you tell me something about my clock? I enclose a photograph (above) and would like to know the age and origin.—Mrs. M. J. Reeves, Artarmon, N.S.W.

Your clock is late nineteenth-century china made about 1885. The case of the clock is probably of German origin and most likely Bonn ware.



Don't blame him—blame the fragrance of Gemey

Gemey
talcum & skin perfume
(use them daily)



Talcum 70c and 95c. Skin perfume 85c and \$1.25. Parfum Concentree (for when you're feeling unusually adventurous) \$1.65. Prize-size 85c.

FR27P

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In the mornings, with every step I took as my father and I walked to work together, a new and volatile inner vision of myself was slowly forming. I felt on the edge of self-discovery. My fingertips bled, blistered, and scabbed. I was never permitted to touch a fabric. I spent endless hours making button-holes in tiny remnants, stacking these like playing cards, for her to pick up and idly inspect, without comment.

She was using velours and velvets in rare jewel shades that summer. She said that, in dark winter, these draped, clung, and moved with greater verve than furs.

The Swedish girl was her only model then. Madame had discovered her in a Denver cigar store. Minnie Dawson said the girl cried all the first month. "Bawled out loud like a wounded buffalo until we thought she was going crazy. But

THE FRENCHWOMAN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 72

then, just like that, she caught on to what Madame wanted. Madame says she's perfect. "Perfect" was an obsolete word with Madame. I felt, but one saw it in the Swedish model, who was so proud, so beautiful in Madame's clothes.

I was an errand girl, riding Madame's black English bike, which she used in the country on weekends. I lost all embarrassment for my lowly work when I realised my friends envied me. I went to the post office numberless times each day. I met all trains, arriving five minutes early so that the men could not mishandle our packages. Madame's vision of the express room compared to Dante's view of hell.

If there were too many packages, I hired Noonan's cab, and he

propped the bike on the rear bumper. He was not allowed to help me as I placed each package gently just inside the back door of the shop. I stood sentinel over them until Madame arrived to snip the twine with scissors she wore at her waist.

Each bolt was then carried ceremoniously into the workroom, to be later unrolled and inspected — usually at night or on weekends, with Minnie Dawson holding the end as Madame searched for flaws. If acceptable, the material was filed in its place in the cavernous cupboards.

As I watched Madame, trying to keep out of her sight but at the same time trying to pick up what I could, I began to understand the

meaning of patience, how she had survived in our town and why her clothes were unique and her reputation growing. She was the first person I knew to praise work, loving it for itself. "Of course, money is necessary for survival and to grease the wheels, to put seed in the fields. That's all, though."

She handed me my first pay cheque and said she would keep me on another month, as she did not actually despair of me.

The cheque was violet, her color, signed in a square hand with a thick-nibbed pen. My thumb left a sweaty print on it. I was tempted to throw it in her face and run. I felt she had reduced me to a kind of slavery. Also, I was deeply disappointed that I did not feel deliciously happy and proud with this money, the first I had earned.

I had planned to buy a pale blue cashmere sweater, or a pair of gold

dancing slippers, or a white evening wrap. I did not rush out to make any of these purchases. I walked home slowly and decided that if I were to get good value out of money, I had sweated so to earn I would wait for the end-of-summer sales, buying summer clothes for next year.

"You are growing sensible, after all," Mother said, pleased.

But why wasn't I happy? Why was I bewildered? If there was no lasting joy in money, where would I find it? If I saved up enough to buy a decent wardrobe, then spent it all and the clothes wore out, would have nothing left to show for my work.

I stared at myself in the mirror and saw nothing new there. I had grown easily bored with old friends and old habits. I no longer knew about the house munching cookies or pretended to be someone famous because I had no time to waste. I began to study Madame. What made her superior to most people? I knew? Why was work so satisfying to her? What else did she want? Or was work everything?

ONE night in July, when I was walking home from a new movie with my two friends Emma and Holly Strand, we went by the shop, so they could see the linen suit in the window. Emma said, "Twice it's skimpy. I'd rather get five or six elegant dresses for my seventy-five dollars." And Holly said, "The Frenchwoman was certainly playing tricks on people, wasn't she?" I was dismayed that they could not see the suit for its beautiful simplicity.

Both the orange light in Madame's office and the white lights in the workroom were blazing, and I heard Madame's voice. I supposed that she and Minnie were unrolling the gold cloth that had arrived that morning, and I wanted to see it spread out in all its glory. I'm going around to the back. Maybe she needs an extra hand. I was deaf to the girls' protests that I was my work too seriously.

I went down the long, dark alley to the back door. This door was rough wood to the waist, with four huge squares of glass above. From it, one could look sideways into her office. I was about to knock and call out when she turned off the workroom lights. I heard the click

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IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY By RUDD



The modern hair color
you just cream in...

POLY COLOR

a complete
hair beauty
treatment in
minutes



so sure...

Polycolor colors and conditions as it shampoos — a complete beauty treatment in minutes. No messy liquid — Polycolor's a cream in a tube — won't drip or run — won't stain your scalp.

so easy...

With Polycolor you can't make mistakes — no sectioning or retouching — all-over application every time (no color build-up) — built-in timer stops overcoloring — hides greying hair.

so many colors

20 shades in beautiful natural colors to give conditioned glossy loveliness to your hair. Or choose a fashion color from Smoke Blue, Pearl Grey, Silver White, Ruby or Blue Black.

New Permanent Polycolor
in the black tube covers very grey hair
completely... naturally... permanently



Any hair beauty problems?

Polycolor Hair Beauty Counsellors are at all major pharmacies and the following department stores: Myer Emporium — Melbourne; David Jones, Farmers — Sydney; Finney Isles, McDonnell & East, T. C. Beirne — Brisbane; John Martin & Co., Myer Emporium — Adelaide; Boon's Limited — Perth. Or write to Pauline Reynolds, P.O. Box 18, Villawood, N.S.W.

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Caramel dessert wins \$10 prize

A DELICIOUSLY creamy dessert with the rich flavor of caramel wins \$10 in our weekly recipe contest.

CARAMEL CREAM MOUSSE

5 eggs
2oz. castor sugar
4oz. gelatine
juice of 1½ lemons
cream
chopped nuts

CARAMEL SYRUP

6oz. sugar
½ pint water

Caramel Syrup: Put sugar with half the water in saucepan. Stir over low heat until sugar is dissolved. Increase heat, cook until golden brown without stirring. Very gradually add remaining water, stirring well. Put syrup aside to cool.

Mousse: Break 3 eggs into bowl, separate remaining 2, add their yolks, sugar to bowl also. Soften gelatine in lemon juice. Dissolve over gently boiling water. Whisk eggs and sugar over hot water until foamy and light in color. Mixture should be firm enough to keep its shape. Remove from heat, continue whisking until mixture is

cool; gently whisk in caramel syrup. Stir in gelatine mixture, leave in cool place until semi-set. Whisk egg-whites until stiff, carefully fold into mixture. Turn into serving bowl or large 2-pint mould. Top with whipped, sweetened cream and chopped nuts. Chill before serving.

First prize of \$10 to Mrs. O. Ivelyn, 40 Vista Pde., Belmont, N.S.W.

DELICIOUS DESSERT wins the \$10 prize this week. Recipe at left.



THE FRENCHWOMAN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74

of the french windows. I saw two shadows, hers and that of a large, tall man. His shoulder brushed the Tiffany shade, so that it swung back and forth, throwing the light about crazily.

I could not move. I heard her voice clearly, young and light and so different from the stern, rough voice I knew so well. I reasoned that if I knew all about Madame I would begin to understand life and passion and the meaning of work and how to spend money well, too. It is a weak excuse for spying on them like that, but I took up a position outside the door.

She said, "My darling, why should you cling to conventions? And have false pride like other men, who are merely plodding and dull? You and I—surely, we know each other by now. We are honest together, aren't we? We are one person now, and there is nothing false between us, and we can say everything freely."

THE man's hand circled her wrist as he drew her toward him, and the light swung so that I saw his profile as he kissed her. He was holding her high in his arms, so that she was lost except for the small hand clutching his shoulder. The bright tangle of his hair gave him away, but I think I would have guessed anyhow. He carried her around the desk and sat in the blue chair, holding her with what, to me, was frank desperation.

Uncle Charlie looked very handsome and young, as I had never seen him. He began to kiss her again, and it was very different from kissing in the movies, and while it made me a little dizzy to watch I could not turn away.

They talked about her three diamonds. She wanted to lend them to him to raise money. She said that all her cash was tied up in the shop, but if he had ready money he could make a fresh start.

"No, darling girl. You should have a king, not a beggar. You're generous, but not very wise. Ask any banker in this town. He'll say Charlie's a poor risk, a loser."

She put her fingertips over his mouth. "That's over for you. That's done. The bad luck has run out, can't you see? It ran out with mine, and we are so lucky. Well, I admit it is not altogether the way we want, but to think we met—here, in this town. You and I—"

We knew, in the family, that Uncle Charlie had a heavy mortgage hanging over him. My father said he ought to buy up the acreage north of his farm, because it was so rich; but no one expected he could manage to do it.

They began to talk very quietly. By that time, I was too ashamed to stay. I walked home and sat on the porch, trying to imagine myself with a secret lover, and I wondered if they had been lovers a long time. I thought so, recalling his praise of her shortly after she came to town, and his face when my mother teased him that time.

I felt very happy for him. I liked to think they met when she was riding her bike in the country, that he had a second home, gayer and more loving than the other, in her

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LOOK!
neat new spaghetti
you can eat
with a spoon!

New Kia-ora
SPAGHETTI@S



**—circles of spaghetti even
the small fry can handle!**

They're so easy to spoon up! Kia-ora Spaghetti@S. Small circles of firm spaghetti. Simmered in their own special tomato and cheese sauce that all children will love. Cute little circles that are fun to eat. In four different sizes. From teeny-weeny ones up to small ones. All easy to spoon up. And easy to eat up because Kia-ora makes them so delicious! Treat the little kids soon, to new, neat Kia-ora Spaghetti@S!

"Kia-ora" is a registered Trade Mark

THE BOYFRIEND



"Hey—Can't you read?"

office. I said that this had nothing, really, to do with his wife and boys. At the same time, I hoped it would not happen to me just that way.

The next morning, she was not wearing her three diamonds. Minnie Dawson gasped and cried, "Madame! Your rings!" "Oh, I know," she said, flexing her strong fingers. "They are in my way when I work. Besides, what nonsense—big diamonds like that! How foolish we are!"

I could not look at her. I felt a rush of affection and admiration that surprised me, because I knew that a year earlier their love for each other would have seemed indecent and dirty to me.

I looked closely at Uncle Charlie when he came to our house. It seemed obvious he was different, but no one else seemed to see this. There was some talk when he bought the north acreage, but he

THE FRENCHWOMAN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 75

was so frank that no one could suspect him of duplicity. They were merely glad he had pulled off the deal.

From that time, he began to prosper almost magically. As Madame had said, he had ridden out his streak of bad luck. He bought his family a new house, and his wife had a little blue coupe and a strong girl to help with the work, and in public he was, as always, a tender and devoted husband.

My father was relieved about him. "I thought that boy would never catch on, would work himself into an early grave, with nothing to show for it."

"He's thirty-four," Mother said. "Time he came around."

Their secret had a curious effect on me. It convinced me that we are often blind about people we think we know very well. Also, whenever I thought of Uncle Charlie and Madame de Burlet as lovers, sitting in the blue chair and kissing, I thought about money, too.

I did not believe that money could buy great love; but I felt one ought to spend it toward this end—for something that could not wear out or rot or become outmoded, something that would ultimately be visible and valued by a lover, something that—like Madame's diamonds—could serve him well when he needed it.

With my final pay cheque, Madame gave me ten dollars extra and darted a shrewd look at me. "So you will spend it in one mad little fling, like all the girls in this town?"

I shook my head. "Clothes wear out, Madame."

She roared with laughter. "Well, I want more for my money!"

She lifted my chin, looked into my eyes, and knew that I knew about her and Uncle Charlie. I think she did not mind. "What, then, for the money?" she asked softly.

"I'm not sure, Madame. There's so much to see. I might learn a language. Even French. But most of all I want to be—" I touched my heart, unable to find the right words.

"Ah, yes. Bless you." She walked to the door with me. "And what about passion?" she asked.

"Passion is for people who have learned how to use it, Madame," I

FROM THE BIBLE

● Of course religion does yield high dividends, but only to the man whose resources are within him.

—I Timothy 6: 6.
(New English Bible)

said with some pride, and closed the door politely behind me...

I worked for her the next summer and then went off to college and then to Europe, buying myself memories I could feed on for ever. It happened that I purchased great good fortune, too, for it was on a rainy Wednesday evening in Paris that I met a young student of architecture named Paul Phillips. His aunt, whom I had known at home, had sent him to take me out for dinner.

In my mind, Madame has many images. I bless her for teaching me what I could not have learned from anyone else. She is a farm woman, going out to plant for a rare kind of harvest. And a little ballerina in a circle of orange light, dancing around the man she loves. She is still a figure of some mystery, so ambitious and dynamic, with an artist's fiery drive to transform her mind's vision into beautiful reality.

While she and I are not friends in the ordinary sense, when we meet we smile with enduring affection and are satisfied. I think—she for me and I for her.

I am sure they are still lovers. I have watched Uncle Charlie, and there are gaps in his days that a more loving wife would surely question. His boys are a credit to him. His wife does not seem unhappy, with her new cars and her serious little study groups and civic committees. I assume it is Madame who desires to maintain the status quo.

The diamonds are back. I glimpsed them once, when I went for a fitting of my wedding dress. They are in the small right-hand drawer of her desk. Having served their real purpose, they seem to have no further value for her.

Now I am eagerly watching for the change in our daughter, Paity, for the little French shrug, and for the beginnings of confusion, desire, and wonder—which, once resolved, will teach her about work and money and, perhaps, love as well.

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FIRST LOVE THE SECOND TIME

By EILEEN JENSEN

ILLUSTRATED BY MAUDSON



WHEN I walked into the old brick mansion that serves as Red Cross Headquarters in Burchfield, the first person to greet me was Mary Lou Leander, a pretty blonde wearing the blue uniform and yellow shoulder tabs of a staff aide. I was new in town — my husband, Russ, had been transferred to Burchfield as office manager of the Ohio plant — and experience had taught me that volunteer work is a quick way for a newcomer to get into circulation; so I signed up for the motor corps (I had the uniform, four stripes) and Mary Lou invited me to lunch in the downstairs canteen.

In the past nine years Russ and I have lived in four States. Our Cindy was conceived in one town, born in another, and entered school in a third. At eight she accepts a new house as readily as a new car. When Mary Lou told me over the tuna-fish salad that day that her daughter Belinda was the same age as Cindy I knew we'd have plenty in common. By the time we finished our second cup of coffee she had told me where to get my hair done, who was the best drycleaner, and how to shop the local sales.

Later she invited me to substitute in her bridge group and introduced me at the Woman's Club. When she offered to share her by-the-day cleaning woman (Georgella, with the gold front teeth and the arthritic knee), I knew Mary Lou was my friend.

That summer, our girls went swimming at the municipal pool, and when we finally brought our husbands together at a backyard barbecue, the men, surprisingly, hit it off from the start. Steve Leander is a Republican, and so is Russ. They're both in business, but not in competition — Steve owns a bicycle shop.

Russ formed the habit of dropping in at Steve's wheel shop on a Saturday afternoon. They'd sit around among the sprockets talking about how the government is ruining small business. Russ said Steve was talkative when Mary Lou wasn't around.

That was a comfortable foursome. I miss it. Mary Lou's cream-puff prettiness and easy laugh contrasted with what Russ calls my Radcliffe poise. I'm not sure he means that as a compliment. Mary Lou bubbled and gossiped — she knew everyone and remembered everything. I listened and nodded, envying her the security of a life in one place, while she, of course, imagined the existence of a corporation gipsy to be filled with endless adventures.

Burchfield is dull, no denying that, but wives find the exits. Some laze about, some work, some drink, some flirt. What Mary Lou seemed to want most was a new house. She studied the classified ads, reading every single real-estate listing every day. She dragged me around to inspect any house that sounded promising. Steve rarely looked at them. Whenever she found one she liked, it was too much money. "I suppose I could go to work."

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At the party Frank
appeared to have
eyes for no one but
pretty Mary Lou

"Would Steve approve?"

"Steve doesn't care, Nancy." She pushed back her hair. "But I didn't go to college like you. The only job I ever had was selling cosmetics. Door to door." She giggled. "I got by strictly on my looks."

You've probably noticed that a woman looking for a new house, like a man seeking a new thrill, usually finds it. Mary Lou found hers in a wooded suburb in West Burchfield, on the other side of the river. The kitchen was small, but there was a real dining-room and the bathrooms were elegant. The house was white, with a glazed brick facade and a shiny black front door. There was a lot of that white iron lace trim, a bit ornate for my taste, but the property was a bargain—the wife had run off with the gardener and

FIRST LOVE, THE SECOND TIME

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 77

her husband seemed determined to sacrifice it.

Mary Lou caressed the swan-shaped faucets in the guest lavatory. "Imagine leaving all this for a man! She must be out of her mind."

They bought the house. They bought a second car, too, a station wagon—they needed it now. I think her folks helped. At Christmas-time Mary Lou took a job as a saleswoman in the millinery department of a downtown store. She dropped out of afternoon bridge, Woman's Club, and volunteer work. She hired Georgella full time. I had to find a new cleaning woman. We continued to see the Leanders,

but not so often. By spring, Mary Lou and I were more apt to have a salad in a cafeteria on her lunch hour than dinner at home with our men. On Sundays she was up to her elbows in drip dry, and Steve had all that yard work. I don't wear hats, but whenever I was downtown I made a point of visiting the millinery department.

Mary Lou complained that her feet hurt, but she looked great and I thought she dressed better, you know, simpler. She made good money, too—salary plus commission—and something called p.m.'s (push money) paid for selling hard-to-move merchandise. She combed back her hair and wore a new hat

every day all day, selling them right off her head.

"I never wear the same one twice. How's that for variety?" Her eyes sparkled. "The boss says I have a hat face. Whatever that means."

It meant that, when the buyer left without notice the week before Easter, Mary Lou was sent upstairs. She told me at lunch—chilli and coffee in the employees' lounge—a little breathless because she had only 30 minutes. She was wearing a very becoming hat, a sort of crown of blue violets.

"You're a regular American success story," I said.

"But am I ready?" She kicked off her shoes, massaging her arches.

"You're pretty and you're bright. You can fake it."

She steadied the crown. "It's a leased department, Nancy. We order by number. I know what Burchfield women like. But sooner or later the firm expects me to shop the Eastern market."

"You'll love New York."

"I've been there before." I raised an eyebrow. "On our honeymoon," she said. She never had mentioned it. "We did all the tourist things."

Later that year, Russ came home with the news that the company had sent Mary Lou to a merchandising clinic in Chicago.

I looked surprised. "Wouldn't you think she'd have called me?" I asked, feeling a little hurt.

"She knew Steve would tell me."

"That job was to guarantee the house, but she seldom sees the house now. I can't remember when we've eaten in that dining-room."

He gave me his owl look. "Mary Lou likes what's new."

The next time I dropped in at the store she was buzzing around the hat bar, in one of those printed silk turbans from the French Room, a mirror in each hand, waiting on two customers at once. She hardly had time to talk, but she drew me behind a partition—she smelled heavenly—and we stood there whispering. I wasn't sure why. I asked her if they could come to dinner on Saturday night. She said no, she had too much to do. "Getting Belinda ready for camp. She goes in August."

"So does Cindy."

"I'll be making a buying trip." There were faint shadows under her eyes.

She promised to call me when she got back.

I canned peaches in August. It's a nuisance, but Russ likes them. The first year we were married I did it to impress him. Now I'm stuck with the job. It was easier with Cindy away—no interruptions, no skinned elbows to be kissed, no quarrels to arbitrate, no little lunch guests joggling the kitchen table. I had the jars filled by noon, and I set aside three of the prettiest for the Leanders.

MARY LOU telephoned me a few days later. "I'm back!" Her voice sounded high. She said New York was wonderful and exciting and she had a lot to tell me. "Can you come over next Sunday afternoon, Nancy? Alone?"

Alone. The word dropped like a shoe. "If I can get away." Russ has a thing about Sundays.

I waited until after church to mention it. Russ was treating me to Sunday brunch at the hotel. I eased through the revolving door ahead of him. "She wants to tell me about her trip."

He snorted—the way he does when my cheque book won't balance. "Did she tell you they're selling the house?"

I stumbled. "Selling it?" He nodded. I knew he had it from Steve. "Isn't that sudden?"

His mouth looked tight. "Ask your friend Mary Lou."

Your friend. It dropped, the other shoe.

"It's true," Mary Lou admitted. I had arrived early and found her in the bathroom, shampooing her hair. It was shorter than I remembered it. I sat on the side of the tub, watching her in the mirror. If she felt troubled, it didn't show. She looked young and resplendent, as carefree as a college roommate primping for a big date.

She turned off the swan faucet and swirled a pink Turkish towel into a turban around her head. "I don't care about the house, Nancy," she said to me. Our glances met in the mirror, once removed. "I'm leaving."

I sat there, blinking like a cautious light. "Leaving town?"

"Leaving Steve." My mouth fell open. She closed it gently, lifting my chin with her hand. She laid a wet forefinger on my lips. "I've met a man. The man, Nancy. And I'm going to marry him as soon as I can."

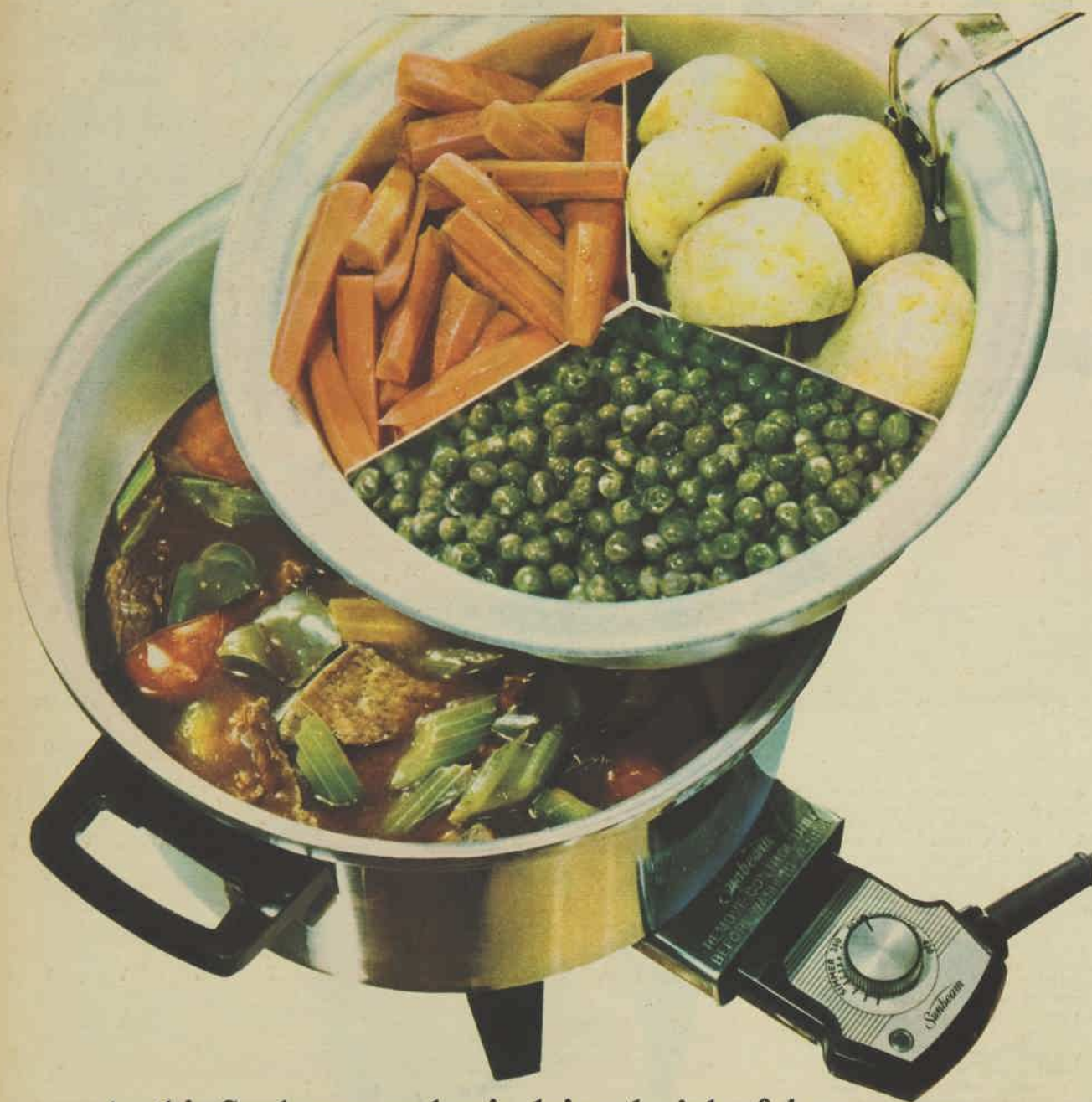
My face burned. "And Steve knows about this?"

"Yes." We went into the living room.

"He agrees?"

"What else could he do?" She

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As this Sunbeam cooker is doing the job of 4 saucepans (and 4 hotplates)...it *must* be saving money!

...a penny saved is a penny earned goes the old saying—Sunbeam's Deep Fry Cooker saves enough to pay for itself many times over. Think how much you save by doing a family-size meal (like in the picture) for less than the cost of using one saucepan on your gas or electric stove. Imagine the load it can take off your stove and oven when you have a very big dinner to prepare. With Sunbeam's Automatic Tem-

perature Control—you use no more heat (or power) than just the right amount needed (this is why it saves you so much money). And by using the correct temperatures for each different food (they're clearly shown in your own Sunbeam cook book) you get really marvellous results. Temperature Control removes for easy cleaning.

Deep-Fries, Boils, Bakes, Stews, Steams. Fish, Roast Beef, spag-

hetti, deep-fried chicken, rice, soups—even cakes, jams and puddings—you name it and this wonderful Sunbeam cooker can cook it. Big 8 pint capacity lets you cook for the whole family. Your Sunbeam comes equipped with deep fry basket (also used for draining food). Two optional low-cost extras, the rice and vegetable cooker and all purpose steamer basket, give your cooker even greater versatility.

Sunbeam
DEEP-FRY COOKER

POPULAR GIRL

By MARY KNOWLES



David looked with interest at Eloise, as if he were seeing her for the first time.

IT was the sound of Eloise Benchley's laugh that made David Tanner look up from his desk and stare, because, in the month since Eloise came to work for Amalgamated, he had never seen her even smile. She had gone quietly about her work, a small, neat girl.

But now she was reading a letter and laughing. David thought her laugh was like the tinkle of bells. Mr. Thatcher buzzed her then and, still laughing, she put the letter down and disappeared into the inner office.

It was quite by accident that David read parts of the letter. He was not a snooper. He was 25, intelligent, handsome. The watercooler was next to Eloise's desk and when he got a drink, the letter, in a very masculine handwriting, was facing up.

He had read, "My dearest, beautiful Eloise," before he realised he was reading someone else's mail and by then it was too late to stop, because he was intrigued. He had never thought of Eloise as beautiful. He read on:

"I have tried to get a date with you, but every time you are dated ahead. In desperation I am taking this rather unorthodox way of going about it. Please may I have a date for the dinner and the theatre and . . ."

The envelope covered the next few paragraphs. David stood there a bit stunned. Imagine a girl being so popular that . . . He read the line showing below the envelope — "your beautiful brown hair and violet eyes . . ."

The rest of the letter was on the next page, but he had read quite enough to interest him. He had always thought Eloise's hair was mouse-colored. Later he saw her sitting at her desk and the sun was shining on her hair.

He must have been blind to think it was mouse-colored. It was a glossy light brown with golden glints in it. He had a sudden desire to see if her eyes were violet, and at noon he hurried to catch up with her in the company cafeteria. "Miss Benchley!"

"Yes?"

"I was wondering — the concert —" he was stuttering like a schoolboy. "Would you go to the concert with me next Wednesday night?"

She smiled. "Not Wednesday," she laughed softly. "I have a date."

So that was when Masculine Handwriting wanted a date. Suddenly David hated the writer of the letter.

"Then how about next Saturday night? The company dance at the Starlight Gardens?"

"Why, I'd love to go." . . .

The Benchley home was in a good part of town. David walked up and

rather timidly rang the doorbell.

A man answered the door. He was tall and solid looking. He said: "Oh, you must be David Tanner. Come right in." He opened the door wide and Mark stepped in. He saw that the man was looking him over carefully, and David was relieved to see approval in his brown eyes. "I'm Eloise's father."

David liked him immediately. He was resigned to wait the usual 45 minutes for Eloise to be ready, but he had just sat down when he saw Mr. Benchley looking toward the stairs and there was such a proud look on his face that David rose to his feet . . .

At the dance she was light as thistle-down in his arms and then Bill Carlson cut in and Pete Reynolds grabbed her, and after that he was lucky to dance the last dance with her.

He took her to her door and she whispered: "It's been a perfect evening." Her lips brushed his cheek and then she was gone. He walked home in a daze.

After that he had a difficult time getting a date because she was suddenly the most popular girl in town, but his persistence triumphed and three months later they were engaged.

After he slipped the diamond on her finger, he had a moment of generosity. "I hope that man who wrote you the letter won't be too crushed," he said. "That man . . . letter . . . ?" she murmured.

"That letter you received at the office last April. You found it very amusing and you laughed. It seems crazy now, but it was your laughter that made me first notice you."

Eloise looked up at him. A letter she had received at the office last April? And then she smiled. Dear, charming dad, writing a letter pretending she was so besieged with dates that he had to write for a date, like an appointment.

"Perhaps you would rather not talk about it."

Eloise lowered her eyes demurely to hide their twinkle. Dad had been very wise, because he had written: "Some-man will notice your beautiful brown hair and your violet eyes and he will rush you, then the other men will realise what they have been overlooking and you will be the most popular girl in town."

"I would rather not talk about it," she murmured.

"He could never take my place — could he?"

"Oh, no!" She lifted her face to his. "He could never take your place, darling. Not in a million years."

(Copyright)



No beauty doth she miss,
When all her robes are on;
But beauty's self she is,
When all her robes are gone!

MADRIGAL . ANON

LUCAS
Vanity Fair

Style 71-18. Gently shaping bra in a wide size range, \$5.50. Style 41-61. Girdle, S,M,L, \$11. Both in light-as-air Lycra and lace. Subtle colours; here in soft Dawn Nude.

LUCY HP
Page 79



OUR TRANSFER
KITTEN motifs for each day of the week are from Embroidery Transfer No. 178. Order from our Needlework Dept., Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. Price: 15 cents, plus 4 cents extra for postage.

lifted her chin. "I'm in love. In love, Nancy. For the first time in my life. There's no alternative. I want a divorce."

I collapsed on the sofa. "You're out of your mind." I thought of the other woman who had run away from this house. "You're completely out of your mind!"

"I thought you'd understand. I thought you were the one person who had been around enough to know how things happen."

"But your job—"

"It isn't important." She began to towel her hair.

"And your folks—what will they say?"

"It's rotten for them, but I can't help it." She looked away, far away. "It's fate."

I felt nauseated. "What about Belinda?"

"We'll work it out. She'll be

FIRST LOVE, THE SECOND TIME

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 78

with me. Steve can see her any time. Frank understands. He wants us both." Her eyes asked me to marvel at Frank wanting them both.

I choked. "Could I have a brandy or something?"

She fixed two drinks and handed one to me. Her hair curled in a damp fringe around her face. "Nancy, let me tell you about Frank. I want you to know how it was."

I didn't want to hear it. I wanted to close my eyes, like Cindy, and make it go away. But Mary Lou was already launched:

"He isn't handsome. Frank isn't even tall. He's—I don't know—he pays attention. He doesn't treat you like part of the furniture. He's

forceful, Nancy. He never lets you forget he's a man. I met him on Friday, the second night in New York, at a company cocktail party at the hotel. I thought he was part of the brass—he was on a first-name basis with the executives—but it turned out he's assistant manager of the hotel.

"He was moving around the room, checking on things—including me, I discovered later. He brought me a fresh drink, a Gibson, and asked me to explain my hat. I said any hat that can be explained is unbecom-

"He asked me if I'd go with him to Staten Island. I told him I'd seen it, I understood it, I even quoted the inscription on the base."

"He laughed—his eyes crinkle when he laughs—and he warned me that nobody but nobody likes a smart-aleck milliner. He ticked off sight-seeing possibilities, but I'd seen them all. He suggested dinner. I lied and said I had plans. He said he'd change his if I'd change mine. I refused."

Mary Lou glanced up to make sure I registered that she had been hard to get. I didn't tell her it sounded like any ordinary cocktail encounter to me.

FRANK had seemed disappointed, she said. He wanted to show her his office, or, better yet, his suite. "I asked him if it was the penthouse. He said he was assistant manager. We chipped away at each other for a while. I asked if he gave his personal attention to all the women guests. He said, oh, yes, they came in droves. They collided in the halls. Some days he had to put on an extra elevator."

"He quoted the inscription over his bar: Occupancy of these premises by more than 150 females prohibited by law. I laughed and said nobody but nobody likes a smart-aleck hotel man. We settled down after that. I mentioned my room was next to the elevator. He promised to do what he could about a transfer."

"We sat down on a bench in a corner and he told me about the new chef, lost keys, a toy manufacturers' convention arriving tomorrow. Wear your chest protector, he warned, the elevator'll be full of rocket guns. He asked me if I would have lunch with him if he gave the tycoons the slip. Yes, I said, I'll bring my skate board."

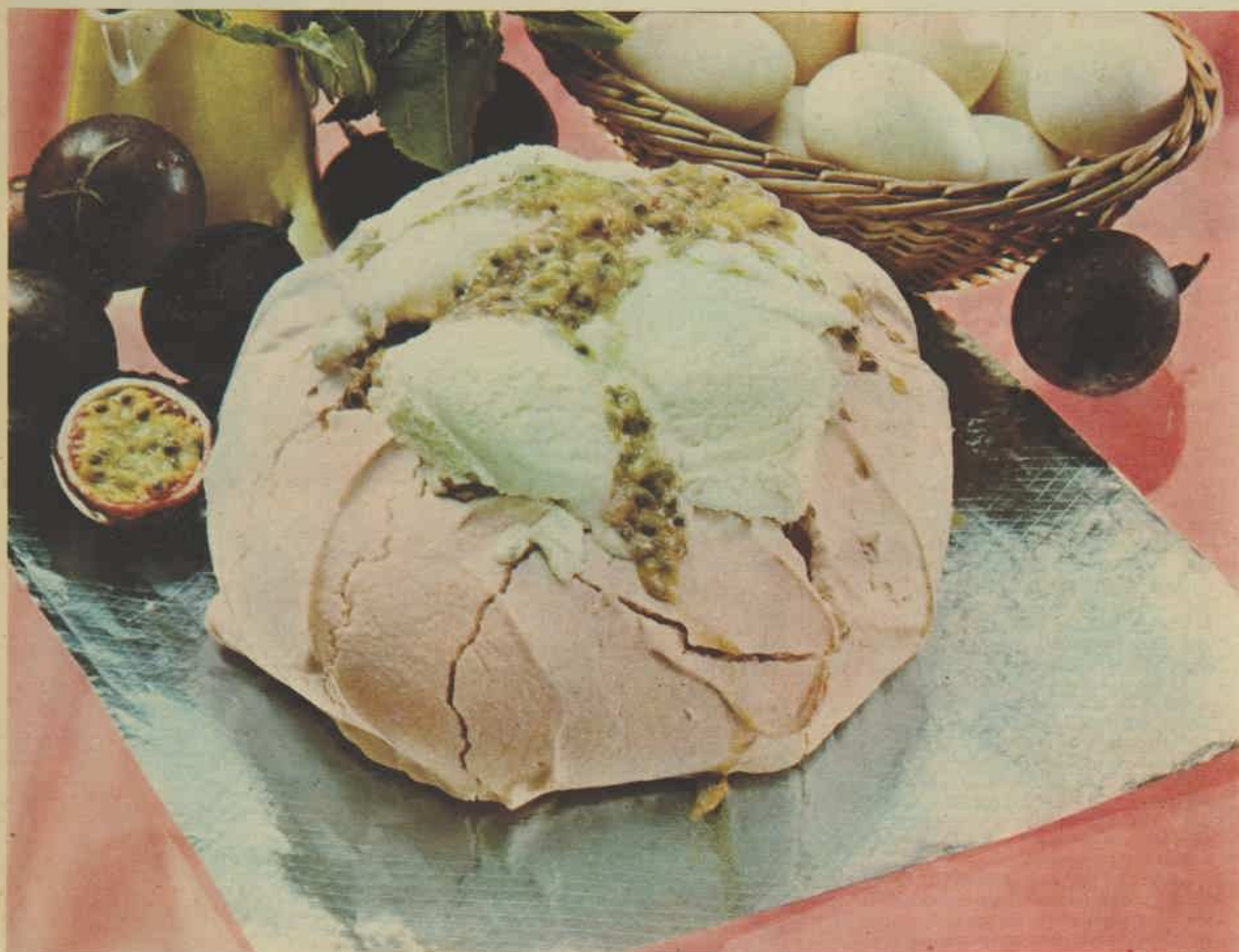
Her eyes were level across the top of her glass as she assured me, "That's all I thought it would amount to—lunch."

He took her to Pavillon. "I've never been so flattered, Nancy." Her eyes glowed. "It was fabulous—the snowy limes, the velvet service, the plush and the mirrors and the gilt—they trundle this shiny brass cart right up to your table—Frank says it's from the old Normandie." She passed her hand over her eyes. "We stayed for three hours. I kept thinking I'd wake up and find myself back in the employees' lounge with the chills and the coffee. I asked him if he was rich. He said no, just reckless."

She smiled, remembering. "I had a business appointment that afternoon—so did Frank—we met again at six for a cocktail at the Rainbow Room. He wanted to take me only to places I'd never been—places that would always be 'ours'. We sat by the window on the sixty-fifth floor gazing down into that winking, blinking, twinkling canyon of night lights. I said it was magic, he said it was cleaning women coming in with mop buckets. I insisted it was Christmas and New Year and the Fourth of July."

"He said starbursts were flaring inside him. I knew the feeling—red sunsets do it to me. And sailing ships, he said, and flying fish and rainbows. I told him I saw a double rainbow once. He said the Chinese believe rainbows have gender—the inner arch, male; the outer, female."

I listened to her, fascinated. She remembered every word Frank had spoken to her. It wasn't so much that she wanted me to hear it; she wanted to hear it herself. She



COOK PASSIONFRUIT PAVLOVA

Comalco Alfoil is the strongest foil there is. It's the cheapest foil you can buy because its "use-again" flexible strength gives you double service on every piece you pull from the roll. It's so much stronger, it handles easily, doesn't tear at a touch. *Only Comalco Alfoil has the durable strength to cope with every job you ask of it.* This is why it is Australia's favourite cooking foil. You can depend on Comalco Alfoil to cook, wrap, cover, cap more efficiently and effectively than any other brand of foil you can buy.

HOW TO MAKE AND BAKE

3 egg whites, 3/4 cup sugar, 1 tspn. vinegar, 1 dtspn. cornflour, 1/2 tspn. vanilla essence, 1 dtspn. extra castor sugar, Vanilla ice cream, 3/4 cup passionfruit pulp,

QUILTED brand COMALCO ALFOIL

Beat egg whites to stiff peaks. Beat in sugar slowly, then fold in vinegar, cornflour, vanilla. Place a sheet of Quilted foil over a biscuit tray. Spread half the meringue mixture to form a 7" or 8" circle. Spoon rest of meringue round edge of circle to form pie shell. Sprinkle with extra castor sugar. Bake slowly 1 1/2 to 1 3/4 hours, allow meringue to cool in oven with door open. Remove, peel foil from base. Put on serving plate, spoon ice cream into centre and passionfruit on top... Serve at once.

FREE Full-colour Cook Book. Send for "Cooking and Barbecuing with Comalco Alfoil" Booklet, to Comalco Alfoil, Box 2773Y, G.P.O., Melbourne, Vic.



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 12, 1966

DRESS SENSE

by Betty Keep

HERE is part of the reader's letter and my reply to it:

"I have been given 5½yds. of self-patterned white brocade in 44in. width and I want to make an evening ensemble. I know there is not sufficient material for a dress and coat, but perhaps a dress and some type of cape would be nice. I wondered if you would choose the outfit from your overseas couture patterns?"

A dress and cape would be very smart and I have illustrated the design below. The dress has a shaped, sleeveless bodice with an inset panel extending to a neat back tie at the waistline. The slim skirt is eased on to the bodice, which is raised slightly in front. The cape has a self-ruffle and fastens on the left shoulder. The ensemble is an original design by talented Italian designer Federico Forquet. Underneath the illustration are how-to-order details.

"Is it correct fashion to wear black patent sandals with summer clothes?"

Yes, but white patent buckled shoes are even newer.

"What is the right way to take my measurements for my correct fashion size?"

Wear your usual girdle or foundation garment. Measure your

waistline at the smallest part and measure your hips about 8in. below the normal waistline.

"I am 16 and have the problem of a rather large bosom. I like skinny tops with slacks, but they make me look very busty. Could you suggest an alternative idea? Also, what type of frocks would suit me best?"

A shirt worn outside your slacks would be good for your figure. Always wear a dress that is straight and shift-like and see it is not too fitted over the bosom.

"Is it permissible to wear pearl-and-diamond earrings with a formal bridal gown? The earrings are a gift from my husband-to-be."

It is perfectly correct to wear the earrings you describe with a formal wedding gown.

"Should gloves be the same shade as the ensemble they are worn with, or the same shade as handbag and shoes?"

Gloves don't have to match anything, but it is usual for them to look well with the dress or coat

they are worn with. My choice for spring and summer is beige or white.

"I am being married as a bride and I can't decide if I should have the gown made with or without a train."

Usually a girl has the opportunity to wear a dress with a train only once in a lifetime. My advice is to do so.

Now mornings are special...



New food discovery gives high protein nourishment, low calorie weight control...

The high protein breakfast cereal

There's a wonderful wealth of health and enjoyment concentrated into Special K... the new, high protein cereal from Kellogg's. Your body can't store vital protein — you need it every day. Special K gives you high quality protein plus a wholesome balance of health-giving vitamins and minerals. Light, crisp, crunchy, ready-to-eat with a specially delicious taste, Special K is the ideal cereal for modern active men and women. Enjoy Kellogg's Special K every morning.

For weight watchers too... Special K offers a welcome change. Unlike dreary 'diets' which often fail because they're just plain dull... Special K keeps calories down yet adds enjoyment... as the mainstay of the Special K Low Calorie Breakfast. And you'll go right on enjoying it day after day. Get the protein lift you need with a "way down" calorie count. Start now on this pleasant, sensible weight control breakfast. Look for the packet with the big red K on the front and the good rich protein inside.

Build your day on Special K

SPECIAL K LOW CALORIE BREAKFAST

4 ounces of orange or tomato juice — or half a medium size grapefruit.

1 serving Special K with 1 teaspoon sugar.

4 ounces milk. Black coffee or tea (Only 260 calories).

Kellogg's **SPECIAL K**

*Registered Trade Marks

1552.—Evening dress and matching cape in sizes 10, 12, 14, and 16 for 31, 32, 34, and 36in. bust. 1552 Vogue couturier design by Federico Forquet. Price \$3.35 includes postage. Pattern is available from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. No C.O.D. orders.

The AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—October 12, 1966

Page 81

TO REDUCE THE HIGH COST OF SLIMMING USE FAULDING SACCHARIN TABLETS

200-TABLET SLIMPACK DISPENSER OR HANDY PURSE-SIZE BOTTLE
ONLY 25 CENTS
 ALSO IN BOTTLES OF 500 AND 1000 TABLETS

Now "DEEP HEAT" treatment warms away rheumatism

Since the earliest days of medicine, warmth has played a major role in treatment of rheumatism, lumbago and fibrositis. Even before these afflictions got their names, people knew warmth was the most effective treatment for a stiff neck, an aching back, strains, sprains, or any other muscular ache or pain.

Deep down penetrating warmth is the secret of Mentholatum DEEP HEAT rub. DEEP HEAT contains one of the most powerful warming agents ever discovered. Rubbed gently into your skin over the painful area, DEEP

HEAT rub goes right down through the pores, and spreads its glowing warmth beneath the skin, freeing those painlocked muscles and restoring your blood circulation to normal. Just seconds after you replace the cap on your tube of DEEP HEAT rub, you feel it working, warming as the pain begins to melt away. Always keep a tube of non-greasy, non-staining DEEP HEAT rub on hand to treat those sudden attacks of shooting muscular pain. Standard tubes only 80 cents, new large size \$1.55 from Chemists everywhere.



LAE

(Based on a true life story)

Hated Homework yesterday Finished fast today!

Yesterday Peter said: "I hate homework." But today Peter says: "... finished homework mum, can I work on my bike now?" "Glad I remembered Laxettes", says Peter's mother. Today he's like a new boy. Children's upsets are often due to constipation. Laxettes help restore regularity overnight. Each milk chocolate square contains an exact dose of safe, gentle laxative. 3/6 (35 cents).

don't suffer tired aching feet

WALK AND PLAY IN COMFORT

Wash away callus, rough skin, corns. A few rubs with Heros, soap and water, and they're gone. Fast, easy, safe. Try it. 79c all chemists.



chirophy sponge

gazed out the window at the shadows lengthening on the Leander lawn.

"Up to that minute, Nancy, we had talked constantly, like background music. All of a sudden we lost the melody. We sat staring at each other in silence. After a while we took a cab back to the hotel, where I found my things had been moved into a suite. Frank looked smug. You wouldn't come to see me, he said, so I fixed it so I can see you.

"I blushed and argued, but he shushed me. 'Don't get nervous, Ohio.' He said he wasn't trying to make love to me. 'I stopped thinking about tonight and started planning a lifetime.' I stared at him. He came close. 'I'll change my plans,' he said, 'if you'll change yours'."

MARY LOU'S voice trailed off. Her eyes misted. I knew she was omitting something. I could imagine what. "He said it began with that first Gibson — and me trying to act sophisticated — unable to hide what he called the awe and wonder in my face." She tucked her feet under her. "He had to check on the toymakers' banquet. He told me he'd be right back."

Frank left. She paced around the suite alone. She gazed at her clothes hanging in the cupboard, her toilet articles resting on the bathroom shelf, the bed turned down. Her eyes burned. She lay down on the bed, fully dressed, telling herself that this whole thing was mad, wrong, nutty, impossible. She tried to think. Her heart was pounding. She knew she would be unable to think when he was there again.

She got up, changed her shoes, and left the hotel. "I went into Schrafft's," she said. "I sat at the counter and ordered a sandwich. When it came I couldn't eat it. I slumped on the stool watching a pale girl reflected in the mirror. I wondered what was worrying her. It was a long time before I realised I was looking at myself."

"I left. I walked around the block. People shoved past me. I was afraid alone on the street. I went into a movie theatre. A double feature. I

FIRST LOVE, THE SECOND TIME

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 80

sat through the pictures. I couldn't tell you who was in either one. I came out after midnight. I noticed an all-night beauty shop. I went in and asked for the works." She fingered her haircut. "It was three o'clock when I got back to the hotel. There was a pink rose on my pillow."

Frank showed up the next morning with the breakfast traymobile, set for two. She said he dismissed the waiter. "I was nervous. My hands shook. He was completely at ease. He didn't ask where I went or what I did last night. He didn't ask any questions at all. I looked terrible — that old blue travel robe, my hair wild, circles under my eyes. I went into the bathroom and combed my hair. I told him I'd had it restyled. He said he liked it better the other way. I told him he sounded like a husband."

"He gave me a long look. I shivered. I said I was cold. He lit the electric logs. They gave off light but no warmth. Like some marriages. We sat down to eat. He served. Fresh strawberries. Eggs Benedict. Coffee. I began to feel better. He had brought the morning papers. We sat around with our feet up, reading, loafing, as if we had all the time in the world. I looked at him across the top of the newspaper. I read his horoscope aloud. It said this was a romantic day for him. He said you can't believe anything you read in the papers."

"Suddenly we were talking again. I wanted to know all about him — what kind of a little boy he was, who was his first girl. His eyes crinkled. He said she was the girl next door — he loved her madly, he said. He gave her his pen-knife, which she cherishes to this day, crying softly as she whittles. I started to laugh then — but I found myself crying. Frank covered my hand. We're going to be all right, he promised — we'll always be all right. I had three days left in New York. He asked me to give him those days."

Mary Lou halted her story there. Her face was luminous in the dusk. We sat in silence in her living-room until she stood up to turn on a lamp. I know it was a

trick of the light, but for a moment the room was full of rainbows.

I backed the car out of the Leander driveway for what was to be the last time. I crossed the silent river and headed for home. I kept thinking of all the things I should have said: profound and practical things about the heady combination of a new job, a new town, a new man — realistic things about the way cocktails and starbursts subside in the temperate air of marriage, moralistic things about discipline, duty, and all that. What was it that had kept me silent?

It was her face, her luminous face, the awe and wonder in her face. As I turned into the narrow street where we live, a twinge of envy — yes, envy — stirred inside me. Knowing it's cleaning women with mop buckets doesn't alter the beauty of the view.

Russ came out on the porch to meet me. He looked uneasy. I knew he wouldn't want me to see her again. He handed me out of the car and into the house as if I held the winning ticket. Come to think of it, I do. Not that I could ever do what Mary Lou did. I couldn't!

Or could I?
 I leaned against him. "Hold on to me, Russ. Hold on to me."

(Copyright)

the best and prettiest fluorescent lights



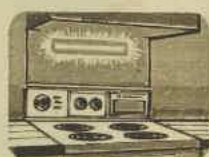
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BUTTERICK PATTERNS



3704. — High-waisted, short-sleeved, semi-fitted lined dress with low-scooped neckline, slightly gathered skirt front, tab detail, button trim, low in-the-seam side pockets. Pattern also provides long skirt for dress. Bust sizes: Jun. 30½, 31½, 33in. Misses 31, 32, 34, 36in. Price 75 cents includes postage.

3460. — Extra quick-'n-easy semi-fitted, slightly A-line dress with elbow-length sleeves, ruffle at neck and sleeves. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Price 65 cents includes postage.

4106. — New two-button semi-fitted cut-away jacket with notched collar, three-quarter-length sleeves, and flap trim. A-line darted skirt, semi-fitted overblouse. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Price 70 cents includes postage.

3904. — Sleeveless, high-waisted dress with contrast bias skirt and ruffle trim. Sizes 7 to 14 (25, 26, 28, 30, 32in. chest). Price 50 cents includes postage.

3910. — Sleeveless A-line shift dress with V neckline, braid trim. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Price 65 cents includes postage.

3636. — Long-sleeved, high-waisted dress with inset band below bustline, contrast inset and sleeve bands. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36in. bust. Price 65 cents includes postage.



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| | | |
|---------------|--------------|------------|
| NAME _____ | DESIGN _____ | SIZE _____ |
| ADDRESS _____ | | |

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 12, 1966

MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

AT the crooks' hideout, Skinny is being questioned by the thugs, who threaten his family's safety. Meanwhile, at Intel, Jed picks up the danger signal from Skinny's special ring. NOW READ ON...



THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- Clubmen for ceremonial occasions (4-7).
- Famous old London theatre in the heart of Philadelphia (7).
- A Moslem princess (5).
- Come in (5).
- Rise and fall of sound (7).
- Wild rose bushes (6).
- Ecclesiastical residences (6).
- An orange-red dye-stuff to go as a city in Illinois, U.S.A. (7).
- Eat with it, play golf with it, or make love sentimentally (5).
- Expel with complete victory (5).
- This touches without intersecting (7).
- A handicraftsman, not necessarily wiry (11).



Solution of last week's crossword.

DOWN

- Thoroughly skilled and can be taped (5).
- Napoleon was one such (7).
- Show clearly (6).
- Fanatical, but gives an offer at the end (5).
- Greer St. (anagr., 7).
- Such books are supported by the Press? (5-6).
- Assume the character of a mate in ropes (11).
- I twice in Latin is the beginning (7).
- Poison associated with old lace (7).
- Waver and become a furred, aquatic, fish-eating mammal when headless (6).
- Room in top storey of house (5).
- A rope (anagr., 5).

Solution will be published next week.

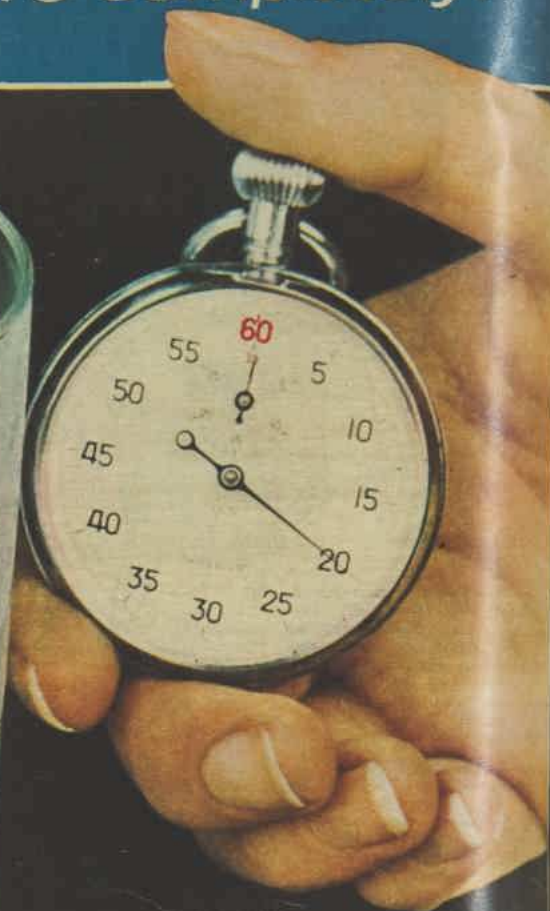
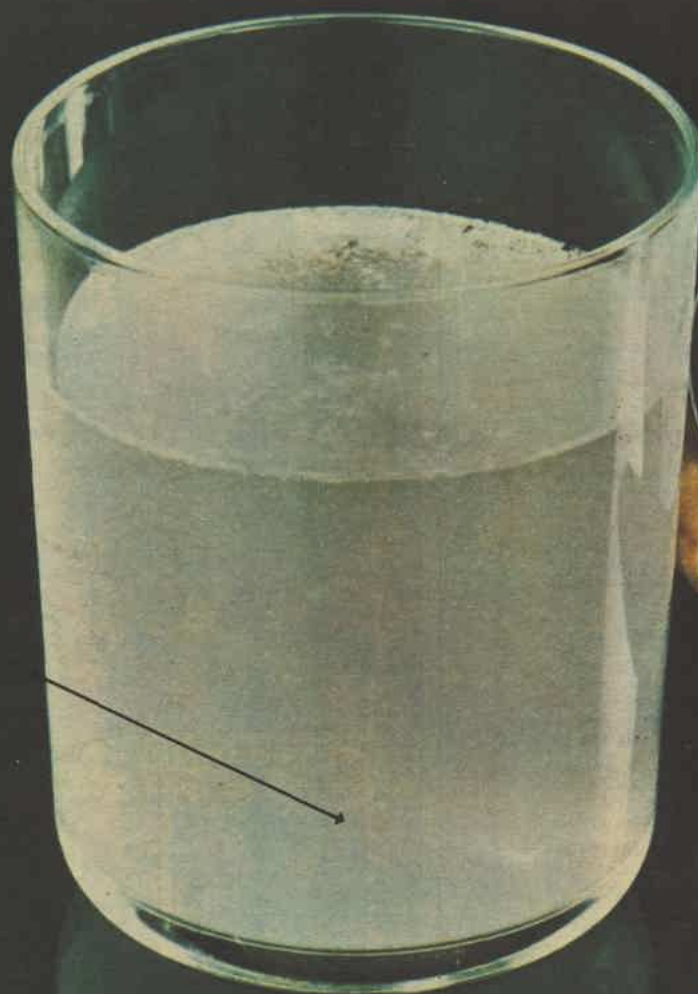
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SUN FUN FASHIONS



paraded at leading stores

4023.—Sun dress (above) has short, curved hem with self-ruffle trim. Butterick pattern 4023, sizes 10, 12, 14, 16. Price 60c includes postage.

BELOW: 3552.—One-piece jump-suit, front-zippered. Butterick pattern 3552, sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, 18. Price 70c includes postage.

Presented by
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY
in conjunction with

- Fortuna Fabrics Pty. Ltd.
- Butterick Patterns
- Bond's-Wear Pty. Ltd.
- Helena Rubinstein Pty. Ltd.
- Vilene

This eight-page fashion supplement presents a collection of gay, eye-catching sun fun clothes, designed by Butterick Patterns and made in Fortuna cotton fabrics. The fabrics feature the brilliant new colors of the summer season. The patterns are available from Pattern Service, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W., also in leading stores throughout Australia and New Zealand.



PARADE DATES

- Fashions in this supplement will be paraded at:
- Sydney: Six Grace Bros. Stores, Oct. 5-14
- Melbourne: Waltons, Oct. 24-28
- Perth: Boans, Oct. 24-28
- Hobart: Fitzgerald's, Oct. 31-Nov. 4
- Adelaide: John Martins, Oct. 31-Nov. 4
- Brisbane: McDonnell & East, Oct. 17-21.



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useful cloth in the world, it
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everywhere. Like said —
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A Butterick pattern will help you make the most of Fortuna Fashion Fabrics.

3985. — Empire-line ankle-length dress (right). The sleeveless bodice has a contrasting bind and button trim. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16. Butterick pattern 3985, 70c includes postage.



3982. — Sleeveless blouse and ankle-length pants (right). Contrasting bands trim cut-away shoulder-line and pants. Sizes 10, 12, 14, and 16. Butterick pattern 3982, price 65c includes postage.



3943. — Short-sleeved A-line shift has two-colored bias trim at V-shaped neckline and at short hem. Sizes 10, 12, 14, and 16. Butterick pattern 3943, price 65c includes postage.

4011. — Ankle-length holiday dress (above) has three-quarter-length sleeves with roll trim to match collar. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, 18. Butterick pattern 4011, 60c includes postage.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

**PRINTS ARE IN THE
NEWS FOR SUMMER**



3899. — Above-knee-length ruffled pants (above). Pattern also includes shorts and bell-bottom slacks. Sizes 24, 25, 26, 28, and 30in. waist. Butterick pattern 3899, price 50c includes postage. Top is given in pattern 3983 (at far right).

4106.—Suit and overblouse. Semi-fitted jacket has notched collar and three-quarter-length sleeves. The A-line skirt is darted. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18. Butterick pattern 4106, 70c includes postage.



3983.—Halter top and bell-bottom hipster pants (above). The top is back-tied, the pants have a neat waistline band. Sizes 10, 12, 14, and 16. Butterick pattern 3983, 65c includes postage.



Fashion Flips Over

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY



3820.—Chic, casual, one-piece shirt dress (above) has a shaped yoke, button-front opening, and stitch trim. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18. Butterick pattern 3820, price 65c includes postage.



DAYTIME COOLERS WITH NEW DASH



3871.—Cool one-piece dress (left) has shaped, sleeveless bodice with a bow-and-button trim. The skirt is flared. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18. Butterick pattern 3871, 65c includes postage.

3906.—Co-ordinated separates (above) include open collarless jacket, A-line skirt, and sleeveless semi-fit blouse. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18. Butterick pattern 3906, 70c includes postage.

Pictures in this supplement were taken by staff photographer Keith Barlow.



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 the sleek
 the cool
 the smooth
 the starkly simple
 the comfortable
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

The Australian **WOMEN'S WEEKLY** presents . . .

YOGA

FOR THE FAMILY

BY ROMA BLAIR

A WORD ABOUT YOGA

THESE yoga exercises are demonstrated by pupils aged from four to 77, including a young woman who was eight months pregnant and still continuing weekly classes. Yoga, properly and sensibly done, can benefit everyone who practises it regularly. The poses have been devised over thousands of years, in such a way that they exercise and stimulate your whole body, giving you new energy and strength and improving your appearance. Correct breathing is most important and you should follow the techniques given with each exercise to learn to breath fully and deeply as nature intended. Do not strain to go into any pose; just take it as far as you can. Each time it will be a little easier and eventually you will perfect them all. The exercises should be done on an empty stomach, or no less than an hour after a light meal. After completing each pose relax in the Savasana, or resting pose. There is no time factor — perfection of a pose does not mean that you drop it and pass on to another. If possible, each pose should be done each day for a lifetime of benefit. Although this book is divided into sections to show that yoga can benefit every member of the family, it does not mean that children should not attempt the poses demonstrated by the older people, or vice versa. The only caution is that students beginning yoga should consult their doctor, because some ailments rule out certain exercises. For example, people with high blood pressure should not do poses which bring blood to the face.



ROMA BLAIR'S yoga master, Gura Swami Yogeswarananda. He will visit Australia next year.



ROMA BLAIR (Mother Nirmala is her yoga name) and student Michelle Davis, four, daughter of one of her teachers.

ROMA BLAIR was born in N.S.W. and started modelling at 12. After an early marriage she moved to Java, where she was interned in a prisoner of war camp for three and a half years. Her son was born in the camp — and she was out working the fields two days later! She first became interested in yoga when she watched another prisoner practising the poses daily. After the war she moved to South Africa, where she became a leading model and took up the study of yoga, becoming the disciple of Gura Swami Yogeswarananda. Yoga gave her back her good health, and the P.O.W. camp became something of the past. Now a grandmother, she has branches of the Roma Blair Yoga Club in South Africa and all over Australia, where she has been teaching for the past 11 years.

An early start to yoga



■ Modern children often obtain very little exercise and quickly lose their natural suppleness. Yoga helps them retain their youthful muscle tone, energy, and general health, and they delight in mastering the poses.

◀ CHEST BREATHING

STAND with your feet together. Put your hands across your chest so that the index fingers touch as in picture 1. Inhale deeply. Your chest will expand, pulling your fingers apart as in picture 2. Exhale and your fingers will touch again. Repeat. EFFECTS of this exercise, practised three to five minutes each day, are strengthening of the chest and lungs, and it is of great benefit to bronchial asthma sufferers.

Posed by Anne Fatouris, aged six.



POSE OF THE HARE

KNEEL on the floor with feet together as in picture 1. Bend forward until the crown of the head rests on the floor. Keep back well raised and place hands on ankles. Hold pose as long as comfortable. This pose should not be attempted by persons with high or low blood pressure. EFFECTS are to bring blood supply to the face and head, and the pose is a simple substitute for the headstand.

Posed by Grant Whitney, aged 13.



SLIDING LOTUS BALANCE

1. SIT in Lotus Pose. 2. Lean forward and place head on the floor. Now place hands inside knees, palms facing the floor. 3. Place knees on hands and begin to slide toward the shoulders. 4. Lift lower

body and legs into the full pose. Breathe freely during the pose. EFFECTS are to exercise the vertebrae and their ligaments and benefits are similar to those of the headstand.

Posed by Alana Peters, 12.



SWING POSTURE

ASSUME prone-lying position with the arms extended forward as in picture 1. Inhale, raise the head, trunk, and the extended arms and legs, as high as you can without any jerk, supporting the body mainly on the lower abdomen. Maintain the final attitude for a few seconds. Exhale, then relax in prone-lying position. Repeat. EFFECTS are to strengthen muscles of the lower back, abdomen, and thighs. All the pelvic organs are invigorated and aches of the lower back are relieved.

Posed by Alan Lipman, aged nine.



◀ BRIDGE POSE

LIE on the floor with knees bent and heels touching buttocks. Feet must be flat on the floor. Place palms of hands near shoulders and arch lower part of the body up from the floor as in position 1. Continue to gently arch and raise the body until entire weight rests on hands and feet, with hands pointing toward the feet as in position 2. EFFECTS are to stretch and tone muscles of the legs, hips, shoulders, and arms. The spine is benefited by the bending and stretching.

Posed by Anne Fatouris, six.



HEAD TO TOE

STAND with the legs as far apart as possible. Fold your hands behind your back as in position 1. Bend toward the right foot until the nose comes in contact with the foot as in position 2. Return to position 1. While resting, inhale and exhale. EFFECTS are to stretch the thigh and calf muscles.

Posed by Michelle Davis, aged four.





THE SPINAL TWIST

SIT on the floor, placing right heel under left thigh, and stand the left foot over the right knee. Sit with spine erect, breathing evenly as the first boy on the right. Now place the left hand behind back and grasp left ankle with right hand. Slowly begin twisting toward the left as the second boy on the right is doing. Breathing evenly, continue to twist as far as possible, keeping chin high (third boy). The boy on the left, as a variation of this pose, has his right arm under the left knee, clasping his hands at back.

Slowly twist to the left and return to the front. Release posture and repeat on other side. EFFECTS of this particularly relaxing exercise are to expand the lungs and make them flexible, and to stimulate the liver, spleen, and kidneys. The anchoring of the pelvic region provides a pull far more effective than that from undisciplined hip-swinging. Both the upper and lower vertebrae are flexed.

Posed by, from left, David Fatouris, eight, Alan Lipman, nine, Michael Fatouris, 10, and Michael Lipman, five.



SITTING POSTURES FOR MEDITATION

ANKLE Lock (Swastikasana) is shown by the girl at left, and this is worth mastering for its own sake. In this modified Lotus position the ankles and legs do not tire as easily. The right leg is bent and the foot crossed over with the heel pulled in against the left groin. Feet are not pulled back as high as in Full Lotus. The girl second from left shows the Knee Stretch (Bhadrasana). In sitting position press soles of feet firmly together and gently push knees down toward the floor with elbows and hands as shown. This prepares you for the Full Lotus (Padmasana). The boy is doing a Full Lotus Lift. Bend left leg and place foot on the right thigh. Drawing left ankle in toward groin, fold right leg and cross it over on to other thigh. Soles should turn

upward with knees remaining on the floor. This is the Full Lotus. For Lotus Lift, hands go to the side and lift you up, leaning slightly forward. The girl on the far right is in the Perfect Pose (Siddhasana). In sitting position, heel of one foot rests on top of the other heel in such a way that it fits comfortably. Knees should try to touch the floor. Keep back straight but without rigidity, as the pose itself ensures erectness of the spine. Hands should be placed over the knees with thumb and forefinger rounded. EFFECTS are worth the extra effort required to master these poses, both from the physical and meditative aspects.

Posed by, from left, Michelle Davis, four, Anne Fatouris, six, David Lipman, eight, and Alana Peters, 12.



THE POSE OF THE PEACOCK

FIRST position is shown on the right. Hands flat on the floor with fingers pointing to the side, keep elbows firmly together so as not to exert undue pressure on ribs and to help balance. Press elbows back into the stomach, just below the navel, hunching shoulders over arms to

keep the centre of balance as low as possible. In position 2 the forearms support the body as it is raised. Balance for five seconds. EFFECTS are to strengthen the abdominal muscles, improve digestion.

Posed by Roderick Bowen, 10 (left), and Grant Whitney, 13.



1



2



3

TREE HEADSTAND

1. PLACE your head on the floor, arms to the side, with the palms of hands turned out. Knees are bent. 2. Now get up on the toes and straighten legs. The back is at all times perfectly straight and only the legs move up, rotating from the hips. While the first stage puts demands on the shoulders and arms the second requires suppleness of the hips. 3. Unbend legs once you are up. Body should be solidly upright without swaying or bending. Check alignment of spine, which should be as straight as a plumb-line. If the back is crooked, nature will correct it so that it ultimately becomes effortlessly vertical. Three minutes will be ample. EFFECTS are numerous. It improves circulation in all parts of the body, especially the brain. It strengthens back and shoulders, putting the vertebral column into correct alignment. It co-ordinates the nervous system and teaches balance, and relieves pressure on the lower back and vital organs.

Posed by David Lipman, eight.



TORTOISE POSE

KEEP the legs apart and knees bent upwards. Bend the body forward and put the arms as far under the thighs as possible. Keep the hands firmly on the floor. Inhale and bring the head over to the floor (not shown). Exhale and return to the first position. Rest before repeating. EFFECTS are to bring maximum flexibility to the lumbar region and the ligaments, and to massage the back muscles.

Posed by Michelle Davis, four.

Teens to twenties

■ Yoga can help you achieve good posture and graceful movements — both so often lacking in today's young people. It contributes toward suppleness, a lovely figure, and clear, glowing skin, all of which will help give poise and confidence to a young person.



SAVASANA, THE SLEEPING POSE

KNOWN as the sleeping pose, this can help you achieve complete relaxation. Constant mental tension is more tiring than physical exertion. Lie down flat and relax each and every muscle. Breathe slowly and rhythmically and concentrate on this breathing. Slowly your mind will become calm and you will feel a kind of floating sensation as if you were as light

as a feather. Relax like this before commencing the other exercises, whenever you feel the need, and once after you are finished. Inhale, not only with the lungs, but with all the limbs. Visualise the life-giving energies (Prana) being drawn in through all the limbs, moving through the whole system with revitalising power.

Posed by Kim Haverfield, aged 17.



COBRA POSE

LIE face down with all the muscles completely relaxed as shown in picture 1. Have your hands in line with your eyes. Inhale as you slowly move your head around and lift slightly with your arms and push your head in toward the chest. Exhale. Then slowly straighten your arms and stretch the head up and back as far as you can as in picture 2. Do not jerk the body. Now inhale and exhale as you slowly return to the first position. EFFECTS are to relieve pain in the lower back. The vertebrae are exercised and it is a powerful tonic for the whole body.

Posed by Kim Haverfield, 17.



THE LEG SPLIT POSTURE

STAND with the right leg forward, and with the weight on the toe of your left foot. Hands are resting lightly on the thighs. Inhale and slowly bend your right knee, going forward as far as possible as in position 1. Keep the left leg straight. Exhale and let the leg touch the floor and press both hands into the floor just in

front of your right foot. Now raise the hands above the head as in position 2, and slowly pull the spine backward until the hands, spine, and legs have the appearance of a semicircle. EFFECTS are to exercise the vertebrae, spinal ligaments, and nerves.

Posed by Robin Hughes, aged 19.



BEND AND STRETCH

KNEEL on the left knee with the right leg forward, right foot flat on the floor, and your arms straight down your sides. The weight is on the left knee. Inhale. Now slowly stretch forward, as shown in the picture. Keep the spine straight and try to touch the floor with your fingers, moving the weight on to the right foot. Return to original position and exhale. EFFECTS are to reduce hips, tone thigh muscles, and to benefit entire bone structure.

Posed by Terry Burk, 21.



EAGLE POSE

BEND the body and place left elbow into the bend of the right elbow. Both knees are also bent. Now lift left leg and swing it across, wrapping left ankle around the right leg as shown in the picture. Keep the arms entwined. Hold briefly, inhale and exhale, and then slowly return to standing position. EFFECTS are to tone leg and thigh muscles, bring flexibility to lumbar region, develop balance and nerve co-ordination.

Posed by Terry Burk, 21.

SHOULDERSTAND POSES

FOR the Third Eye Pose (position 1) lie on the floor and slowly bring the legs straight up and over, supporting the body at the hips with the hands. Elbows are firmly on the floor. Gently drop the left knee on to the forehead and rest the right knee on the left foot. A variation is to bring both knees to the forehead and place hands behind the back in prayer (position 2). Another is to support the body by balancing with both hands holding legs (position 3). EFFECTS of this, one of

the most important postures in yoga benefit the whole body, and it should be practised daily. It improves circulation and general metabolism. People who suffer from varicose veins, haemorrhoids, and children and women of all ages are specially benefited. It tones the nervous and glandular system, stretches the muscles and the spine, reduces excess fat, and rejuvenates the entire body.

Posed by Kim Haverfield, 17.



PRANAYAMA

SIT in any cross-legged pose, keeping spine erect. Place the right index finger on the centre of the forehead, between the eyebrows. Holding the right nostril closed with the right thumb, inhale with the left nostril to a count of four pulse beats. Retain the breath to a count of 16 pulse beats, then release the right nostril and place the middle finger on the left nostril and exhale through the right nostril to a count of eight pulse beats. The fingers remain in position. After inhaling through the right nostril for four beats, retain the breath for 16 beats and exhale through the left nostril for eight beats. Repeat each round three times, increasing once per week until 21 rounds are reached. EFFECTS are to increase mental alertness, and the immediate benefit is to calm and relax you.

Posed by Robin Hughes, 19.

Youth at any age

■ Men and women of any age should, and can, be as proud of their bodies as teenagers. Yoga is a wonderful way to get the exercise and relaxation needed at the beginning and end of a tiring day. If yoga is practised diligently your age in years begins to have no meaning. You are as young as yoga makes you feel — and look.



THE BOAT POSE

ASSUME lying position with arms clasped behind the back. Inhale and raise the head, trunk, and legs as high as possible without jerking. Exhale and return to original position. Repeat four times. EFFECTS are to tone the spine muscles.

Posed by Mr. Jack Smith, aged 44.



THE TALASANA MOVEMENTS

STAND firm and erect, like a mountain. Now (1), put the feet apart and, as you inhale, bring the right arm up, keeping it close to the head. Hold for the count of four, then push the arm backwards in a stretch and return to the side of thigh. Repeat (2) the same movement with the left arm. Then (3) inhale, stretching up on both toes, arms above the head and close to ears. Count four, exhale. Relax arms to the side. Inhale (4), and go up on your toes again—this time touching the

hands in the mountain pose. Exhale, and relax down. Inhale again (5), and bend forward crossing the arms. Then go up on your toes and put your arms up and out in a Y shape. Exhale and return hands to the side. EFFECTS are to teach you to stand properly, with body weight evenly on both legs. It also tones the muscles of the hips, abdomen, chest, and legs. Practise Talasana each day.

Posed by Mrs. Shirley Bloomfield, 31, who has three children.



THE YONI MUDRA

SIT in meditative pose as shown in picture 1. Now raise the elbows level with the shoulders and close the ears with the thumbs, and the eyes with the forefingers (picture 2). The middle fingers should be on either side of the bridge of the nose, leaving nostrils open. Press upper lip shut with the ring fingers and lower lip shut with the little fingers. Breathe slowly and evenly, concentrating the mind on images or colors. Hold the pose for at least five minutes to begin with and gradu-

ally work up to 15 minutes a day. EFFECTS are to rejuvenate the nervous system and it is said to sharpen the powers of perception, brought about by the conservation of energy which is normally used by the senses of hearing, sight, taste, smell. The action of Yoni Mudra is to rest these senses. It also calms the mind by closing out distractions and pressing on specific nerves.

Posed by Mrs. Marika Scolink, who is 26 and has three children.



THE MOON POSE

ASSUME standing position with the legs apart and arms in line with the shoulders as in picture 1. Inhale, and bend from the hips to the right until you feel the right hand touch the leg, to a count of five. Exhale, and bend the left arm at the elbow and touch your brow as in picture 2. Slowly return to position 1. Repeat other side. EFFECTS are to develop flexibility of the hip joint.

Posed by Mrs. Constance Farquharson, mother of eight and a grandmother.



◆ SPINE POSTURE

LIE down and hold arms above head as in the rear position. Inhale as you rise up as far as you can. A variation is the front position, where the arms are clasped about the head. Rise up again as far as you can, hold, and then exhale as you come down. The movements should be continuous and without jerking. The head remains between the arms, and the legs should not lift off the floor. EFFECTS are to give an opposite stretch to the neck to that achieved in the shoulderstands, and this exercise should follow the shoulderstand.

Posed by Terry Burk (front) and Mr. Jack Smith.

ONE LEG STAND

BEFORE you attain the position above, assume standing prayer position, balanced on one leg with the sole of the left foot pressed against the calf of your right leg, hands in prayer. Then bend down and lift foot high on to the thigh of the right leg as shown. Breathe deeply and steadily. Repeat on opposite side. EFFECTS are to relax the muscles and nerves of the legs and develop control. It also has a tranquillising effect.

Posed by Constance Farquharson.



Expectant mothers

■ All yoga breathing exercises are most important for expectant women, and every yoga pose can be practised during pregnancy as long as discretion is used and your movements are mild. Avoid pressure on the abdomen, and concentrate on the poses designed for flexibility.



1



2

THE FROG POSE

SQUAT as in position 1, with hands inside the knees. Knees are as far out as possible. Inhale, and start to come up slowly. Stretch up on to the toes, with hands resting on outside of thighs. Exhale and return to position 1. EFFECTS are to create flexibility in the pelvic area and the exercise is particularly important for pregnant women.

All exercises in this section were posed by Mrs. Diane Beal, aged 23.



FORWARD BEND

SIT with the left leg out and right leg tucked back as shown in picture 1. Hands rest on left knee. Now inhale, and raise arms above head without using force. Exhale and try to stretch over and reach for the ankle as in picture 2. Very slowly return to the first position. EFFECTS are to stretch the whole spinal region in such a way that there is not undue pressure. Try to relax while stretching.

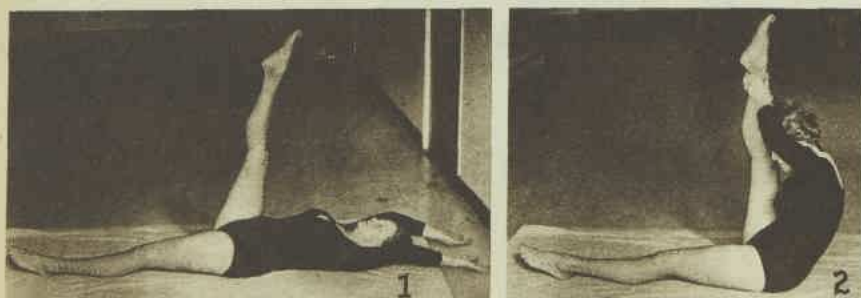


THE HALF MOON

ASSUME standing position with the legs far apart, arms in line with shoulders as in position 1. Turn arms and body slowly to the left, and turn your left foot out. Inhale and pull your arms back gently. Now exhale as you stretch forward as in position 2. Return to standing position slowly and repeat to the right side. EFFECTS are to make the hip joints flexible.

Up to the seventies

■ Women over 50 are the most enthusiastic yoga students. They find that it helps them regain and retain a flexible, firm, and youthful body. There is no age limit in yoga. It is never too late to start or to reap the benefits it has to offer to those who practise diligently.



THE T POSTURE

COMMENCE exercise by lying with your hands stretched above the head. Raise the right leg up as far as possible, as in position 1, and then sit up. Inhale and clasp your ankle, pulling your head to the shin as in position 2. Exhale and return to lying position. EFFECTS are to strengthen and make supple the abdominal muscles.

Posed by Mrs. Iris Ewart, aged 59.



THE BIRD POSE

KNEEL and then straighten legs, transferring the weight forward on to the hands and head as in position 1. Keeping arms close to the body, place the knees on the elbows as in position 2. For third position lift legs up and hold balance pose. Breathing is free. EFFECTS are to strengthen vertebral column and benefits are similar to those of the headstand.

Posed by Mrs. Iris Ewart.



THE LUNGE

STAND erect with legs well apart and clasped hands above the head. The right foot is turned out. Inhale, and lunge forward as in position 2, with all the weight placed on the right knee. Exhale and return to position 1. EFFECTS are to strengthen thigh muscles and tone flabby legs.

Posed by Mrs. Annie Podosky, aged 77.

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SIT AND BEND

SIT with the hands on knees. Inhale and raise arms high over the head, stretching the spine, and with hands in mountain pose as in position 1. Exhale and stretch forward, catching toes if possible. Do not bend the knees, and stretch without forcing. Slowly return to original position. EFFECTS are to stretch the whole spinal region, the hips, and the knees.

Posed by Mrs. Elsa Hawkins, aged 75.



THE BOW POSE



LIE on the stomach. Bend the knees and reach back and catch hold of the ankles. Inhale, raise head and try to lift knees as though body was a bow and the arms the bowstrings. Exhale and lie flat. Repeat two or three times, holding pose for five seconds. EFFECTS are a combination of the Cobra and Swan poses, but its benefits also include better digestion and circulation. Back and abdominal pains are also relieved. It invigorates the whole system.

Posed by Mrs. Annie Podosky.



THE POINTER

SIT with knees up and arms behind as in position 1. As you inhale lift your body, with the weight equally distributed on your feet and hands. Point your right leg upwards as in position 2. Exhale and bring the leg down slowly, returning to position 1. Repeat four times on each side. EFFECTS are to tone up the leg muscles, remove stiffness, and to develop the legs, and strengthen hands and arms.

Posed by Mrs. Elsa Hawkins, 75.



HEAVEN TO EARTH

STAND erect with legs well apart and hands resting on thighs. Inhale and stretch arms above the head, stretching the whole body up as in position 2. Exhale as you stretch forward and as far out as you can. Now stretch as far as you can through the legs without straining. From this position grasp the outside of the ankles if possible. Inhale and return to original position. EFFECTS are to reduce fat around abdomen and hips and to exercise the backbone. The lateral muscles of the trunk are alternatively flexed and relaxed and muscles are strengthened.

Posed by Mrs. Annie Podosky, 77.